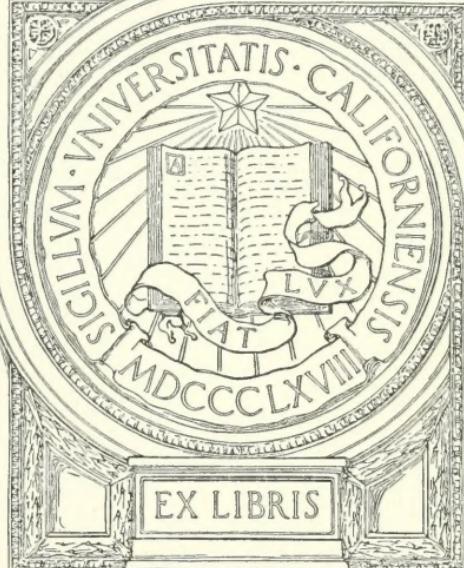
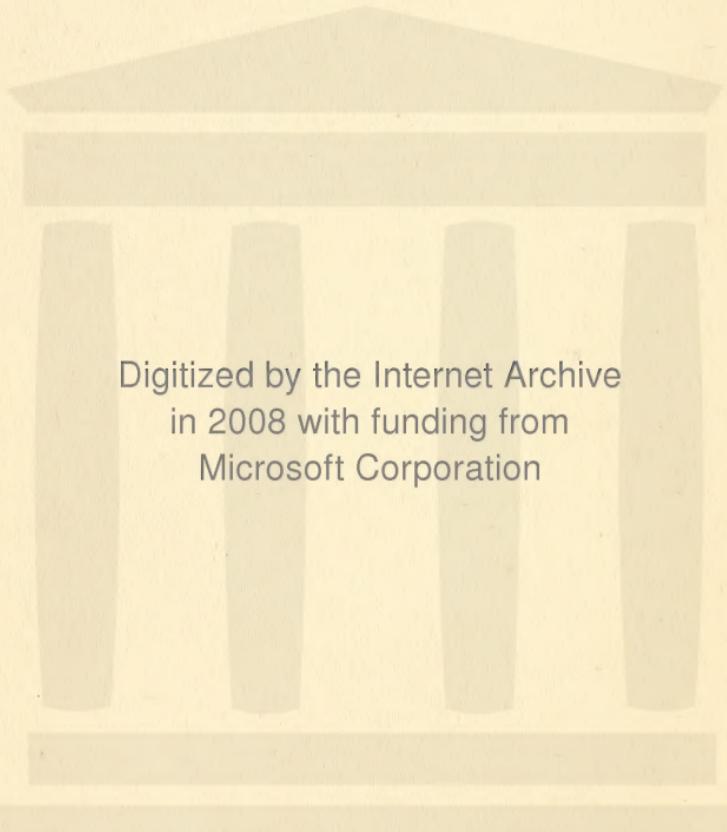


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HARPER'S LIBRARY EDITION

SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

VOL. XIII.

HAMLET—JULIUS CÆSAR

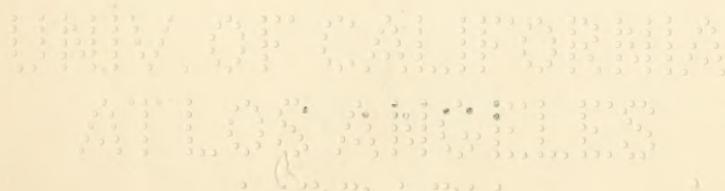
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NEW YORK AND LONDON

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

1898



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SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY
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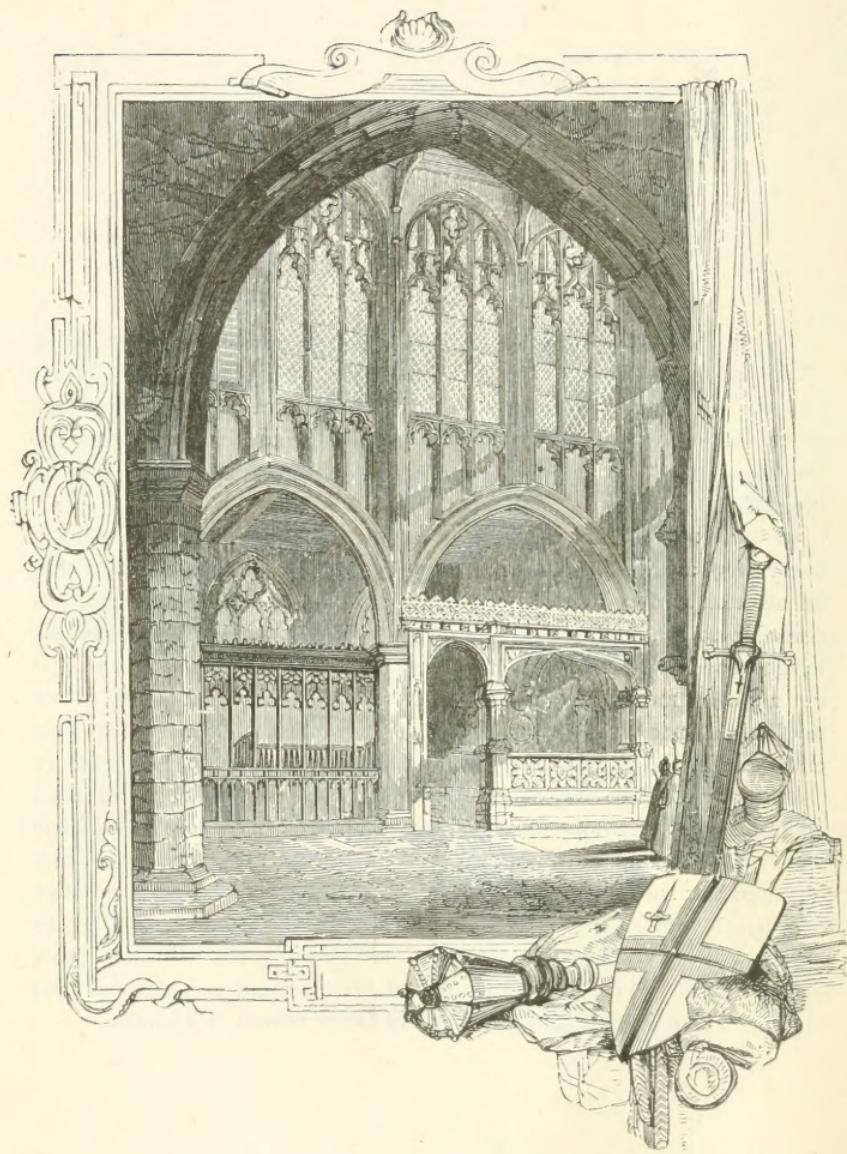


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P R E F A C E.

THE text of this edition of *Hamlet* is based upon a careful collation of the quarto of 1604 and the folio of 1623 with the other early editions and the leading modern ones. All the important *variae lectiones* are given in the Notes; so that the reader, if he considers my text too "conservative," has all the materials necessary for making one to suit himself.

In the Notes my indebtedness to Furness is acknowledged on almost every page, and yet is by no means fully recorded. His edition furnishes an abstract and epitome of the vast literature of *Hamlet*, and is indispensable to the teacher and the critical scholar. He found it no easy task to condense his material into two octavo volumes; and in carrying out my more modest plan I have found a like difficulty in keeping within my limited space. The play is one of the longest (about twice as long as *Macbeth*), and the amount that has been written about it far exceeds that on any other of Shakespeare's works. Furness does not exaggerate when he says: "No one of mortal mould (save Him 'whose blessed feet were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross') ever trod this earth, commanding such absorbing interest as this Hamlet, this mere creation of a poet's brain. No syllable that he whispers, no word let fall by any one near him, but is caught and pondered as no words ever have been, except of Holy Writ. Upon no throne built by mortal hands has ever 'beat so fierce a light' as upon that airy fabric reared at Elsinore."



THE CLOPTON MONUMENT, STRATFORD CHURCH.

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INTRODUCTION TO HAMLET.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE earliest known edition of *Hamlet* appeared in quarto form in 1603, with the following title-page :

THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET | *Prince of Den-
mark* | By William Shake-speare. | As it hath beene diuerse
times acted by his Highnesse ser- | uants in the Cittie of
London: as also in the two V- | niuersities of Cambridge and
Oxford, and else-where | At London printed for N. L. and
John Trundell. | 1603.

In the preceding year (July 26, 1602) James Roberts the printer had entered in the Stationers' Register "A booke called *the Revenge of HAMLETT Prince of Denmarke as y^e was latelie acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servantes.*" The quarto of 1603 may have been printed by Roberts, though his name does not appear on the title-page. He certainly printed the second quarto, published by the same "N. L." (Nicholas Ling) in 1604, with the following title-page:

THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET, | Prince of Den-
marke. | By William Shakespeare. | Newly imprinted and en-
larged to almost as much | agaire as it was, according to the
true and perfect | Coppie. | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R.
for N. L. and are to be sold at his | shoppe vnder St. Dun-
stons Church in | Fleetstreet. 1604.

The relation of the first quarto to the second has been much disputed. Collier, White, and some other critics believe that the former is merely an imperfect report of the play as published in the latter; that it was printed, either from short-hand notes taken at the theatre, or from a stage-copy cut down for representation and perhaps corrupted by the insertion of stuff from an earlier play on the same subject. The second quarto, on the other hand, was an authorized edition of the play from "the true and perfect copy."

Other critics—among whom are Caldecott, Knight, Staunton, and Dyce—believe that the first quarto represents, though in a corrupt form, the first draught of the play, while the second gives it as remodelled and enlarged by the author. It is not necessary to suppose that the former was written near the time when it was published; it was more likely an early production of the poet. After the revision the original copy could be more easily obtained for surreptitious publication, and it may have been printed in haste to "head off" an authorized edition of the remodelled play.

Another theory, and a very plausible one, is that of Messrs.

Clark and Wright, brought out in the "Clarendon Press" edition of the play; namely, "that there was an old play on the story of *Hamlet*, some portions of which are still preserved in the quarto of 1603; that about the year 1602 Shakespeare took this and began to remodel it, as he had done with other plays; that the quarto of 1603 represents the play after it had been retouched by him to a certain extent, but before his alterations were complete; and that in the quarto of 1604 we have for the first time the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare."

For a résumé of the discussion of this interesting question (which will probably never be settled) see Furness's *Hamlet*, vol. ii. pp. 12-33.

The third quarto, published in 1605, is a reprint of the second; the title-page being identical except in date, and the variations in the text slight and unimportant. A fourth quarto, "Printed for John Smethwicke" and "to be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstons church yeard in Fleetstreet," appeared in 1611; and a fifth, undated, was afterwards issued by the same publisher.* No other editions appeared during the lifetime of Shakespeare, or before the publication of the folio of 1623. The text of the latter varies considerably from that of the quartos, as will be seen by our *Notes*, in which the more important differences are recorded. Collier thinks that "if the *Hamlet* in the first folio were not composed from some hitherto unknown quarto,† it was derived from a manuscript

* Malone believes that this edition was printed in 1607, and Halliwell is inclined to place it "before 1609;" but, as the Cambridge editors show, its orthography is more modern than that of the quarto of 1611, from which it was probably printed.

† It is not impossible that there may have been such a quarto. No copy of the quarto of 1603 was known until 1823, when one was found by Sir Henry Bunbury. A second was picked up in 1856 by a Dublin bookseller, who paid a shilling for it. The former, which lacks the last page, was afterwards sold to the Duke of Devonshire for £230; the latter, which wants the title-page, was bought by Mr. Halliwell for £120, and

obtained by Heminge and Condell from the theatre." The standard text of the play is chiefly made up by a collation of the second quarto and the first folio.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

There was certainly an old play on the subject of Hamlet, and some critics believe that it was an early production of Shakespeare's. The first allusion to it that has been discovered is in an *Epistle* "To the Gentleman Students of both Universities," by Thomas Nash, prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, printed in 1589. Referring to the playwrights of that day, Nash says: "It is a common practice now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions,* that runne through every arte and thrive by none to leave the trade of *Noverint*† whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the indevours of art, that could scarcelie latinize their necke-verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca read by candle-light yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a begger*, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say Handfulls of tragical speaches."

In Henslowe's *Diary* the following entry occurs:

9 of June 1594, Rd at hamlet . . . viiijs

Five lines above the entry is this memorandum: "In the name of God Amen, beginninge at Newington, my Lord Admeralle and my Lorde chamberlen men, as foloweth, 1594." At this date, Shakespeare was one of the company of actors known as "the Lord Chamberlain's men."

Again, in Lodge's *Wits miserie, and the Worlds madnesse*,

is now in the British Museum. These are the only copies of the first quarto that have come down to our day.

* For the contemptuous use of *companion* (=fellow), cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 138: "Companion, hence!" and see *Temp.* p. 131, or *M. N. D.* p. 125.

† That is, of attorney; from the Latin formula with which deeds began: "*Noverint universi*"=our "Know all men," etc.

published in 1596, we have an allusion to “y^e ghost which cried so miserably [sic] at y^e theator, like an oisterwife, *Hamlet reuenge.*”

There is also an old German play on the story of Hamlet, *Der Bestrafte Brudermord*, which some critics suppose to have been acted by English players in Germany as early as 1603 (though there seems to be no authentic record of any performance earlier than 1626, and the text that has come down to us cannot be traced farther back than 1710), and which may have been based on the pre-Shakespearian play. In the quarto of 1603 Polonius appears as “Corambis,” and in the German play as “Corambus.” As there is no evidence that the German writer made any use of the quarto, it is not improbable that he drew from the earlier drama.*

It is impossible to say what use Shakespeare made of this old English play (we do not believe that it was a youthful production of his own), as it seems to be hopelessly lost, and we cannot guess how much of it, if anything, survives in diluted form in the German play just mentioned. Of another source from which he probably derived his material we have better knowledge: namely, *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, translated from the *Histoires Tragiques* of Francis de Belleforest. The story of Hamlet is found in the fifth volume, which was printed at Paris in 1570. The English version was probably made soon after, though the only edition now extant is that of 1608.†

The poet has followed the *Hystorie* in some of its main incidents—the murder of Hamlet’s father by his uncle, the marriage of his mother with the murderer, his feigned madness, his killing of Polonius, his interview with his mother, his voyage to England, his return, and his revenge—but not

* For a translation of the German play and a discussion of its relations to the history of Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*, see Furness, vol. ii. pp. 114-142.

† Reprinted (with the exception of the last two chapters, of which S. made no use) by Furness, vol. ii. pp. 91-113.

in the *dénouement*. In the *Hystoric Hamlet*, after his uncle's death, becomes king of Denmark, visits England again, marries two wives, by one of whom he is betrayed into the power of his maternal uncle Wiglerus, and is finally slain in battle.*

It may be added that Belleforest got the story from the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus, written about the close of the 12th century, though the earliest existing edition of it is that of Paris, 1514.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister."†]

I sought for every indication of what the character of Hamlet was before the death of his father; I took note of all that this interesting youth had been, independently of that sad event, independently of the subsequent terrible occurrences, and I imagined what he might have been without them.

Tender and nobly descended, this royal flower grew up under the direct influences of majesty; the idea of the right and of princely dignity, the feeling for the good and the graceful, with the consciousness of his high birth, were unfolded in him together. He was a prince, a born prince. Pleasing in figure, polished by nature, courteous from the heart, he was to be the model of youth and the delight of the world. . . .

Figure to yourself this youth, this son of princes, conceive him vividly, bring his condition before your eyes, and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks; stand by him in the terrible night when the venerable Ghost itself appears before him. A horrid shudder seizes him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he

* Elze (see Furness, vol. ii. p. 89) gives some very plausible reasons for supposing that the *Hystoric* is of later date than the old play of *Hamlet*.

† Carlyle's translation, as quoted with slight variations by Furness in his *Hamlet*, vol. ii. p. 272 fol.

follows it and hearkens. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears ; the summons to revenge and the piercing reiterated prayer, “Remember me.”

And when the Ghost has vanished, who is it we see standing before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? A born prince, feeling himself favoured in being summoned to punish the usurper of his crown? No! Amazement and sorrow overwhelm the solitary young man ; he becomes bitter against smiling villains, swears never to forget the departed, and concludes with the significant ejaculation :

“The time is out of joint ; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right !”

In these words, I imagine, is the key to Hamlet’s whole procedure, and to me it is clear that Shakespeare sought to depict a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it. In this view I find the piece composed throughout. Here is an oak-tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers ; the roots spread out, the vase is shivered to pieces.

A beautiful, pure, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which makes the hero, sinks beneath a burden which it can neither bear nor throw off ; every duty is holy to him,—this too hard. The impossible is required of him,—not the impossible in itself, but the impossible to him. How he winds, turns, agonizes, advances, and recoils, ever reminded, ever reminding himself, and at last almost loses his purpose from his thoughts, without ever again recovering his peace of mind. . . .

It pleases, it flatters us greatly, to see a hero who acts of himself, who loves and hates us as his heart prompts, undertaking and executing, thrusting aside all hindrances, and accomplishing a great purpose. Historians and poets would fain persuade us that so proud a lot may fall to man. In *Hamlet* we are taught otherwise ; the hero has no plan, but

the piece is full of plan. Here is no villain upon whom vengeance is inflicted according to a certain scheme, rigidly and in a peculiar manner carried out. No, a horrid deed occurs ; it sweeps on in its consequences, dragging the guiltless along with it ; the perpetrator appears as if he would avoid the abyss to which he is destined, and he plunges in just then when he thinks happily to fulfil his career. For it is the property of a deed of horror that the evil spreads out over the innocent, as it is of a good action to extend its benefits to the undeserving, while frequently the author of one or of the other is neither punished nor rewarded. Here in this play of ours, how strange ! Purgatory sends its spirit, and demands revenge ; in vain ! Neither earthly nor infernal thing may bring about what is reserved for Fate alone. The hour of judgment comes. The bad falls with the good. One race is mowed away, and another springs up. . . .

Hamlet is endowed more properly with sentiment than with a character ; it is events alone that push him on ; and accordingly the piece has somewhat the amplification of a novel. But as it is Fate that draws the plan, as the piece proceeds from a deed of terror, and the hero is steadily driven on to a deed of terror, the work is tragic in its highest sense, and admits of no other than a tragic end.

[*From Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature,"*]*

Hamlet is singular in its kind : a tragedy of thought inspired by continual and never-satisfied meditation on human destiny and the dark perplexity of the events of this world, and calculated to call forth the very same meditation in the minds of the spectators. This enigmatical work resembles those irrational equations in which a fraction of unknown magnitude always remains, that will in no way admit of solution. Much has been said, much written, on this piece, and

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel ; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London : 1846), p. 404 fol.

yet no thinking man who anew expresses himself on it will (in his view of the connection and the signification of all the parts) entirely coincide with his predecessors. . . .

The only circumstance from which this piece might be judged to be less suited to the stage than other tragedies of Shakespeare is that in the last scenes the main action either stands still or appears to retrograde. This, however, was inevitable, and lay in the nature of the subject. The whole is intended to show that a calculating consideration, which exhausts all the relations and possible consequences of a deed, must cripple the power of acting ; as Hamlet himself expresses it :

“ And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.”

With respect to Hamlet’s character, I cannot, as I understand the poet’s views, pronounce altogether so favourable a sentence upon it as Goethe does. He is, it is true, of a highly cultivated mind, a prince of royal manners, endowed with the finest sense of propriety, susceptible of noble ambition, and open in the highest degree to an enthusiastic admiration of that excellence in others of which he himself is deficient. He acts the part of madness with unrivalled power, convincing the persons who are sent to examine into his supposed loss of reason merely by telling them unwelcome truths and rallying them with the most caustic wit. But in the resolutions which he so often embraces and always leaves unexecuted, his weakness is too apparent : he does himself only justice when he implies that there is no greater dissimilarity than between himself and Hercules. He is not solely impelled by necessity to artifice and dissimulation : he has a natural inclination for crooked ways ; he is a hypocrite towards himself ; his far-fetched scruples are often mere pre-

texts to cover his want of determination : thoughts, as he says, on a different occasion, which have

— “but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward.”

He has been chiefly condemned both for his harshness in repulsing the love of Ophelia, which he himself had cherished, and for his insensibility at her death. But he is too much overwhelmed with his own sorrow to have any compassion to spare for others ; besides, his outward indifference gives us by no means the measure of his internal perturbation. On the other hand, we evidently perceive in him a malicious joy, when he has succeeded in getting rid of his enemies, more through necessity and accident, which alone are able to impel him to quick and decisive measures, than by the merit of his own courage, as he himself confesses after the murder of Polonius, and with respect to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Hamlet has no firm belief either in himself or in anything else : from expressions of religious confidence he passes over to sceptical doubts ; he believes in the ghost of his father, as long as he sees it, but as soon as it has disappeared, it appears to him almost in the light of a deception. He has even gone so far as to say, “there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so ;” with him the poet loses himself here in labyrinths of thought, in which neither end nor beginning is discoverable. The stars themselves, from the course of events, afford no answer to the question so urgently proposed to them. A voice from another world, commissioned, it would appear, by Heaven, demands vengeance for a monstrous enormity, and the demand remains without effect ; the criminals are at last punished, but, as it were, by an accidental blow, and not in the solemn way requisite to convey to the world a warning example of justice. irresolute foresight, cunning treachery, and impetuous rage hurry on to a common destruction ; the less guilty

and the innocent are equally involved in the general ruin. The destiny of humanity is there exhibited as a gigantic Sphinx, which threatens to precipitate into the abyss of scepticism all who are unable to solve her dreadful enigmas.

[From Coleridge's "Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare."*]

I believe the character of Hamlet may be traced to Shakespeare's deep and accurate science in mental philosophy. Indeed, that this character must have some connection with the common fundamental laws of our nature may be assumed from the fact that Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered. In order to understand him, it is essential that we should reflect on the constitution of our own minds. Man is distinguished from the brute animals in proportion as thought prevails over sense : but in the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect :—for if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action. Now one of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakespeare, thus mutilated or dis-eased, under given circumstances. In Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds,—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed : his thoughts, and the images of his fancy, are far more vivid than his actual perceptions, and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and a color not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost

* Coleridge's Works (Harper's ed.), vol. iv. p. 145 fol.

enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action, consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment:—Hamlet is brave and careless of death: but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. Thus it is that this tragedy presents a direct contrast to that of Macbeth; the one proceeds with the utmost slowness, the other with a crowded and breathless rapidity.

The effect of this overbalance of the imaginative power is beautifully illustrated in the everlasting broodings and superfluous activities of Hamlet's mind, which, unseated from its healthy relation, is constantly occupied with the world within, and abstracted from the world without,—giving substance to shadows, and throwing a mist over all commonplace actualities. It is the nature of thought to be indefinite;—definiteness belongs to external imagery alone. Hence it is that the sense of sublimity arises, not from the sight of an outward object, but from the beholder's reflection upon it;—not from the sensuous impression, but from the imaginative reflex. Few have seen a celebrated waterfall without feeling something akin to disappointment: it is only subsequently that the image comes back full into the mind, and brings with it a train of grand or beautiful associations. Hamlet feels this; his senses are in a state of trance, and he looks upon external things as hieroglyphics. His soliloquy—

“Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,” etc.,

springs from that craving after the indefinite—for that which is not—which most easily besets men of genius; and the self-delusion common to this temper of mind is finely exemplified in the character which Hamlet gives of himself:—

“ It cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter.”

He mistakes the seeing his chains for the breaking of them, delays action till action is of no use, and dies the victim of mere circumstance and accident.

[From “ *Letters on Shakespeare*,” *Blackwood’s Magazine*, Feb. 1818.*]

There is in the ebb and flow of Shakespeare’s soul all the grandeur of a mighty operation of nature ; and when we think or speak of him, it should be with humility where we do not understand, and a conviction that it is rather to the narrowness of our own ken than to any failing in the art of the great magician, that we ought to attribute any sense of imperfection and of weakness which may assail us during the contemplation of his created worlds. . . .

Shakespeare himself, had he even been as great a critic as a poet, could not have written a regular dissertation upon Hamlet. So ideal, and yet so real an existence could have been shadowed out only in the colours of poetry. When a character deals solely or chiefly with this world and its events, when it acts and is acted upon by objects that have a palpable existence, we see it distinctly, as if it were cast in a material mould, as if it partook of the fixed and settled lineaments of the things on which it lavishes its sensibilities and its passions. We see in such cases the vision of an individual soul, as we see the vision of an individual countenance. We can describe both, and can let a stranger into our knowledge. But how tell in words, so pure, so fine, so ideal an abstraction as Hamlet ? We can, indeed, figure to ourselves generally his princely form, that outshone all others in manly beauty, and adorn it with the consummation of

* These “ *Letters on Shakespeare* ” are signed “ T. C. ” and are probably, as Furness surmises, by the poet Campbell.

all liberal accomplishment. We can behold in every look, every gesture, every motion, the future king,—

“The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s eye, tongue, sword,
Th’ expectancy and rose of the fair state ;
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th’ observ’d of all observers.”

But when we would penetrate into his spirit, meditate on those things on which he meditates, accompany him even unto the brink of eternity, fluctuate with him on the ghastly sea of despair, soar with him into the purest and serenest regions of human thought, feel with him the curse of beholding iniquity, and the troubled delight of thinking on innocence, and gentleness, and beauty ; come with him from all the glorious dreams cherished by a noble spirit in the halls of wisdom and philosophy, of a sudden into the gloomy courts of sin, and incest, and murder ; shudder with him over the broken and shattered fragments of all the fairest creations of his fancy,—be borne with him at once, from calm, and lofty, and delighted speculations, into the very heart of fear, and horror, and tribulations—have the agonies and the guilt of our mortal world brought into immediate contact with the world beyond the grave, and the influence of an awful shadow hanging forever on our thoughts,—be present at a fearful combat between all the stirred-up passions of humanity in the soul of one man, a combat in which one and all of these passions are alternately victorious and overcome ; I say, that when we are thus placed and acted upon, how is it possible to draw a character of this sublime drama, or of the mysterious being who is its moving spirit ? In him, his character and his situation, there is a concentration of all the interests that belong to humanity. There is scarcely a trait of frailty or of grandeur, which may have endeared to us our most beloved friends in real life, that is not to be found in Hamlet. Undoubtedly Shakespeare loved him beyond all his other

creations. Soon as he appears on the stage we are satisfied; when absent we long for his return. This is the only play which exists almost altogether in the character of one single person. Who ever knew a Hamlet in real life? yet who, ideal as the character is, feels not its reality? This is the wonder. We love him not, we think of him not, because he was witty, because he was melancholy, because he was filial; but we love him because he existed, and was himself. This is the sum total of the impression. I believe that, of every other character, either in tragic or epic poetry, the story makes part of the conception; but of Hamlet, the deep and permanent interest is the conception of himself. This seems to belong, not to the character being more perfectly drawn, but to there being a more intense conception of individual human life than perhaps in any other human composition; that is, a being with springs of thought, and feeling, and action, deeper than we can search. These springs rise from an unknown depth, and in that depth there seems to be a oneness of being which we cannot distinctly behold, but which we believe to be there; and thus irreconcilable circumstances, floating on the surface of his actions, have not the effect of making us doubt the truth of the general picture.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."**]

Ophelia—poor Ophelia! Oh, far too soft, too good, too fair to be cast among the briars of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life! What shall be said of her? for eloquence is mute before her! Like a strain of sad, sweet music which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence, and which we rather feel than hear—like the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense it charms—like the snow-flake dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth—like the light surf severed from the

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 189 fol.

billow, which a breath disperses—such is the character of Ophelia: so exquisitely delicate, it seems as if a touch would profane it; so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider it too deeply. The love of Ophelia, which she never once confesses, is like a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts as upon her own. Her sorrows ask not words, but tears; and her madness has precisely the same effect that would be produced by the spectacle of real insanity, if brought before us: we feel inclined to turn away, and veil our eyes in reverential pity and too painful sympathy.

Beyond every character that Shakespeare has drawn (Hamlet alone excepted), that of Ophelia makes us forget the poet in his own creation. Whenever we bring her to mind, it is with the same exclusive sense of her real existence, without reference to the wondrous power which called her into life. The effect (and what an effect!) is produced by means so simple, by strokes so few and so unobtrusive, that we take no thought of them. It is so purely natural and unsophisticated, yet so profound in its pathos, that, as Hazlitt observes, it takes us back to the old ballads; we forget that, in its perfect artlessness, it is the supreme and consummate triumph of art.

The situation of Ophelia in the story is that of a young girl who, at an early age, is brought from a life of privacy into the circle of a court—a court such as we read of in those early times, at once rude, magnificent, and corrupted. She is placed immediately about the person of the queen, and is apparently her favourite attendant. The affection of the wicked queen for this gentle and innocent creature is one of those beautiful redeeming touches, one of those penetrating glances into the secret springs of natural and feminine feeling which we find only in Shakespeare. Gertrude, who is not so wholly abandoned but that there remains within

her heart some sense of the virtue she has forfeited, seems to look with a kind yet melancholy complacency on the lovely being she has destined for the bride of her son ; and the scene in which she is introduced as scattering flowers on the grave of Ophelia is one of those effects of contrast in poetry, in character, and in feeling, at once natural and unexpected, which fill the eye, and make the heart swell and tremble within itself—like the nightingales singing in the grove of the Furies in Sophocles.*

It is the helplessness of Ophelia, arising merely from her innocence, and pictured without any indication of weakness, which melts us with such profound pity. She is so young, that neither her mind nor her person has attained maturity : she is not aware of the nature of her own feelings ; they are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them ; and love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. She says very little, and what she does say seems rather intended to hide than to reveal the emotions of her heart ; yet in those few words we are made as perfectly acquainted with her character, and with what is passing in her mind, as if she had thrown forth her soul with all the glowing eloquence of Juliet. Passion with Juliet seems innate, a part of her being, “as dwells the gathered lightning in the cloud ;” and we never fancy her but with the dark, splendid eyes and Titian-like complexion of the South. While in Ophelia we recognize as distinctly the pensive, fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the North, whose heart seems to vibrate to the passion she has inspired, more conscious of being loved than of loving ; and yet, alas ! loving in the silent depths of her young heart far more than she is loved.

When her brother warns her against Hamlet’s importunities—

* In the *Œdipus Coloneus*.

“For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute—
No more !”

she replies with a kind of half consciousness—

“No more but so?
Laertes. Think it no more.”

He concludes his admonition with that most beautiful passage, in which the soundest sense, the most excellent advice, is conveyed in a strain of the most exquisite poetry:

“The charest maid is prodigal enough.
If she unmask her beauty to the moon;
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes.
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos’d;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.”

When her father, immediately afterwards, catechises her on the same subject, he extorts from her, in short sentences, uttered with bashful reluctance, the confession of Hamlet’s love for her, but not a word of her love for him. The whole scene is managed with inexpressible delicacy: it is one of those instances, common in Shakespeare, in which we are allowed to perceive what is passing in the mind of a person without any consciousness on his part. Only Ophelia herself is unaware that while she is admitting the extent of Hamlet’s courtship, she is also betraying how deep is the impression it has made, how entire the love with which it is returned. . . .

We do not see him as a lover, nor as Ophelia first beheld him; for the days when he importuned her with love were before the opening of the drama—before his father’s spirit

revisited the earth ; but we behold him at once in a sea of troubles, of perplexities, of agonies, of terrors. Without remorse, he endures all its horrors ; without guilt, he endures all its shame. A loathing of the crime he is called on to revenge, which revenge is again abhorrent to his nature, has set him at strife with himself ; the supernatural visitation has perturbed his soul to its inmost depths ; all things else, all interests, all hopes, all affections, appear as futile, when the majestic shadow comes lamenting from its place of torment “to shake him with thoughts beyond the reaches of his soul !” His love for Ophelia is then ranked by himself among those trivial, fond records which he has deeply sworn to erase from his heart and brain. He has no thought to link his terrible destiny with hers : he cannot marry her : he cannot reveal to her, young, gentle, innocent as she is, the terrific influences which have changed the whole current of his life and purposes. In his distraction he overacts the painful part to which he had tasked himself ; he is like that judge of the Areopagus who, being occupied with graver matters, flung from him the little bird which had sought refuge in his bosom, and with such angry violence that unwittingly he killed it.

In the scene with Hamlet (iii. 1), in which he madly outrages her and upbraids himself, Ophelia says very little : there are two short sentences in which she replies to his wild, abrupt discourse :

“ *Hamlet*. I did love you once.

“ *Ophelia*. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

“ *Hamlet*. You should not have believed me ; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

“ *Ophelia*. I was the more deceiv’d.”

Those who ever heard Mrs. Siddons read the play of *Hamlet* cannot forget the world of meaning, of love, of sorrow, of despair conveyed in these two simple phrases. Here, and in the soliloquy afterwards, where she says—

"And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,"

are the only allusions to herself and her own feelings in the course of the play ; and these, uttered almost without consciousness on her own part, contain the revelation of a life of love, and disclose the secret burden of a heart bursting with its own unuttered grief. She believes Hamlet crazed ; she is repulsed, she is forsaken, she is outraged, where she had bestowed her young heart, with all its hopes and wishes ; her father is slain by the hand of her lover, as it is supposed, in a paroxysm of insanity : she is entangled inextricably in a web of horrors which she cannot even comprehend, and the result seems inevitable.

Of her subsequent madness, what can be said ? What an affecting—what an astonishing picture of a mind utterly, hopelessly wrecked !—past hope—past cure ! There is the frenzy of excited passion—there is the madness caused by intense and continued thought—there is the delirium of fevered nerves ; but Ophelia's madness is distinct from these : it is not the suspension, but the utter destruction of the reasoning powers ; it is the total imbecility which, as medical people well know, frequently follows some terrible shock to the spirits. Constance is frantic ; Lear is mad ; Ophelia is *insane*. Her sweet mind lies in fragments before us—a pitiful spectacle ! Her wild, rambling fancies ; her aimless, broken speeches ; her quick transitions from gayety to sadness—each equally purposeless and causeless ; her snatches of old ballads, such as perhaps her nurse sung her to sleep with in her infancy—are all so true to the life that we forget to wonder, and can only weep. It belonged to Shakespeare alone so to temper such a picture that we can endure to dwell upon it :

"Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness."

[*From the London "Quarterly Review."***]

The universality of Shakespeare's genius is in some sort reflected in Hamlet. He has a mind wise and witty, abstract and practical ; the utmost reach of philosophical contemplation is mingled with the most penetrating sagacity in the affairs of life ; playful jest, biting satire, sparkling repartee, with the darkest and deepest thoughts that can agitate man. He exercises all his various faculties with surprising readiness. He passes without an effort "from grave to gay, from lively to severe,"—from his every-day character to personated lunacy. He divines, with the rapidity of lightning, the nature and motives of those who are brought into contact with him, fits in a moment his bearing and retorts to their individual peculiarities ; is equally at home whether he is mocking Polonius with hidden raillery, or dissipating Ophelia's dream of love, or crushing the sponges with sarcasm and invective, or talking euphuism with Osric, and satirizing while he talks it ; whether he is uttering wise maxims, or welcoming the players with facetious graciousness—probing the inmost souls of others, or sounding the mysteries of his own. His philosophy stands out conspicuous among the brilliant faculties which contend for the mastery. It is the quality which gives weight and dignity to the rest. It intermingles with all his actions. He traces the most trifling incidents up to their general laws. His natural disposition is to lose himself in contemplation. He goes thinking out of the world. The commonest ideas that pass through his mind are invested with a wonderful freshness and originality. His meditations in the church-yard are on the trite notion that all ambition leads but to the grave. But what condensation, what variety, what picturesqueness, what intense unmitigated gloom ! It is the finest sermon that was ever preached against the vanities of life.

* Vol. lxxix. (1847), p. 333 fol.

So far, we imagine, all are agreed. But the motives which induce Hamlet to defer his revenge are still, and perhaps will ever remain, debatable ground. The favourite doctrine of late is, that the thinking part of Hamlet predominated over the 'active—that he was as weak and vacillating in performance as he was great in speculation. If this theory were borne out by his general conduct, it would no doubt amply account for his procrastination ; but there is nothing to countenance and much to refute the idea. Shakespeare has endowed him with a vast energy of will. There could be no sterner resolve than to abandon every purpose of existence that he might devote himself unfettered to his revenge ; nor was ever resolution better observed. He breaks through his passion for Ophelia, and keeps it down, under the most trying circumstances, with such inflexible firmness that an eloquent critic has seriously questioned whether his attachment was real. The determination of his character appears again at the death of Polonius. An indecisive mind would have been shocked, if not terrified, at the deed. Hamlet dismisses him with a few contemptuous words as a man would brush away a fly. He talks with even greater indifference of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, whom he sends "to sudden death, not shriving-time allowed." He has on these, and, indeed, on all occasions, a short and absolute way which only belongs to resolute souls. The features developed in his very hesitation to kill the King are inconsistent with the notion that his hand refuses to perform what his head contrives. He is always trying to persuade himself into a conviction that it is his duty, instead of seeking for evasions.* He is

* His reasons for not killing the King when he is praying have been held to be an excuse. But if Shakespeare had anticipated the criticism, he could not have guarded against it more effectually. Hamlet has just uttered the soliloquy—

"Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on."

seized with a savage joy when the play supplies him with indubitable proof of his uncle's guilt. His language then to Horatio is—

“Is 't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm?”

He wants, it is clear, neither will nor nerve to strike the blow. There is perhaps one supposition that will satisfy all the phenomena, and it has, to us, the recommendation that we think it is the solution suggested by Shakespeare himself. Hamlet, in a soliloquy, charges the delay on—

“Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event.”

The oblivion is merely the effect of the primary cause—"the craven scruple"—the conscience which renders him a coward. His uncle, after all, is king; he is the brother of his father, and the husband of his mother, and it was inevitable that he should shrink, in his cooler moments, from becoming his assassin. His hatred to his uncle, who has disgraced his family and disappointed his ambition, gives him personal inducements to revenge, which further blunt his purpose by leading him to doubt the purity of his motives. The admonition of the Ghost to him is, not to taint his mind in the prosecution of his end; and no sooner has the Ghost vanished than Hamlet, invoking the aid of supernatural powers, exclaims—

“O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!”

In this frame he passes his uncle's closet, and is for once, at least, equal to any emergency. His first thought is to kill him at his devotions; his second, that in that case Claudius will go to heaven. Instantly his father's sufferings rise into his mind; he contrasts the happy future of the criminal with the purgatory of the victim, and the contemplation exasperates him into a genuine desire for a fuller revenge. The threat relieves him from the reproach of inactivity, and he falls back into his former self.

But the hell, whose support he rejects, is forever returning to his mind and startling his conscience. It is this that makes him wish for the confirmation of the play, for evil spirits may have abused him. It is this which begets the apathy he terms oblivion, for inaction affords relief to doubt. It is this which produces his inconsistencies, for conscience calls him different ways, and when he obeys in one direction he is haunted by the feeling that he should have gone in the other. If he contemplated the performance of a deed which looks outwardly more like murder than judicial retribution, he trembles lest, after all, he should be perpetrating an unnatural crime ; or if, on the other hand, he turns to view his uncle's misdeeds, he fancies there is more of cowardly scrupulosity than justice in his backwardness, and he abounds in self-reproaches at the weakness of his hesitation. And thus he might forever have halted between two opinions, if the King himself, by filling up the measure of his iniquities, had not swept away his scruples.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."**]

When *Hamlet* was written, Shakspere had passed through his years of apprenticeship, and become a master-dramatist. In point of style the play stands midway between his early and his latest works. The studious superintendence of the poet over the development of his thought and imaginings, very apparent in Shakspere's early writings, now conceals itself ; but the action of imagination and thought has not yet become embarrassing in its swiftness and multiplicity of direction.† Rapid dialogue in verse, admirable for its

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 125 fol. (by permission).

† The characteristics of Shakspere's latest style are described by Mr. Spedding in the following masterly piece of criticism : "The opening of [*Henry VIII.*] . . . seemed to have the full stamp of Shakspere, in his latest manner : the same life, and reality, and freshness ; the same

combination of verisimilitude with artistic metrical effects, occurs in the scene in which Hamlet questions his friends respecting the appearance of the ghost (i. 2); the soliloquies of Hamlet are excellent examples of the slow, dwelling verse which Shakspere appropriates to the utterance of thought in solitude; and nowhere did Shakspere write a nobler piece of prose than the speech in which Hamlet describes to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern his melancholy. But such particulars as these do not constitute the chief evidence which proves that the poet had now attained maturity. The mystery, the baffling, vital obscurity of the play, and in particular of the character of its chief person, make it evident that Shakspere had left far behind him that early stage of development when an artist obtrudes his intentions, or, distrusting his own ability to keep sight of one uniform design, deliberately and with effort holds that design persistently before him. When Shakspere completed *Hamlet*, he must have trusted himself and trusted his audience; he trusts himself to enter into relation with his subject, highly complex as that subject was, in a pure, emotional manner. *Hamlet* might so easily have been manufactured into an enigma, or a puzzle; and then the puzzle, if sufficient pains were bestowed, could be completely taken to pieces and explained. But Shakspere created it a mystery, and therefore it is forever suggestive; forever suggestive, and never wholly explicable.

It must not be supposed, then, that any *idea*, any magic phrase, will solve the difficulties presented by the play, or rapid and abrupt turns of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which, having once disclosed an idea, cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless metre, which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace."

suddenly illuminate everything in it which is obscure. The obscurity itself is a vital part of the work of art which deals not with a problem but with a life ; and in that life, the history of a soul which moved through shadowy borderlands between the night and day, there is much (as in many a life that is real) to elude and baffle inquiry. It is a remarkable circumstance that while the length of the play in the second quarto considerably exceeds its length in the earlier form of 1603, and thus materials for the interpretation of Shakspere's purpose in the play are offered in greater abundance, the obscurity does not diminish, but, on the contrary, deepens, and if some questions appear to be solved, other questions in greater number spring into existence. . . .

Goethe, in the celebrated criticism upon this play in his *Wilhelm Meister*, has only offered a half interpretation of its difficulties ; and subsequent criticism, under the influence of Goethe, has exhibited a tendency too exclusively subjective. "To me," wrote Goethe, "it is clear that Shakspere meant . . . to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it," etc. [see p. 15 above].

This is one half of the truth ; but only one half. In several of the tragedies of Shakspere the tragic disturbance of character and life is caused by the subjection of the chief person of the drama to some dominant passion essentially antipathetic to his nature, though proceeding from some inherent weakness or imperfection,—a passion from which the victim cannot deliver himself, and which finally works out his destruction. Thus Othello, whose nature is instinctively trustful, and confiding with a noble childlike trust, a man

"Of a free and open nature
That thinks men honest that but seem so,"

a man "not easily jealous"—Othello is inoculated with the poison of jealousy and suspicion, and the poison maddens and destroys him. Macbeth, made for subordination, is the

victim of a terrible and unnatural ambition. Lear, ignorant of true love, yet with a supreme need of loving and being loved, is compelled to hatred, and drives from his presence the one being who could have satisfied the hunger of his heart. . . . We may reasonably conjecture that the Hamlet of the old play—a play at least as old as that group of bloody tragedies inspired by the earlier works of Marlowe—was actually what Shakspere's Hamlet, with a bitter pleasure in misrepresenting his own nature, describes himself as being, “very proud, revengeful, ambitious.” . . . But Shakspere, in accordance with his dramatic method, and his interest as artist in complex rather than simple phenomena of human passion and experience, when re-creating the character of the Danish Prince, fashions him as a man to whom persistent action, and in an especial degree the duty of deliberate revenge, is peculiarly antipathetic. Under the pitiless burden imposed upon him Hamlet trembles, totters, falls. Thus far Goethe is right.

But the tragic *nodus* in Shakspere's first tragedy—*Romeo and Juliet*—was not wholly of a subjective character. The two lovers are in harmony with one another, and with the purest and highest impulses of their own hearts. The discord comes from the outer world; they are a pair of “star crossed lovers.” . . . The world fought against Romeo and Juliet, and they fell in the unequal strife. Now Goethe failed to observe, or did not observe sufficiently, that this is also the case with Hamlet:

“The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!”

Hamlet is called upon to assert moral order in a world of moral confusion and obscurity. . . . All the strength which he possesses would have become organized and available had his world been one of honesty, of happiness, of human love. But a world of deceit, of espionage, of selfishness, sur-

rounds him ; his idealism, at thirty years of age, almost takes the form of pessimism ; his life and his heart become sterile ; he loses the energy which sound and joyous feeling supplies ; and in the wide-spreading waste of corruption which lies around him, he is tempted to understand and detest things rather than accomplish some limited practical service. . . .

If Goethe's study of the play, admirable as it was, misled criticism in one way by directing attention too exclusively upon the inner nature of Hamlet, the studies by Schlegel and by Coleridge tended to mislead criticism in another by attaching an exaggerated importance to one element of Hamlet's character. "The whole," wrote Schlegel, "is intended to show that a calculating consideration, which exhausts all the relations and possible consequences of a deed, must cripple the power of acting." It is true that Hamlet's power of acting was crippled by his habit of "thinking too precisely on the event ;" and it is true, as Coleridge said, that in Hamlet we see "a great, an almost enormous intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it." But Hamlet is not merely or chiefly intellectual, the emotional side of his character is quite as important as the intellectual ; his malady is as deep-seated in his sensibilities and in his heart as it is in the brain. If all his feelings translate themselves into thoughts, it is no less true that all his thoughts are impregnated with feeling. To represent Hamlet as a man of preponderating power of reflection, and to disregard his craving, sensitive heart, is to make the whole play incoherent and unintelligible.

It is Hamlet's intellect, however, together with his deep and abiding sense of the moral qualities of things, which distinguishes him, upon the glance of a moment, from the hero of Shakspeare's first tragedy, Romeo. If Romeo fail to retain a sense of fact and of the real world because the fact, as it were, melts away and disappears in a solvent of delicious emotion, Hamlet equally loses a sense of fact because

with him each object and event transforms and expands itself into an idea. When the play opens he has reached the age of thirty years—the age, it has been said, when the ideality of youth ought to become one with and inform the practical tendencies of manhood—and he has received culture of every kind except the culture of active life. During the reign of the strong-willed elder Hamlet there was no call to action for his meditative son. He has slipped on into years of full manhood still a haunter of the university, a student of philosophies, an amateur in art, a ponderer on the things of life and death, who has never formed a resolution or executed a deed.

This long course of thinking, apart from action, has destroyed Hamlet's very capacity for belief; since in belief there exists a certain element contributed by the will. Hamlet cannot adjust the infinite part of him to the finite; the one invades the other and infects it; or rather the finite dissolves and disappears, and leaves him only the presence of the idea. He cannot make real to himself the actual world, even while he supposes himself a materialist; he cannot steadily keep alive within himself a sense of the importance of any positive, limited thing,—a deed, for example. Things in their actual, phenomenal aspect flit before him as transitory, accidental, and unreal. And the absolute truth of things is so hard to attain, and only, if at all, is to be attained in the *mind*. Accordingly Hamlet can lay hold of nothing with calm, resolved energy; he cannot even retain a thought in indefeasible possession. Thus all through the play he wavers between materialism and spiritualism, between belief in immortality and disbelief, between reliance upon Providence and a bowing under fate. . . .

Yet it has been truly said that only one who feels Hamlet's strength should venture to speak of Hamlet's weakness. That in spite of difficulties without, and inward difficulties, he still clings to his terrible duty—letting it go indeed for a

time, but returning to it again, and in the end accomplishing it—implies strength. He is not incapable of vigorous action,—if only he be allowed no chance of thinking the fact away into an idea. He is the first to board the pirate ; he stabs Polonius through the arras ; he suddenly alters the sealed commission, and sends his schoolfellows to the English headsman ; he finally executes justice upon the king. But all his action is sudden and fragmentary ; it is not continuous and coherent. . . .

Does Hamlet finally attain deliverance from his disease of will ? Shakspere has left the answer to that question doubtful. Probably if anything could supply the link which was wanting between the purpose and the deed, it was the achievement of some supreme action. The last moments of Hamlet's life are well spent, and for energy and foresight are the noblest moments of his existence : he snatches the poisoned bowl from Horatio, and saves his friend ; he gives his dying voice for Fortinbras, and saves his country. The rest is silence :—

“ Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you !”

But he has not told. Let us not too readily assume that we “ know the stops ” of Hamlet, that we can “ pluck out the heart of his mystery.”

One thing, however, we *do* know—that the man who wrote the play of *Hamlet* had obtained a thorough comprehension of Hamlet's malady. And assured, as we are by abundant evidence, that Shakspere transformed with energetic will his knowledge into fact, we may be confident that when *Hamlet* was written Shakspere had gained a further stage in his culture of self-control, and that he had become not only adult as an author, but had entered upon the full maturity of his manhood.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.
HAMLET, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.
POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.
HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.
LAERTES, son to Polonius.
VOLTIMAND, }
CORNELIUS, }
ROSENCRANTZ, }
GULDENSTERN, } courtiers.
OSRIC, }
A Gentleman, }
A Priest, }
MARCELLUS, } officers.
BERNARDO, }
FRANCISCO, a soldier.
REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
Playeis.
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.
GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers,
and other Attendants.
Ghost of Hamlet's father.

SCENE · Elsinore.



THE PLATFORM AT ELSINORE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

Bernardo. Who 's there?

Francisco. Nay, answer me ; stand, and unfold yourself

Bernardo. Long live the king !

Francisco. Bernardo ?

Bernardo. He.

Francisco. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bernardo. 'T is now struck twelve ; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Francisco. For this relief much thanks ; 't is bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Bernardo. Have you had quiet guard ?

Francisco. Not a mouse stirring. ¹⁰

Bernardo. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Francisco. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho ! Who is there ?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Horatio. Friends to this ground.

Marcellus. And liegemen to the Dane.

Francisco. Give you good night.

Marcellus. O, farewell, honest soldier : Who hath reliev'd you ?

Francisco. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night.

[*Exit.*]

Marcellus. Holla ! Bernardo !

Bernardo. Say,—

What, is Horatio there ?

Horatio. A piece of him.

¹⁹

Bernardo. Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

Marcellus. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

Bernardo. I have seen nothing.

Marcellus. Horatio says 't is but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us ; Therefore I have entreated him along With us to watch the minutes of this night, That if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Horatio. Tush, tush, 't will not appear.

Bernardo.

Sit down awhile ; 30

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Horatio.

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Bernardo. Last night of all,

When yond same star that 's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter GHOST.

Marcellus. Peace, break thee off ; look, where it comes
again ! 40

Bernardo. In the same figure, like the king that 's dead.

Marcellus. Thou art a scholar ; speak to it, Horatio.

Bernardo. Looks it not like the king ? mark it, Horatio.

Horatio. Most like ; it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Bernardo. It would be spoke to.

Marcellus. Question it, Horatio.

Horatio. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march ? by heaven I charge thee, speak !

Marcellus. It is offended.

Bernardo. See, it stalks away ! 50

Horatio. Stay ! speak, speak ! I charge thee, speak !

[*Exit Ghost.*

Marcellus. 'T is gone, and will not answer.

Bernardo. How now, Horatio ! you tremble and look pale ;
Is not this something more than fantasy ?
What think you on 't ?

Horatio. Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Marcellus. Is it not like the king?

Horatio. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated ;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

64

'T is strange.

Marcellus. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Horatio. In what particular thought to work I know not ;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Marcellus. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war ;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week ;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day :
Who is 't that can inform me ?

71

Horatio. That can I ;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat ; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras ; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror :

80

Against the which a moiety competent
 Was gaged by our king ; which had return'd
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
 Had he been vanquisher ; as, by the same covenant
 And carriage of the article design'd,
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
 For food and diet, to some enterprise
 That hath a stomach in 't ; which is nō other—
 As it doth well appear unto our state—
 But to recover of us, by strong hand
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost : and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Bernardo. I think it be no other but e'en so.
 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
 That was and is the question of these wars.

Horatio. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets :
 As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun ; and the moist star
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse :
 And even the like precurse of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates
 And prologue to the omen coming on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

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Unto our climatures and countrymen.—
But soft, behold ! lo, where it comes again !

Re-enter GHOST.

I 'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion !
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me ;
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me ;
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak !

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

130

[*The cock crows.*

Speak of it ; stay, and speak !—Stop it, Marcellus.

Marcellus. Shall I strike at it with my partisan ?

140

Horatio. Do, if it will not stand.

Bernardo. 'T is here !

Horatio.

'T is here !

Marcellus. 'T is gone !

[*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence ;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Bernardo. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Horatio. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day ; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies

150

To his confine : and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long ;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

160

Horatio. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

170

Marcellus. Let 's do 't, I pray ; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room of State in the Castle.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,

Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,—
 With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
 With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage.
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
 Taken to wife ; nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
 Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
 Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is : we have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein ; in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject ; and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allow.
 Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cornelius. } In that and all things will we show our duty.
Voltimand. }

King. We doubt it nothing ; heartily farewell.—

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you ?

You told us of some suit ; what is 't, Laertes ?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice ; what wouldst thou beg, Laertes.
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

Laertes.

Dread my lord,

50

Your leave and favour to return to France ;
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
 To show my duty in your coronation,
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave ?—What says Polonius ?

Polonius. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
 By laboursome petition, and at last
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent ;
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

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King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes ; time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will !—
 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Hamlet. [Aside] A little more than kin, and less than
 kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

Hamlet. Not so, my lord ; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy vailed lids

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Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

Thou know'st 't is common ; all that lives must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity.

Hamlet. Ay, madam, it is common.

D

Queen.

If it be.

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not 'seems.'
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly ; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within which passeth show ;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

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King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Ham-
let,
To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ,
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow : but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief ;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd :
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart ? Fie ! 't is a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us

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As of a father ; for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 And with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire ;
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers. *Hamlet* :
 I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply ;
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
 Respeaking earthly thunder.—Come away.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

Hamlet. O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on 't ! O fie ! 't is an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead ! nay, not so much, not two :
 So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
 Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on ; and yet, within a month—
 Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman ! —
 A little month, or ere those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears,—why she, even she—
 O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle.
 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month ?
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets :
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good ;—
 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

150

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

Horatio. Hail to your lordship !

Hamlet. I am glad to see you well :
 Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

161

Horatio. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Hamlet. Sir, my good friend ; I 'll change that name with
 you :

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
 Marcellus ?

Marcellus. My good lord—

Hamlet. I am very glad to see you.—[To *Bernardo.*]
 Good even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Horatio. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Hamlet. I would not hear your enemy say so.
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

170

To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself ; I know you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore ?
 We 'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Horatio. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Hamlet. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Horatio. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral bak'd meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. 181
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !
 My father !—methinks I see my father.

Horatio. O where, my lord ?

Hamlet. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Horatio. I saw him once ; he was a goodly king.

Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Horatio. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Hamlet. Saw ? who ? 190

Horatio. My lord, the king your father.

Hamlet. The king my father i

Horatio. Season your admiration for a while
 With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
 This marvel to you.

Hamlet. For God's love, let me hear.

Horatio. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
 In the dead vast and middle of the night,
 Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
 Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, 200
 Appears before them, and with solemn march
 Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walk'd
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distill'd
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;
 And I with them the third night kept the watch :
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes. I knew your father ;
 These hands are not more like.

210

Hamlet. But where was this ?

Marcellus. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Hamlet. Did you not speak to it ?

Horatio. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once methought
 It lifted up it head and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;
 But even then the morning cock crew loud,
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Hamlet. 'T is very strange.

220

Horatio. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.

Hamlet. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to night ?

Marcellus. } We do, my lord.
Bernardo. }

Hamlet. Arm'd, say you ?

Marcellus. } Arm'd, my lord.
Bernardo. }

Hamlet. From top to toe ?

Marcellus. } My lord, from head to foot.
Bernardo. }

Hamlet. Then saw you not his face ?

Horatio. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

230

Hamlet. What, look'd he frowningly?

Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet. Pale, or red?

Horatio. Nay, very pale.

Hamlet. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Horatio. Most constantly.

Hamlet. I would I had been there.

Horatio. It would have much amaz'd you.

Hamlet. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Horatio. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Marcellus. Longer, longer.

Bernardo. Longer, longer.

Horatio. Not when I saw 't.

Hamlet. His beard was grizzled? no?

Horatio. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

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A sable silver'd.

Hamlet. I'll watch to-night;

Perchance 't will walk again.

Horatio. I warrant it will.

Hamlet. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue:

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I will requite your loves. So, fare you well;

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Hamlet. Your loves, as mine to you; farewell.—

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;

I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul ; foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [Exit

SCENE III. *A Room in Polonius's House.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laertes. My necessaries are embark'd ; farewell ;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Ophelia. Do you doubt that ?

Laertes. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;
No more.

Ophelia. No more but so ?

Laertes. Think it no more ;
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmire
The virtue of his will ; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own ;
For he himself is subject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state ;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place

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May give his saying deed ; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

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Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The charest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes ;
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then ; best safety lies in fear :
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

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Ophelia. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

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Laertes. O, fear me not.
I stay too long ; but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Polonius. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame :
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There ; my blessing with thee !
And these few precepts in thy memory

See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all : to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

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Laertes. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Polonius. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.
Laertes. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Ophelia. 'T is in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laertes. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Polonius. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Ophelia. So please you, something touching the Lord
Hamlet.

Polonius. Marry, well bethought :
'T is told me, he hath very oft of late

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Given private time to you, and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous;
 If it be so—as so 't is put on me,
 And that in way of caution—I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly
 As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
 What is between you? give me up the truth.

Ophelia. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Polonius. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Ophelia. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Polonius. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourself a baby,
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
 Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

Ophelia. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
 In honourable fashion.

Polonius. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Ophelia. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
 lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Polonius. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows; these blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
 You must not take for fire. From this time
 Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walk

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Than may be given you : in few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers.
 Not of that dye which their investments show,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all ;
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
 Look to 't, I charge you ; come your ways.

Ophelia. I shall obey, my lord.

130 [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Hamlet. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Hamlet. What hour now ?

Horatio. I think it lacks of twelve.

Hamlet. No, it is struck

Horatio. Indeed ? I heard it not : it then draws near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets and ordnance shot off within.*
 What does this mean, my lord ?

Hamlet. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels ;
 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 'The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
 'The triumph of his pledge.

Horatio. Is it a custom ?

Hamlet. Ay, marry is 't ;
 But to my mind, though I am native here
 And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
 This heavy-headed revel east and west
 Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations :
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition ; and indeed it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height.
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin—
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
 Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausive manners, that these men,
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo—
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault : the dram of eale
 Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
 To his own scandal.

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Horatio. Look, my lord, it comes !

Enter Ghost.

Hamlet. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
 Ering with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou comest in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee : I 'll call thee Hamlet.
 King, father ; royal Dane, O, answer me !
 Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

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Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
 Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

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[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Horatio. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Marcellus. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground :
 But do not go with it.

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Horatio. No, by no means.

Hamlet. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Horatio. Do not, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, what should be the fear ?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself ?
 It waves me forth again ; I'll follow it.

Horatio. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 And draw you into madness ? think of it ;
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
 And hears it roar beneath.

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Hamlet. It waves me still.—
 Go on ; I 'll follow thee.
Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord. 80
Hamlet. Hold off your hands !
Horatio. Be rul'd ; you shall not go.
Hamlet. My fate cries out
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
 Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen.
 By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me !
 I say, away !—Go on , I 'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Horatio. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Marcellus. Let 's follow ; 't is not fit thus to obey him.
Horatio. Have after.—To what issue will this come ? 89
Marcellus. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Horatio. Heaven will direct it.
Marcellus. Nay, let 's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Platform.*

Enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Hamlet. Where wilt thou lead me ? speak , I 'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Hamlet. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself.

Hamlet. Alas, poor ghost !

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 To what I shall unfold.

Hamlet. Speak ; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Hamlet. What ?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand an end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine ;
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list !
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Hamlet. O God !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murther.

Hamlet. Murther !

Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is ;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Hamlet. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
 As meditation or the thoughts of love,
 May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :
 'T is given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd ; but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life
 Now wears his crown.

Hamlet. O my prophetic soul !
 My uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen;
 O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
 Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
 My custom always in the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of my ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body,
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

50

50

70

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head :
 O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught ; leave her to heaven
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And gins to pale his uneffectual fire ;
 Adieu, adieu ! Hamlet, remember me.

[Exit.]

Hamlet. O all you host of heaven ! O earth ! what else ?
 And shall I couple hell ? O, fie ! Hold, hold, my heart ;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee !
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee !
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there ;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter : yes, by heaven !
 O most pernicious woman !
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain !
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
 At least I 'm sure it may be so in Denmark.— [Writing.]
 So, uncle, there you are.—Now to my word ;

110

It is 'Adieu, adieu ! remember me.'

I have sworn 't.

Marcellus. } [Within] My lord, my lord !

Horatio. } [Within] Lord Hamiet !

Marcellus. [Within] Lord Hamiet !

Horatio. [Within] Heaven secure him !

Hamlet. So be it !

Horatio. [Within] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord !

Hamlet. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Marcellus. How is 't, my noble lord ?

Horatio. What news, my lord ?

Hamlet. O, wonderful !

Horatio. Good my lord, tell it.

Hamlet. No ; you will reveal it.

Horatio. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Marcellus. Nor I, my lord. 120

Hamlet. How say you, then ; would heart of man once think it ?

But you 'll be secret ?

Horatio. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Marcellus. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Hamlet. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he 's an arrant knave.

Horatio. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave

To tell us this.

Hamlet. Why, right : you are i' the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part :
You, as your business and desire shall point you,--
For every man has business and desire, 130
Such as it is ;—and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.

Horatio. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Hamlet. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily ;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Horatio. There 's no offence, my lord.

Hamlet. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you ;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Horatio. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Hamlet. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Horatio. } My lord, we will not.
Marcellus. }

Hamlet. Nay, but swear 't.

Horatio, In faith.

My lord, not I.

Marcellus. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Hamlet. Upon my sword.

Marcellus. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Hamlet. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Hamlet. Ah, ha, boy ! say'st thou so ? art thou there, true-penny ?—

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—

Consent to swear.

Horatio. Propose the oath, my lord.

Hamlet. Never to speak of this that you have seen.

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Hamlet. Hic et ubique? then we 'll shift our ground.—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Swear by my sword.

160

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Hamlet. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioner! —Once more remove, good friends.

Horatio. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—

170

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would,'

Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'

Or such ambiguous giving-out, to note

That you know aught of me: this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

180

Swear.

Ghost. [Bencath] Swear.

Hamlet. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! —So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you;

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint; —O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right! —

Nay, come, let 's go together.

190

[*Exeunt.*



ELSNORE.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Polonius's House.*

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Polonius. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Reynaldo. I will, my lord.

Polonius. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behaviour.

Reynaldo. My lord, I did intend it.

Polonius. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you,
sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who ; what means, and where they keep ;
What company, at what expense ; and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question
 That they do know my son, come you more nearer
 Than your particular demands will touch it :
 Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him,
 As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
 And in part him,'—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Reynaldo. Ay, very well, my lord.

Polonius. 'And in part him ; but ' you may say ' not well .
 But, if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild,
 Addicted ' so and so : and there put on him
 What forgeries you please ; marry, none so rank
 As may dishonour him ; take heed of that ;
 But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
 As are companions noted and most known
 To youth and liberty.

Reynaldo. As gaming, my lord.

Polonius. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
 Drabbing ; you may go so far.

Reynaldo. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Polonius. Faith, no ; as you may season it in the charge.
 You must not put another scandal on him,
 That he is open to incontinency ;
 That 's not my meaning : but breathe his faults so quaintly
 That they may seem the taints of liberty,
 The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
 A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
 Of general assault.

Reynaldo. But, my good lord,—

Polonius. Wherefore should you do this ?

Reynaldo. Ay, my lord,
 I would know that.

Polonius. Marry, sir, here 's my drift ;
 And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.
 You laying these slight sullies on my son,
 As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you,
 Your party in converse, him you would sound.
 Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
 He closes with you in this consequence :
 'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
 According to the phrase or the addition
 Of man and country.

Reynaldo. Very good, my lord.

Polonius. And then, sir, does he this—he does—what was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something; where did I leave?

Reynaldo. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Polonius. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry ;
 He closes thus: 'I know the gentleman ;
 I saw him yesterday, or 't other day,
 Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you say,
 There was he gaming, there o'ertook in 's rouse,
 There falling out at tennis ;' or perchance,
 'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
 Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now ;
 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth ;
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 With windlasses and with assays of bias,
 By indirections find directions out :
 So, by my former lecture and advice,
 Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

Reynaldo. My lord, I have.

Polonius. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

Reynaldo. Good my lord !

Polonius. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Reynaldo. I shall, my lord.

Polonius. And let him ply his music.

Reynaldo.

Well, my lord.

Polonius. Farewell ! .

[Exit *Reynaldo.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia ! what 's the matter ?

Ophelia. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

Polonius. With what, i' the name of God ?

Ophelia. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

80

Polonius. Mad for thy love ?

Ophelia. My lord, I do not know ;
But truly, I do fear it.

Polonius. What said he ?

Ophelia. He took me by the wrist and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being : that done, he lets me go ;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

90

100

Polonius. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love,

Whose violent property fordoes itself
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings.
 As oft as any passion under heaven
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Ophelia. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters, and denied
 His access to me.

Polonius. That hath made him mad. 110
 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
 I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle,
 And meant to wrack thee ; but beshrew my jealousy !
 By heaven, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
 This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move
 More grief to hide than hate to utter love. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern !
 Moreover that we much did long to see you,
 The need we have to use you did provoke
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
 Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
 Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was. What it should be,
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from the understanding of himself,
 I cannot dream of. I entreat you both, 120
 That, being of so young days brought up with him,
 And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
 Some little time, so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
 And sure I am two men there are not living
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To show us so much gentry and good will
 As to expend your time with us awhile,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a king's remembrance.

20

Rosencrantz. Both your majesties
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty.

Guildenstern. But we both obey,
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
 To lay our service freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

20

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guildenstern. Heavens make our presence and our practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants*

Enter POLONIUS.

Polonius. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news. 47

Polonius. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king;
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear. 50

Polonius. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.—

[*Exit Polonius.*]

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,—
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Voltimand. Most fair return of greetings and desires. 60

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd.
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,

Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
 Makes vow before his uncle never more
 To give the assay of arms against your majesty. 70
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
 And his commission to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack ;
 With an entreaty, herein further shown, [Giving a paper.]
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprise,
 On such regards of safety and allowance
 As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well ; 80
 And at our more consider'd time we 'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.
 Go to your rest ; at night we 'll feast together :
 Most welcome home ! [Excunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Polonius. This business is well ended.—
 My liege, and madam, to expostulate
 What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, 90
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.
 I will be brief. Your noble son is mad :
 Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,
 What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
 But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Polonius. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
 That he is mad, 't is true ; 't is true 't is pity,
 And pity 't is 't is true : a foolish figure ;
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him, then ; and now remains 100

That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause :
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

I have a daughter—have while she is mine—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this ; now gather, and surmise.

[Reads] *To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,*—
110

That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; 'beautified' is a vile
phrase : but you shall hear. Thus :

[Reads] *In her excellent white bosom, these, etc.*

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Polonius. Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be faithful.

[Reads] *Doubt thou the stars are fire ;*
 Doubt that the sun doth move ;
 Doubt truth to be a liar ;
 But never doubt I love.

119

*‘ O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not
art to reckon my groans ; but that I love thee best, O most
best, believe it. Adieu.*

*‘ Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this
machine is to him, HAMLET.’*

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me,
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love ?

Polonius. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

120

Polonius. I would fain prove so. But what might you
think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing—

As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
 Before my daughter told me—what might you,
 Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
 If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight.
 What might you think? No, I went round to work,
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak : 140
 'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star ;
 This must not be : and then I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;
 And he, repulsed—a short tale to make—
 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
 Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
 Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
 Into the madness wherein now he raves, 150
 And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 't is this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Polonius. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know
 that—

That I have positively said 'T is so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Polonius. [Pointing to his head and shoulder] Take this
 from this, if this be otherwise.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Polonius. You know, sometimes he walks four hours to-
 gether 160

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Polonius. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him : Be you and I behind an arras then ; Mark the encounter : if he love her not, And be not from his reason fallen thereon, Let me be no assistant for a state, But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Polonius. Away, I do beseech you, both away ; I 'll board him presently.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]

Enter HAMLET, reading.

O, give me leave ; 170

How does my good Lord Hamlet ?

Hamlet. Well, God-a-mercy.

Polonius. Do you know me, my lord ?

Hamlet. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Polonius. Not I, my lord.

Hamlet. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Polonius. Honest, my lord !

Hamlet. Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Polonius. That 's very true, my lord. 180

Hamlet. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion, — Have you a daughter ?

Polonius. I have, my lord.

Hamlet. Let her not walk i' the sun : conception is a blessing ; but not as your daughter may conceive.—Friend, look to 't.

Polonius. [Aside] How say you by that ? Still harping on my daughter ; yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a fishmonger ; he is far gone, far gone ; and truly in my youth

I suffered much extremity for love ; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

191

Hamlet. Words, words, words.

Polonius. What is the matter, my lord?

Hamlet. Between who?

Polonius. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Hamlet. Slanders, sir ; for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams : all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

203

Polonius. [Aside] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Hamlet. Into my grave?

Polonius. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[Aside] How pregnant sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Hamlet. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal ; except my life, except my life, except my life.

216

Polonius. Fare you well, my lord.

Hamlet. These tedious old fools !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Polonius. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet ; there he is.

Rosencrantz. [To Polonius] God save you, sir !

220

[Exit Polonius.]

Guildenstern. My honoured lord !

Rosencrantz. My most dear lord !

Hamlet. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ?—Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do ye both ?

Rosencrantz. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guildenstern. Happy, in that we are not over-happy ; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Hamlet. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Rosencrantz. Neither, my lord.

230

Hamlet. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours ? What 's the news ?

Rosencrantz. None, my lord, but that the world 's grown honest.

Hamlet. Then is doomsday near ; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular ; what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither ?

Guildenstern. Prison, my lord !

Hamlet. Denmark 's a prison.

240

Rosencrantz. Then is the world one.

Hamlet. A goodly one ; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Rosencrantz. We think not so, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, then 't is none to you ; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so : to me it is a prison.

Rosencrantz. Why, then your ambition makes it one ; 't is too narrow for your mind.

249

Hamlet. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guildenstern. Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Hamlet. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Rosencrantz. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Hamlet. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason. 261

Rosencrantz. } We'll wait upon you.

Guildenstern. } 261

Hamlet. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Rosencrantz. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Hamlet. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak. 272

Guildenstern. What should we say, my lord?

Hamlet. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Rosencrantz. To what end, my lord?

Hamlet. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no? 284

Rosencrantz. [Aside to *Guildenstern*] What say you?

Hamlet. [Aside] Nay, then I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guildenstern. My lord, we were sent for.

Hamlet. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen

moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises ; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me ; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so. 304

Rosencrantz. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Hamlet. Why did you laugh then, when I said ‘man delights not me?’

Rosencrantz. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you ; we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service. 312

Hamlet. He that plays the king shall be welcome ; his majesty shall have tribute of me ; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target ; the lover shall not sigh gratis ; the humorous man shall end his part in peace ; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o’ the sere, and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for’t. What players are they ?

Rosencrantz. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city. 321

Hamlet. How chances it they travel ? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Rosencrantz. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Hamlet. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Rosencrantz. No, indeed, are they not.

Hamlet. How comes it? do they grow rusty? 329

Rosencrantz. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted race; but there is, sir, an aerly of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither. 330

Hamlet. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Rosencrantz. Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy; there was for a while no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Hamlet. Is 't possible? 349

Guildenstern. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Hamlet. Do the boys carry it away?

Rosencrantz. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Hamlet. It is not very strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. 359

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guildenstern. There are the players.

Hamlet. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come ; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony : let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome ; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guildenstern. In what, my dear lord ?

Hamlet. I am but mad north-north-west ; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw. 370

Enter POLONIUS.

Polonius. Well be with you, gentlemen !

Hamlet. Hark you, *Guildenstern* ; — and you too ; — at each ear a hearer : that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Rosencrantz. Happily he 's the second time come to them ; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Hamlet. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players ; mark it. — You say right, sir : o' Monday morning ; 't was so indeed.

Polonius. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Hamlet. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome, 380

Polonius. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Hamlet. Buz, buz !

Polonius. Upon mine honour,—

Hamlet. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Polonius. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited ; Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men. 390

Hamlet. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou !

Polonius. What treasure had he, my lord ?

Hamlet. Why,

‘One fair daughter, and no more,

The which he loved passing well.’

Polonius. [Aside] Still on my daughter.

Hamlet. Am I not i’ the right, old Jephthah ?

Polonius. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. 400

Hamlet. Nay, that follows not.

Polonius. What follows, then, my lord ?

Hamlet. Why,

‘As by lot, God wot,’

and then, you know,

‘It came to pass, as most like it was,—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more ; for look, where my abridgments come.— 408

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters ; welcome, all. I am glad to see ye well. Welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend ! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last ; comest thou to beard me in Denmark ?—What, my young lady and mistress ! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see ; we 'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Player.* What speech, my lord ?

420

Hamlet. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 't was caviare to the gen-

eral ; but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation ; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved : 't was Æneas' tale to Dido ; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If I live in your memory, begin at this line ; let me see, let me see—

435

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
't is not so :—it begins with ' Pyrrhus.'

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal : head to foot
Now is he total gules ; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lord's murther. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

450

So, proceed you.

Polonius. Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

1 Player. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command : unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage strikes wide ;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword

The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall!
On Mars's armour forg'd for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends!

Polonius. This is too long.

Hamlet. It snail to the barber's, with your beard.—Prithee, say on:—he 's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps—
Say on; come to Hecuba.

1 Player. But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—

Hamlet. 'The mobled queen?'

Polonius. That 's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

1 Player. Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout about that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;

Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd :
 But if the gods themselves did see her then,
 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
 In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
 The instant burst of clamour that she made—
 Unless things mortal move them not at all—
 Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven
 And passion in the gods.

500

Polonius. Look, whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in 's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Hamlet. 'T is well, I 'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time ; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Polonius. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

513

Hamlet. God's bodykins, man, much better ! Use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping ? Use them after your own honour and dignity ; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Polonius. Come, sirs.

Hamlet. Follow him, friends ; we 'll hear a play to-morrow. [Exit *Polonius* with all the *Players* but the *First*.] Dost thou hear me, old friend ; can you play the Murther of *Gonzago* ?

522

1 Player. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. We 'll ha 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not ?

1 Player. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. Very well. Follow that lord ; and look you mock him not.—[Exit *Player*.] My good friends, I 'll leave you till night ; you are welcome to *Elsinore*.

530

Rosencrantz. Good my lord !

Hamlet. Ay, so, God be wi' ye !—[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing !

For Hecuba !

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do.
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs ? who does me this ?

Ha !

'Swounds, I should take it ; for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites

510

550

560

With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain !
O vengeance !

Why, what an ass am I ! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murther'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion !

Fie upon 't ! foh ! About, my brain ! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions ;
For murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine uncle : I 'll observe his looks ;
I 'll tent him to the quick : if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil ; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I 'll have grounds
More relative than this ; the play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.

570

580

590

[Exit]





ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Rosencrantz. He does confess he feels himself distracted ;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guildenstern. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well ?

Rosencrantz. Most like a gentleman.

Guildenstern. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosencrantz. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime ?

Rosencrantz. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way ; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Polonius. 'T is most true ;
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.—
Good gentlemen, give him a further edige,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Rosencrantz. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too ;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.

Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge.

And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.—

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope your virtues 40
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Ophelia. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.

Polonius. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [To Ophelia] Read on this book ;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this—
'T is too much prov'd—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [Aside] O, 't is too true !
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience ! 50
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burthen !

Polonius. I hear him coming ; let 's withdraw, my lord.

[Exeunt King and Polonius.

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be,—that is the question :
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ? To die,—to sleep,— 60
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd. 'To die,—to sleep,—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ! ay, there 's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : there 's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, 70
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will, 80
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all :
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you now !
 The fair Ophelia !—Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Ophelia. Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day ?

Hamlet. I humbly thank you ; well, well, well.

Ophelia. My lord, I have remembrances of yours.
 That I have longed long to re-deliver ;
 I pray you, now receive them.

Hamlet. No, not I :
 I never gave you aught.

70

80

90

Ophelia. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did ;
 And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd
 As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
 Take these again ; for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. 100
 There, my lord.

Hamlet. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Ophelia. My lord ?

Hamlet. Are you fair ?

Ophelia. What means your lordship ?

Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty
 should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Ophelia. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce
 than with honesty ? 110

Hamlet. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner
 transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force
 of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness : this was
 sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did
 love you once.

Ophelia. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet. You should not have believed me ; for virtue
 cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of
 it : I loved you not.

Ophelia. I was the more deceived. 120

Hamlet. Get thee to a nunnery ; why wouldest thou be a
 breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet
 I could accuse me of such things that it were better my
 mother had not borne me : I am very proud, revengeful, am-
 bitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts
 to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to
 act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling
 between earth and heaven ? We are arrant knaves all ; be-
 lieve none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's
 your father ? 130

Ophelia. At home, my lord.

Hamlet. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

Ophelia. [Aside] O, help him, you sweet heavens !

Hamlet. If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry : be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go ; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell. 140

Ophelia. [Aside] O heavenly powers, restore him !

Hamlet. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough ; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another : you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I 'll no more on 't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit.]

Ophelia. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown ! 150
 The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword ;
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
 The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down !
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh ;
 That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
 Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me,
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see ! 160

Enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. There 's something in his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
 And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
 Will be some danger ; which for to prevent,
 I have in quick determination
 Thus set it down : he shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute.

170

Haply the seas and countries different
 With variable objects shall expel
 This something-settled matter in his heart,
 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Polonius. It shall do well ; but yet do I believe
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia !
 You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said ;
 We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please ;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To show his grief : let her be round with him ;
 And I 'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
 To England send him, or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

180

King. It shall be so ;
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET and Players.

Hamlet. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it
 to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as
 many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke
 my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand,
 thus, but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and,
 as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and

beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it ²³ out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

1 Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature ; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity ³² so abominably.

1 Player. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Hamlet. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them ; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered : that 's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. ⁴¹

[*Exeunt Players.*

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Polonius. And the queen too, and that presently.

Hamlet. Bid the players make haste.—[*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Rosencrantz. { We will, my lord.

Guildenstern. }

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Hamlet. What ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Horatio. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Hamlet. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

50

Horatio. O, my dear lord,—

Hamlet. Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice

And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been

60

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards

Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please. Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king ;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my father's death. 70
 I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe mine uncle ; if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note ;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
 And after we will both our judgments join 80
 In censure of his seeming.

Horatio. Well, my lord ;
 If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Hamlet. They are coming to the play ; I must be idle :
 Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS,
 OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GÜLDENSTERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

Hamlet. Excellent, i' faith ; of the chameleon's dish : I eat
 the air, promise-crammed ; you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these
 words are not mine. 91

Hamlet. No, nor mine now.—[To Polonius] My lord, you
 played once i' the university, you say ?

Polonius. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good
 actor.

Hamlet. What did you enact ?

Polonius. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i' the
 Capitol ; Brutus killed me.

Hamlet. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a
 calf there.—Be the players ready ? 100

Rosencrantz. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Hamlet. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet*

Polonius. [To the King] O, ho ! do you mark that ?

Ophelia. You are merry, my lord.

Hamlet. Who, I ?

Ophelia. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry ? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.

Ophelia. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Hamlet. So long ? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. O heavens ! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year : but, by 'r lady, he must build churches, then ; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is ' For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot ! '

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly ; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck ; lays him down upon a bank of flowers : she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts ; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

[*Exeunt.*

Ophelia. What means this, my lord ?

Hamlet. Marry, this is miching mallecho ; it means mischief.

121

Ophelia. Belike this show imports the argument of the play?

Enter Prologue.

Hamlet. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.

Ophelia. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Hamlet. Ay, or any show that you 'll show him; be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Ophelia. You are naught, you are naught; I 'll mark the play.

131

Prologue. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

[Exit.]

Hamlet. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Ophelia. 'T is brief, my lord.

Hamlet. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

Player King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

140

Player Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so;
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear:
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

150

Player King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too,

My operant powers their functions leave to do:
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
 For husband shalt thou—

Player Queen. O, confound the rest! 160
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast;
 In second husband let me be accurst!
 None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Hamlet. [Aside] Wormwood, wormwood!

Player Queen. The instances that second marriage move
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
 A second time I kill my husband dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.

Player King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
 But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 Of violent birth, but poor validity;
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
 But fall unshaken when they mellow be.

Most necessary 't is that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy: 180
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
 For 't is a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourites flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;

For who not needs shall never lack a friend,

And who in want a hollow friend doth try

Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begur,

Our wills and fates do so contrary run

That our devices still are overthrown,

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own;

So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

Player Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light !
Sport and repose lock from me day and night !
To desperation turn my trust and hope !
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well and it destroy !
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Hamlet. If she should break it now !

Player King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while ;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

Player Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ;
And never come mischance between us twain !

[*Sleeps.*

[*Exit.*

Hamlet. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Hamlet. O, but she 'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no
offence in 't ?

Hamlet. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no of-
fence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

219

Hamlet. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how ? Tropically. This
play is the image of a murther done in Vienna : Gonzago
is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista : you shall see anon ;
't is a knavish piece of work : but what o' that ? your maj-
esty and we that have free souls, it touches us not ; let the
galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Ophelia. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Hamlet. I could interpret between you and your love, if
I could see the puppets dallying.

Ophelia. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

230

Hamlet. Begin, murtherer ; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come : the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Lucianus. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing ; Confederate season, else no creature seeing ; Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected, With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy natural magic and dire property, On wholesome life usurp immediately.

239
[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.]

Hamlet. He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate. His name 's Gonzago ; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Ophelia. The king rises !

Hamlet. What, frighted with false fire !

Queen. How fares my lord ?

Polonius. Give o'er the play !

King. Give me some light !—away !

All. Lights, lights, lights !

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio]

Hamlet. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

250

The hart ungalled play ;

For some must watch, while some must sleep :

So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir ?

Horatio. Half a share.

Hamlet. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself ; and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.

260

Horatio. You might have rhymed.

Hamlet. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Horatio. Very well, my lord.

Hamlet. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Horatio. I did very well note him.

Hamlet. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!—

271

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—
Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guildenstern. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Hamlet. Sir, a whole history.

Guildenstern. The king, sir,—

Hamlet. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guildenstern. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Hamlet. With drink, sir?

281

Guildenstern. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Hamlet. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guildenstern. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Hamlet. I am tame, sir; pronounce.

Guildenstern. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

290

Hamlet. You are welcome.

Guildenstern. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Hamlet. Sir, I cannot.

Guildenstern. What, my lord?

Hamlet. Make you a wholesome answer ; my wit 's dis-eased : but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall com-mand,—or, rather, as you say, my mother ; therefore no more, but to the matter : my mother, you say,—

301

Rosencrantz. Then thus she says : your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Hamlet. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother ! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admira-tion ? Impart.

Rosencrantz. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Hamlet. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us ?

310

Rosencrantz. My lord, you once did love me.

Hamlet. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosencrantz. Good my lord, what is your cause of distem-per ? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Hamlet. Sir, I lack advancement.

Rosencrantz. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark ?

Hamlet. Ay, sir, but 'while the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.—

320

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders ! let me see one.—To withdraw with you,—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil ?

Guildenstern. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannery.

Hamlet. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe ?

Guildenstern. My lord, I cannot.

Hamlet. I pray you.

Guildenstern. Believe me, I cannot.

330

Hamlet. I do beseech you.

Guildenstern. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Hamlet. 'T is as easy as lying ; govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guildenstern. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill. 338

Hamlet. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me ! You would play upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir !

Polonius. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently. 350

Hamlet. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel ?

Polonius. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet. Or like a whale ?

Polonius. Very like a whale.

Hamlet. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—
[Aside] They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by. 360

Polonius. I will say so.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Hamlet. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

T is now the very witching time of night,
 When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
 Contagion to this world ; now could I drink hot blood,
 And do such bitter business as the day
 Would quake to look on. Soft ! now to my mother.
 O heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom ;
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
 How in my words soever she be shent,
 To give them seals never, my soul, consent !

370

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you ;
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you.
 The terms of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
 Out of his lunacies.

Guildenstern. We will ourselves provide ;
 Most holy and religious fear it is
 To keep those many many bodies safe
 That live and feed upon your majesty.

Rosencrantz. The single and peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and armour of the mind
 To keep itself from noyance ; but much more
 That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty
 Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
 What 's near it with it : it is a massy wheel,
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

20

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Rosencrantz. }
Guildenstern. }

We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Polonius. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process ; I 'll warrant she 'll tax him home :
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
"T is meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege ;
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

30

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murther ! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy

40

But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,—
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I 'll look up; 50
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? ' Forgive me my foul murther ?'
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murther,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
 And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law; but 't is not so above: 60
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it when **one** can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel, 70
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well. *[Retires and kneels]*

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
 And now I 'll do 't.—And so he goes to heaven;
 And so am I reveng'd. That woud be scann'd:
 A villain kills my father; and for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.
 O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.

H

He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven ?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'T is heavy with him ; and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No !

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent :
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't ;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.—

This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.]

King. [Rising] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below ;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The Queen's Closet.*

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Polonius. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him ;
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I 'll silence me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Hamlet. [Within] Mother ! mother ! mother !

Queen. I 'll warrant you :
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Now, mother, what 's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended. 10

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Hamlet. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet !

Hamlet. What 's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Hamlet. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;

'And—would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I 'll set those to you that can speak.

Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge :

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you. 20

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murther me ?

Help, help, ho !

Polonius. [Behind] What, ho ! help, help, help !

Hamlet. [Drawing] How now ! a rat ? Dead, for a ducat, dead ! [Makes a pass through the arras.]

Polonius. [Behind] O, I am slain ! [Falls and dies.]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done ?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Hamlet. A bloody deed ! almost as bad, good mother.

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king !

Hamlet. Ay, lady, 't was my word.— 30

[Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !

I took thee for thy better : take thy fortune ;

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
 Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
 And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
 If it be made of penetrable stuff,
 If damned custom have not braz'd it so
 That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy
 tongue
 In noise so rude against me?

Hamlet. Such an act
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love
 And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers' oaths; O, such a deed
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul, and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow,
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
 That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Hamlet. Look here, upon this picture, and on this.
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
 A station like the herald Mercury
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination and a form indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
 Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

40

50

60

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion ; but sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire ; proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Hamlet. Nay, but to live
Stew'd in corruption,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Hamlet. A murtherer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent lord ; a vice of kings ;
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more !

Hamlet. A king of shreds and patches, —

100

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious figure ?

Queen. Alas ! he 's mad !

Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
 The important acting of your dread command ?
 O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But, look, amazement on thy mother sits :
 O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

Hamlet. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy
 And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse ?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
 Starts up, and stands an end. O gentle son,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

110

Hamlet. On him, on him ! Look you, how pale he glares !
 His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me ;
 Lest with this piteous action you convert

120

My stern effects : then what I have to do
Will want true colour ; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Hamlet. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see. 130

Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet. Why, look you there ! look, how it steals away !

My father, in his habit as he liv'd !

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain ;
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Hamlet. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music : it is not madness
That I have utter'd ; bring me to the test, 140
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks ;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what 's past, avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue ; 150
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock or livery,
 That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence : the next more easy ;
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And either master the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night :
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I 'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

160

[Pointing to Polonius.]

I do repent ; but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him.—So, again, good night.
 I must be cruel, only to be kind ;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
 One word more, good lady.

Queen.

What shall I do ?

Hamlet. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do :
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
 Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse ;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know :
 For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
 Such dear concernings hide ? who would do so ?
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,

170

180

190

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

Hamlet. I must to England ; you know that ?

Queen. Alack,
 I had forgot ; 't is so concluded on.

Hamlet. There 's letters seal'd, and my two schoolfellows - -
 Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd—

201

They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work ;
 For 't is the sport to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petar : and 't shall go hard
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon. O, 't is most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly meet !

This man shall set me packing ;
 I 'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.

210

Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.—
 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
 Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally ; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*





DANISH SHIPS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There 's matter in these sighs: these profound
heaves

You must translate ; 't is fit we understand them.

Where is your son ?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier ; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, ' A rat, a rat !'

And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !
It had been so with us, had we been there ;
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man ; but so much was our love.
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd ;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away !
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence ; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern !

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid ;
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.—

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildensciern.*
Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what 's untimely done ; so, haply, slander—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name,
 And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
 My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *Another Room in the Castle.**Enter HAMLET.**Hamlet.* Safely stowed.

Rosencrantz. } [Within] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Guildenstern. }

Hamlet. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GULDENSTERN.

Rosencrantz. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Hamlet. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

Rosencrantz. Tell us where 't is, that we may take it thence

And bear it to the chapel.

Hamlet. Do not believe it.*Rosencrantz.* Believe what?

Hamlet. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son of a king? ¹⁰

Rosencrantz. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Hamlet. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end; he keeps them, as an ape doth nuts, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again. ²⁰

Rosencrantz. I understand you not, my lord.

Hamlet. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Rosencrantz. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Hamlet. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guildenstern. A thing, my lord!

Hamlet. Of nothing; bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [Exeunt

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He 's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause; diseases desperate grown By desperate appliance are reliev'd, Or not at all.—

10

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befallen?

Rosencrantz. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosencrantz. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rosencrantz. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

Hamlet. At supper.

King. At supper ! where ?

Hamlet. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten ; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet ; we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table ; that 's the end.

King. Alas, alas !

Hamlet. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Hamlet. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Hamlet. In heaven ; send thither to see : if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [To some Attendants.

Hamlet. He will stay till ye come. [Exeunt Attendants.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness ; therefore prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Hamlet. For England !

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Hamlet. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Hamlet. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come ; for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Hamlet. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England!

[*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard; Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night. Away! for every thing is seal'd and done That else leans on the affair; pray you, make haste.—

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

60

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Soldiers, *marching.*

Fortinbras. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king; Tell him that by his license Fortinbras Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous. If that his majesty would aught with us, We shall express our duty in his eye; And let him know so.

Captain. I will do 't, my lord.

Fortinbras. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

Hamlet. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Captain. They are of Norway, sir.

Hamlet. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you? 30

Captain. Against some part of Poland.

Hamlet. Who commands them, sir?

Captain. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Hamlet. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier?

Captain. Truly to speak, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; 20 Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Hamlet. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Captain. Yes, 't is already garrison'd.

Hamlet. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats Will not debate the question of this straw; This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace, That inward breaks, and shows no cause without Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Captain. God be wi' you, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Rosencrantz. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Hamlet. I 'll be with you straight. Go a little before. 31

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*]

How all occasions do inform against me, And spur my dull revenge! What is a man, If his chief good and market of his time Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more. Sure, He that made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and godlike reason To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say ‘This thing 's to do,’
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me;
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour 's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit]

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.

Queen I will not speak with her.

Gentleman. She is importunate, indeed distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen.

What would she have?

Gentleman. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
 'There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts; 10
 Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
 Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Horatio. 'T were good she were spoken with, for she may
 strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.]
 [Aside] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 20

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Ophelia. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Ophelia. [Sings] *How should I your true love know*
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Ophelia. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[Sings] *He is dead and gone, lady,*
He is dead and gone; 30
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Ophelia. Pray you, mark.

[Sings] *White his shroud as the mountain snow, —*

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Ophelia. [Sings] *Larded with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady? 40

Ophelia. Well, God 'yield you! They say the owl was a
 baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know
 not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. [Aside] Conceit upon her father.

Ophelia. Pray you, let 's have no words of this; but when
 they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Sings] *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,*
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine. 50

King. How long hath she been thus?

Ophelia. I hope all will be well. We must be patient;
 but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him
 i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it; and so I
 thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good
 night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good
 night. [Exit.]

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.—
[Exit Horatio.]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
 All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude, 60
 When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions. First, her father slain;
 Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
 Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
 For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
 In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts :
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France,
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murthering-piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death.

[*A noise within.*

Queen.

Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers ? Let them guard the door.—

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter ?

Gentleman. Save yourself, my lord ;
 The ocean, overpeering of his list,
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord ;
 And, as the world were now but to begin, .
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
 The ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry 'Choose we ; Laertes shall be king !'
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
 'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king !'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry !
 O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs !

King. The doors are broke.

[*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laertes. Where is this king ?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let 's come in.

Laertes. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [They retire without the door.

Laertes. I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laertes. That drop of blood that 's calm proclaims me
bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows
Of my true mother.

100

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude.—
Speak, man.

110

Laertes. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laertes. How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand:
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I 'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laertes. My will, not all the world;
And for my means, I 'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

120

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
 Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,
 That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
 Winner and loser?

Laertes. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laertes. To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my arms;
 And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
 Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
 Like a good child and a true gentleman.
 That I am guiltless of your father's death,
 And am most sensibly in grief for it,
 It shall as level to your judgment pierce
 As day does to your eye.

Danes. [Within] Let her come in.

Laertes. How now! what noise is that?—

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
 By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight.
 Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
 O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
 Nature is fine in love, and where 't is fine
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves.

Ophelia. [Sings] They bore him barefac'd on the bier;

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;

And on his grave rains many a tear.—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
 It could not move thus.

Ophelia. You must sing, *Down a-down, and you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laertes. This nothing's more than matter.

Ophelia. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laertes. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

160

Ophelia. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays; O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died; they say he made a good end,—

[Sings] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.*

Laertes. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Ophelia. [Sings] *And will he not come again?*

170

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead;

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His b^rard was white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll;

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

God ha' mercy on his soul!

179

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God be wi' ye.

[Exit

Laertes. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief, Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.

If by direct or by collateral hand
 They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
 To you in satisfaction ; but if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 And we shall jointly labour with your soul
 To give it due content.

190

Laertes. Let this be so ;
 His means of death, his obscure burial—
 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
 No noble rite nor formal ostentation—
 Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
 That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall ;
 And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
 I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt*SCENE VI. *Another Room in the Castle.**Enter HORATIO and a Servant.*

Horatio. What are they that would speak with me ?
Servant. Sailors, sir ; they say they have letters for you.
Horatio. Let them come in.— [Exit Servant.]
 I do not know from what part of the world
 I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sailor.* God bless you, sir.

Horatio. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sailor.* He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter
 for you, sir—it comes from the ambassador that was bound
 for England—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know
 it is.

Horatio. [Reads] ‘*Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked
 this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters*

11

for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship: so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb: yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. *He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.*²⁷ Come, I will make you way for these your letters; And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal, And you must put me in your heart for friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, That he which hath your noble father slain Pursued my life.

Laertes. It well appears; but tell me Why you proceeded not against these feats, So crimeful and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else, You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons. Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinew'd, But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother Lives almost by his looks; and for myself— My virtue or my plague, be it either which—

She 's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other motive,
 Why to a public count I might not go,
 Is the great love the general gender bear him ;
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces : so that my arrows,
 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 And not where I had aim'd them.

20

Laertes. And so have I a noble father lost ;
 A sister driven into desperate terms,
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections : but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that ; you must not think
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more :
 I lov'd your father, and we love ourself ;
 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

31

Enter a Messenger.

How now ! what news ?

Messenger. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :
 This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! who brought them ?

Messenger. Sailors, my lord, they say ; I saw them not :
 They were given to me by Claudio ; he receiv'd them
 Of him that brought them.

40

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
 Leave us. [Exit Messenger.]

[Reads] ‘High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked
 on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your

kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.

HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laertes. Know you the hand?

King. 'T is Hamlet's character. ' Naked !
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.' 51
Can you advise me?

Laertes. I 'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come.
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laertes. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd, 60
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

Laertes. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much. 70
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laertes. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since, 80
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't: he grew into his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'sd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laertes. A Norman was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laertes. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laertes. I know him well; he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you; the scrimers of their nation.
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this—

Laertes. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laertes. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father ;
But that I know love is begun by time,

110

And that I see, in passages of proof,

Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it ;

And nothing is at a like goodness still,

For goodness, growing to a plurisy,

Dies in his own too-much. That we would do.

We should do when we would ; for this 'would' changes

And hath abatements and delays as many

As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;

120

And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer :

Hamlet comes back ; what would you undertake,

To show yourself your father's son in deed

More than in words ?

Laertes. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murther sanctuarize ;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home :

We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence

130

And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, together

And wager on your heads. He, being remiss,

Most generous and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils ; so that, with ease

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice

Requite him for your father.

Laertes. I will do 't ;

And, for that purpose, I 'll anoint my sword.
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death
 That is but scratch'd withal ; I 'll touch my point
 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

140

King. Let 's further think of this ;
 Weigh what convenience both of time and means
 May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
 And that our drift look through our bad performance,
 'T were better not assay'd ; therefore this project
 Should have a back or second, that might hold
 If this should blast in proof. Soft !—let me see :—
 We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunning,—
 I ha 't :
 When in your motion you are hot and dry—
 As make your bouts more violent to that end—
 And that he calls for drink, I 'll have prepar'd him
 A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 Our purpose may hold there.—

150

160

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen !

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
 So fast they follow.—Your sister 's drown'd, Laertes.

Laertes. Drown'd ! O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
 There with fantastic garlands did she come
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them : 170
 There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
 When down her weedy trophies and herself
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
 And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up ;
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indued
 Unto that element : but long it could not be 180
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laertes. Alas, then, is she drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laertes. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
 And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
 It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
 The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord ;
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly douts it. [Exit.

King. Let 's follow, Gertrude ; 190
 How much I had to do to calm his rage !
 Now fear I this will give it start again ;
 Therefore let 's follow. [Exit.





CHURCH AT ELGINORE.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns, with spades, etc.

1 *Clown.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 't is found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For

here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

1 *Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shorteins not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

20

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even-Christian.—Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

30

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says 'Adam digged'; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

41

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows

does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter? 50

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To 't.

2 *Clown.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Vaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 *Clown.*]

[*He digs, and sings.* 60

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract—O!—the time, for—ah!—my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Hamlet. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Horatio. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet. 'T is e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clown.* [Sings]

*But age, with his stealing steps,*70
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Hamlet. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing

once ; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murther ! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches ; one that would circumvent God, might it not ?

Horatio. It might, my lord.

79

Hamlet. Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord ! How dost thou, good lord ?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not ?

Horatio. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, e'en so ; and now my Lady Worm's, chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade : here 's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em ? mine ache to think on 't.

I. Clown. [Sings]

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,

90

For and a shrouding sheet ;

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Hamlet. There 's another ; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer ? Where be his quiddits now, his quilletts, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks ? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? Hum ! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries ; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt ? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box ; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha ?

Horatio. Not a jot more, my lord.

Hamlet. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Horatio. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Hamlet. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 Clown. Mine, sir.—

[Sings] *O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Hamlet. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in 't.

1 Clown. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine; 't is for the dead, not for the quick: therefore thou liest.

1 Clown. 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Hamlet. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clown. For no man, sir.

Hamlet. What woman, then?

1 Clown. For none, neither.

Hamlet. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 Clown. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken a note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet. How long is that since?

1 Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clown*. Why, because he was mad : he shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, it 's no great matter there.

Hamlet. Why ?

1 *Clown*. "T will not be seen in him there ; there the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet. How came he mad ?

1 *Clown*. Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet. How strangely ?

150

1 *Clown*. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet. Upon what ground ?

1 *Clown*. Why, here in Denmark ; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Hamlet. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot ?

1 *Clown*. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year or nine year ; a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet. Why he more than another ?

160

1 *Clown*. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here 's a skull now ; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Hamlet. Whose was it ?

1 *Clown*. A whoreson mad fellow's it was ; whose do you think it was ?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clown*. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

170

Hamlet. This ?

1 *Clown*. E'en that.

Hamlet. Let me see.—[Takes the skull.] Alas, poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination

it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.—Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

185

Horatio. What 's that, my lord?

Hamlet. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Horatio. E'en so.

Hamlet. And smelt so? pah! [Puts down the skull.

Horatio. E'en so, my lord.

191

Hamlet. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Horatio. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

201

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside! here comes the king,

Enter Priests, etc., in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their trains, etc.

The queen, the courtiers; who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand
 Fordo it own life ; 't was of some estate. 210
 Couch we awhile, and mark. [Retiring with Horatio.

Laertes. What ceremony else ?

Hamlet. That is Laertes, a very noble youth ; mark.

Laertes. What ceremony else ?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
 As we have warrantise : her death was doubtful ;
 And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
 Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
 Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her : 220
 Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial.

Laertes. Must there no more be done ?

1 Priest. No more be done ;

We should profane the service of the dead
 To sing a requiem and such rest to her
 As to peace-parted souls.

Laertes. Lay her i' the earth ;—
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A ministering angel shall my sister be, 230
 When thou liest howling.

Hamlet. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet ; farewell ! [Scattering flowers.

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife ,
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 And not t' have strew'd thy grave.

Laertes. O, treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth awhile,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[Leaps into the grave

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

240

Hamlet. [Advancing] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane!

[Leaps into the grave.]

Laertes. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.]

Hamlet. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!

250

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Horatio. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]

Hamlet. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

260

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Hamlet. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Hamlet. 'Swounds, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
 I 'll rant as well as thou.

270

Queen. This is mere madness :
 And thus awhile the fit will work on him ;
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will sit drooping.

Hamlet. Hear you, sir ;
 What is the reason that you use me thus ?
 I lov'd you ever.—But it is no matter ;
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.]

280

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
 [Exit Horatio.]
 [To Laertes] Strengthen your patience in our last night's
 speech ;
 We 'll put the matter to the present push.—
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
 This grave shall have a living monument :
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Castle.**Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

Hamlet. So much for this, sir ; now let me see the other ;
 You do remember all the circumstance ?

Horatio. Remember it, my lord !

Hamlet. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
 That would not let me sleep ; methought I lay
 Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—
 And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail ; and that should teach us
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,—

10

Horatio. That is most certain

Hamlet. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them ; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again ; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery !—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

20

Horatio. Is 't possible ?

Hamlet. Here 's the commission ; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed ?

Horatio. I beseech you.

Hamlet. Being thus be-netted round with viillanies—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair ;
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote ?

30

Horatio. Ay, good my lord.

Hamlet. An earnest conjuration from the king
As England was his faithful tributary,

As love between them like the palm might flourish,
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
 And many such-like as's of great charge,
 That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
 Without debatement further, more or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving-time allow'd.

Horatio. How was this seal'd?

Hamlet. Why, even in that was heaven ordaint.
 I had my father's signet in my purse,
 Which was the model of that Danish seal; 50
 Folded the writ up in form of the other,
 Subscrib'd it, gave 't the impression, plac'd it safely,
 The changeling never known. Now, the next day
 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
 Thou know'st alréady.

Horatio. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Hamlet. Why, man, they did make love to this employment:
 They are not near my conscience; their defeat
 Does by their own insinuation grow.
 'T is dangerous when the baser nature comes 60
 Between the pass and fell incensed points
 Of mighty opposites.

Horatio. Why, what a king is this!

Hamlet. Does it not, thinks 't thee, stand me now upon—
 He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother,
 Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
 And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience,
 'To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
 To let this canker of our nature come
 In further evil? 70

Horatio. It must be shortly known to him from England
 What is the issue of the business there.

Hamlet. It will be short : the interim is mine :
 And a man's life 's no more than to say 'One.'
 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
 That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
 For, by the image of my cause, I see
 The portraiture of his. I 'll court his favours ;
 But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
 Into a towering passion.

Horatio.

Peace ! who comes here ?

80

Enter OSRIC.

Osric. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Hamlet. I humbly thank you, sir.—[*Aside to Horatio*] Dost know this water-fly ?

Horatio. [*Aside to Hamlet*] No, my good lord.

Hamlet. [*Aside to Horatio*] Thy state is the more gracious ; for 't is a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile ; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'T is a chough, but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osric. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

91

Hamlet. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use ; 't is for the head.

Osric. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Hamlet. No, believe me, 't is very cold ; the wind is north-erly.

Osric. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Hamlet. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osric. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

103

Hamlet. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat*

Osric. Nay, in good faith ; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes ; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing : indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see. 110

Hamlet. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you ; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osric. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Hamlet. The concernancy, sir ? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath ? 121

Osric. Sir ?

Horatio. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue ? You will do 't, sir, really.

Hamlet. What imports the nomination of this gentleman ?

Osric. Of Laertes ?

Horatio. [Aside to *Hamlet*] His purse is empty already ; all 's golden words are spent.

Hamlet. Of him, sir.

Osric. I know you are not ignorant— 130

Hamlet. I would you did, sir ; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir ?

Osric. You are not ignorant of what excellency Laertes is—

Hamlet. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellency ; but, to know a man well, were to to know himself.

Osric. I mean, sir, for his weapon ; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he 's unfellowed.

Hamlet. What's his weapon?

140

Osric. Rapier and dagger.

Hamlet. That's two of his weapons; but, well.

Osric. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Hamlet. What call you the carriages?

Horatio. [Aside to *Hamlet*] I knew you must be edified by the Margaret ere you had done. 151

Osric. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Hamlet. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imposed,' as you call it?

Osric. The king, sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Hamlet. How if I answer no?

163

Osric. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Hamlet. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 't is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits. 170

Osric. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Hamlet. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osric. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Hamlet. Yours, yours.—[Exit *Osric.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Horatio. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Hamlet. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

185

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young *Osric*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time.

Hamlet. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

192

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Hamlet. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes* before you fall to play.

Hamlet. She well instructs me. [Exit *Lord.*]

Horatio. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Hamlet. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldest not think how ill all 's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

201

Horatio. Nay, good my lord,—

Hamlet. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Horatio. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Hamlet. Not a whit; we defy augury: there 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, etc.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes's hand into Hamlet's.*

Hamlet. Give me your pardon, sir: I 've done you wrong; But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

215

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

With sore distraction. What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

220

Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he 's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

Who does it, then? His madness: if 't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

230

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laertes. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge; but in my terms of honour I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement Till by some elder masters of known honour I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Hamlet. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils.—Come on.

240

Laertes. Come, one for me.

Hamlet. I 'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laertes. You mock me, sir.

Hamlet. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Hamlet. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both :
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

250

Laertes. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Hamlet. This likes me well.—These foils have ail a
length?

Osric. Ay, my good lord. [They prepare to play.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire :
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups :
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!—Come, begin :—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

260

L

Hamlet. Come on, sir.

Laertes. Come, my lord. [They play.

Hamlet. One.

Laertes. No.

Hamlet. Judgment.

Osric. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laertes. Well; again.

King. Stay; give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine; Here's to thy health.—

[Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.

Give him the cup.

271

Hamlet. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—

Come. [They play.] Another hit; what say you?

Laertes. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Hamlet. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [Aside] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

280

Hamlet. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laertes. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think 't.

Laertes. [Aside] And yet 't is almost 'gainst my conscience.

Hamlet. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laertes. Say you so? come on.

[They play.

289

Osric. Nothing, neither way.

Laertes. Have at you now!

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes

King.

Part them ; they are incens'd.

Hamlet. Nay, come, again.[*The Queen falls.**Osric.*

Look to the queen there, ho !

Horatio. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord ?*Osric.* How is 't, Laertes ?*Laertes.* Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric : I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.*Hamlet.* How does the queen ?*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—The drink, the drink !—I am poison'd. [*Dies.**Hamlet.* O villany !—Ho ! let the door be lock'd !

Treachery ! Seek it out !

300

Laertes. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain ; No medicine in the world can do thee good, In thee there is not half an hour of life : The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice Hath turn'd itself on me ; lo, here I lie, Never to rise again. Thy mother 's poison'd ; I can no more,—the king—the king 's to blame.*Hamlet.* The point envenom'd too !—Then, venom, to thy work ! [*Stabs the King.**All.* Treason ! treason !

311

King. O, yet defend me, friends ; I am but hurt.*Hamlet.* Here, thou incestuous, murtherous, damned Dane. Drink off this potion ! Is thy union here ? Follow my mother ! [*King dies.**Laertes.* He is justly serv'd ;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet ;

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me ! [*Dies.**Hamlet.* Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee.—

I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
 Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—
 But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
 Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfied.

Horatio. Never believe it;
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
 Here's yet some liquor left.

Hamlet. As thou 'rt a man, 330
 Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have 't.—
 O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story.— [March afar off, and shot within.]

What warlike noise is this?

Osric. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Po-
 land,
 To the ambassadors of England gives
 This warlike volley.

Hamlet. O, I die, Horatio; 340
 The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.
 I cannot live to hear the news from England;
 But I do prophesy the election lights
 On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
 So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
 Which have solicited—the rest is silence. [Dies.]

Horatio. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet
 prince,
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
 Why does the drum come hither? [March within.]

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fortinbras. Where is this sight?

Horatio. What is it ye would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search. 351

Fortinbras. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

1 Ambassador. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Horatio. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you; 361
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slayings,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause, 370
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fallen on the inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fortinbras. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Horatio. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more ;
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.

380

Fortinbras. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally : and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies.—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.—
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

390

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies ; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*



N O T E S.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).

A. S., Anglo-Saxon.

A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).

A. Y. L. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *As You Like It*.

B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.

B. J., Ben Jonson.

Caldecott, T. Caldecott's edition of *Hamlet* (London, 1819).

Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.

Cf. (*confer*), compare.

Coll., Collier (second edition).

Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.

D., Dyce (second edition).

F., Furness's "New Variorum" edition of *Hamlet* (Philadelphia, 1877).

H., Hudson (first edition).

Hen. V. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Henry V*.

Hen. VIII. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Henry VIII*.

Id. (*idem*), the same.

J. C. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Julius Caesar*.

J. H., John Hunter's edition of *Hamlet* (London, 1865).

K., Knight (second edition).

M., Rev. C. E. Moberly's "Rugby" edition of *Hamlet* (London, 1873).

Macb. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Macbeth*.

Mer., Rolfe's edition of *The Merchant of Venice*.

M. N. D. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).

Prol., Prologue.

Rich. II. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Richard II*.

S., Shakespeare.

Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).

Sr., Singer.

St., Staunton.

Temp. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *The Tempest*.

Theo., Theobald.

V., Verplanck.

W., White.

Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).

Warb., Warburton.

Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).

Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

Wr., Clark and Wright's "Clarendon Press" edition of *Hamlet* (Oxford, 1872).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V.* and *A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

 The numbers of the lines (except for *Hamlet*) are those of the "Globe" edition.

NOTES.



"He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice" (i. 1. 63).

ACT I.

SCENE I.—In the quartos the acts and scenes are not marked; in the folios they are indicated only as far as ii. 2.

Elsinore. "The scene is at the celebrated castle of Kronborg, commanding the entrance of the Sound. In its vaults the mythic Danish champion Holger was thought to be seated at the board, asleep for age after age, till the day of fate awakens him" (M.). The cut on p. 41 is taken from this castle.

1. *Who's there?* For the "interjectional line," see Gr. 512.

Coleridge says: "That S. meant to put an effect in the actor's power in these very first words is evident from the impatience expressed by the startled Francisco in the line that follows. A brave man is never so peremptory as when he fears that he is afraid."

2. *Me.* Emphatic; as the measure shows.

3. *Long live the king!* Commonly explained as the watchword of the night; but, as Delius points out, Horatio and Marcellus in 15 below give a different response to the same challenge. Pye believes that it corresponds to the old French usage of replying *Vive le roi!* to the challenge *Qui vive?*

6. *Upon your hour.* Just at your hour. Wr. compares *Rich.* III. iii. 2. 5: "upon the stroke of four;" *M. for M.* iv. 1. 17: "much upon this time," etc. See also Gr. 191. Cf. the modern "on time."

7. *Now struck.* Steevens conjectured "new struck;" as in *R. and J.* i. 167: "But new struck nine."

8. *Much thanks.* *Thanks* is a quasi-singular. Cf. *Luke*, xii. 19: "much goods," etc. For the old use of *much*—great, see Gr. 51; and for the adverbial use of *bitter*, Gr. 1.

9. *Sick at heart.* F. quotes Strachey: "The key-note of the tragedy is struck in the simple preludings of this common sentry's midnight guard, to sound afterwards in ever-spreading vibrations through the complicated though harmonious strains of Hamlet's own watch through a darker and colder night than the senses can feel."

10. *Not a mouse stirring.* Coleridge remarks: "The attention to minute sounds—naturally associated with the recollection of minute objects, and the more familiar and trifling, the more impressive from the unusualness of their producing any impression at all—gives a philosophic pertinency to this last image; but it has likewise its dramatic use and purpose. For its commonness in ordinary conversation tends to produce the sense of reality, and at once hides the poet, and yet approximates the reader or spectator to that state in which the highest poetry will appear, and in its component parts, though not in the whole composition, really is, the language of nature. If I should not speak it, I feel that I should be thinking it; the voice only is the poet's, the words are my own."

13. *Rivals.* Partners, companions. The 1st quarto has "partners." S. does not use the word again in this sense; unless, with Schmidt, we see it in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 156: "And now both rivals to mock Helena." We find, however, *corrival* = companion in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 31, and *rivalry* = partnership in *A. and C.* iii. 5. 8. For the origin of the word, see Wb.

15. *Dane.* King of Denmark; as in i. 2. 44 below.

16. *Give you good night.* That is, *God* give, etc. For other contractions of like greetings, cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 1. 16: "God ye good even;" *R. and J.* i. 2. 58: "God gi' good-den;" *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 89: "God-den," etc. We have the full form in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 84: "God give you good morrow," etc. Wr. quotes B. and F., *Knt. of Burning Pestle*, epil.: "God give you good night."

19. *A piece of him.* "As we say, 'something like him.' The phrase

has none of the deep meaning which some of the German editors find in it" (M.). For these German comments, see F.

21. *Has this thing, etc.* Coleridge remarks that "even the word *again* has its *credibilizing effect*," and he points out how Marcellus from *this thing* rises to *this dreaded sight*, and then to *this apparition*, "an intelligent spirit, that is, to be spoken to."

23. *Fantasy.* Imagination; as in 54 below. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 138: "Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?" See also *M. A. D.* v. 1. 5, *M. W.* v. 5. 55, etc. For another sense see iv. 4. 62 below; and for another (=love), *M. N. D.* i. 1. 32, *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 31, v. 2. 100, etc.

25. *Seen of us.* The 1st quarto has "seenē by vs." *Of=by* is very common in S. Cf. iv. 2. 12 below; also *Macb.* iii. 6. 27, etc. Gr. 170.

27. *The minutes of this night.* "Through this night, minute by minute" (M.). Steevens quotes Ford, *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, v. 1: "Ere the minutes of the night warn us to rest."

29. *Approve.* Prove, confirm. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 79: "approve it with a text," etc.

33. *What, etc.* "What depends on a verb of speech, implied either in *assail your ears* or in *story*; that is, 'let us tell you what we have seen,' or 'our story describing what we have seen'" (Gr. 252).

Sit we. First person imperative; or, as Abbott calls it (Gr. 361), subjunctive=suppose we sit. Cf. 168 below: "Break we our watch up," etc.

35. *Last night, etc.* Coleridge observes: "In the deep feeling which Bernardo has of the solemn nature of what he is about to relate, he makes an effort to master his own imaginative terrors by an elevation of style—itself a continuation of the effort—by turning off from the apparition, as from something which would force him too deeply into himself, to the outward objects, the realities of nature, which had accompanied it."

36. *Yond.* See *J. C.* p. 134 or *Temp.* p. 121.

Pole. Pole-star; as in *Oth.* ii. 1. 15: "the ever-fixed pole."

Clarke remarks: "Nothing more natural than for a sentinel to watch the course of a particular star while on his lonely midnight watch; and what a radiance of poetry is shed on the passage by the casual allusion!"

37. *Illume.* Used nowhere else by S. He has *illuminate* twice, and *illumine* three times.

39. *Beating.* The 1st quarto has "towling," and the Coll. MS. "tolling."

40. *Thee.* Apparently=thou, as often after imperatives. See *Macb.* p. 170 (note on *Hie thee*), or Gr. 212.

Coleridge remarks: "Note the judgment displayed in having the two persons present, who, as having seen the Ghost before, are naturally eager in confirming their former opinions, whilst the skeptic is silent, and after having been twice addressed by his friends, answers with two hasty syllables—'Most like'—and a confession of horror—

'It harrows me with fear and wonder.'

O heaven! words are wasted on those who feel, and to those who do not feel the exquisite judgment of Shakspere in this scene, what can be said?

—Hume himself could not but have had faith in this Ghost dramatically, let his anti-ghostism have been as strong as Samson against other ghosts less powerfully raised."

42. *Scholar.* Alluding to the use of Latin in exorcisms. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 264: "I would to God some scholar would conjure her!" Reed quotes B. and F., *Night Walker*, ii. 1:

"Let 's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin,
And that will daunt the devil."

In like manner the honest butler in Addison's *Drummer* recommends the steward to speak Latin to the ghost.

44. *Harrows.* Steevens quotes Milton, *Comus*, 565: "Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear." Cf. i. 5. 16 below.

45. *It would be spoke to.* For *would*, see Gr. 329; and for *spoke*, Gr. 343. "There was, and is, a notion that a ghost cannot speak until it is spoken to" (Wr.).

46. *Usurp'st.* "Zeugma: the Ghost invades the night and assumes the form of the king" (M.).

49. *Sometimes.* Used by S. interchangeably with *sometime*=formerly. Cf. *Rich.* II. i. 2. 54, *Hen. VII.* ii. 4. 181, etc.

55. *On 't.* Of it. See Gr. 181. M. thinks it is used here in its ordinary sense.

56. *Might.* Could. See Gr. 312.

57. *Sensible.* For adjectives used like this in both an active and a passive sense, see Gr. 3.

Avouch is not elsewhere made a noun by S. For other examples of verbs used as nouns (Gr. 451), see 73 ("cast"), iii. 1. 166 ("hatch" and "disclose"), iv. 5. 64 ("remove"), v. 2. 23 ("supervise"), v. 2. 207 ("repair"), etc.

60. *Armour.* F. asks: "Was this the very armour that he wore thirty years before, on the day Hamlet was born (see v. 1. 136-141)? How old is Horatio?"

61. *Norway.* The King of Norway. See *Mach.* p. 239, note on *England*.

62. *Parle.* Parley. See *Hen. V.* p. 164.

63. *Sledded Polacks.* Polanders on sleds, or sledges. The 1st quarto has "sleaded pollax," the 1st and 2d folios "sledded Pollax" (changed to "Polax" in the 3d and "Poleaxe" in the 4th folio). Rowe has "Pole-axe," and Pope (followed by Capell, Steevens, and Sr.) "Polack." The Germans, who have been much troubled by the passage, generally adopt "Pole-axe." Schmidt explains *sledded* as "probably—having a sled or sledge, that is, a heavy hammer to it, or similar to a heavy hammer." He adds, "Hamlet, provoked to anger in a conference with the king of Norway, struck the ice with his pole-axe as with a heavy hammer." F. gives nearly two pages of comical German comments on the passage, with some English ones equally amusing.

For *Polack*—Polander or Polish, cf. ii. 2. 63, 75, iv. 4. 23, and v. 2. 364 below; also Webster, *White Devil*: "Like a shav'd Polack." S. uses the word in no other play, and *sledded* only here.

65. *Jump.* The quarto reading; the folios have "just," which means

the same. Cf. v. 2. 363 below: "jump upon this bloody question." See also *Oth.* ii. 3. 392.

Dead. Cf. i. 2. 198 below: "the dead vast and middle of the night." See also *Sonn.* 43. II, *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 19, *Rich. III.* v. 3. 180, etc.

67, 68. *In what*, etc. I know not what particular line of thought to follow, but in a general way my opinion is, etc.

70. *Good now.* For this "vocative use" of *good* (with or without *now*), cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 3, 16, 20, *C. of E.* iv. 4 22, *T. and C.* iii. 1. 122, *A. and C.* i. 2. 25, etc. Johnson makes it here = "in good time, à la bonne heure." See Gr. 13.

72. *Toils.* For the transitive use, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 74: "have toiled their memories;" 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 83: "toil his wits," etc. Abbott refers to Gr. 290 (verbs formed from nouns, etc.), but 291 (intransitive verbs used transitively) would be better.*

Subject. Used collectively (=people) as in i. 2. 33 below. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 145, v. 1. 14, *W. T.* i. 1. 43, etc.

74. *Mart.* Marketing, buying. The word is also used as a verb (=buy or sell); as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 363, *J. C.* iv. 3. 11, etc.

75. *Impress.* Impression; as in *T. and C.* ii. 1. 107 and *A. and C.* iii. 7. 37. Lord Campbell remarks: "Such confidence has there been in Shakespeare's accuracy that this passage has been quoted both by text-writers and by judges on the bench as an authority upon the legality of the *press-gang*, and upon the debated question whether *shipwrights*, as well as *common seamen*, are liable to be pressed into the service of the *royal navy*."

77. *Toward.* At hand, forthcoming. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 81: "a play toward," etc. See also v. 2. 353 below.

81. *Even but now.* See Gr. 130.

82. *Fortinbras.* According to Latham (quoted by F.), a corrupt French form, equivalent to *Fierumbra* or *Fierabras*, which is a derivative from *ferri brachium* (arm of iron).

83. *Emulate.* Emulous. Used by S. only here. Cf. *adulterate*, i. 5. 42 below. Gr. 342.

84. *The combat.* "That is, the combat that ends all dispute" (Gr. 92).

86. Wr. makes this line an Alexandrine; Abbott (Gr. 469) counts this *Fortinbras* as one foot. It might be scanned thus: "Did sláy | this Fórt | inbras, whó | by a seáld' | compáct." For *compáct*, see Gr. 490.

87. *Law and heraldry.* Wr. and Schmidt explain this as = "heraldic law," or "law of heraldry." M. says: "Law would be wanted to draw up accurately the contract, heraldry to give it a binding force in honour; as the court of chivalry 'has cognizance of contracts touching deeds of arms or of war out of the realm.'"

88. *Those his lands.* See *Macb.* p. 179 (note on *That their fitness*), and *Hen. V.* p. 169 (note on *This your air*). Gr. 239.

89. *Seiz'd of.* Possessed of; still a legal term.

* In quoting the passage he gives the preceding line, "Why this same *toil* and most observant *watch*," which would favour his explanation; but I do not know where he gets that reading. It is given neither in the collation of the Camb. ed. nor in that of F. S. has the intransitive *toil* nine times.

90. *Mosity*. Strictly a half (as in *A. W.* iii. 2. 69, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 229, etc.), but often used by S. for any portion (Schmidt). Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 26, *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 96, etc.

91. *Had return'd*. Would have returned. Gr. 361.

93. *Covenant*. The folio has "cou'nant," the quartos "comart." D. and Wr. think that S. may have coined the latter word (= joint bargain), and afterwards changed it to *covenant*.

94. *Carriage*, etc. "By the tenor of the article as drawn up" (M.).

96. *Unimproved*. "Not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience" (Johnson); "untutored" (Wr.); "undisciplined" (M.); "not yet turned to account, unemployed" (Schmidt). Nares and D., on the other hand, explain it as = "unreproved, unimpeached," and St. as = "ungovernable." The 1st quarto has "inapproved." On *mettle*, see *Macb.* p. 181 or *Rich. II.* p. 157.

97. *Skirts*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 354: "here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat."

98. *Shark'd up*. Picked up without distinction (Steevens) or illegally (Schmidt). *List* = muster-roll, as in i. 2. 32 below. On *resolutes*, see Gr. 433.

99. *For food and diet*. "For no pay but their keep. Being landless they have nothing to lose, and the war would at the worst feed them" (M.).

100. *Stomach*. Courage; with possibly a play on the other sense, as in *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 68 and *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 166. For some of the meanings of the word in S. see *Temp.* p. 115.

102. *But*. In the sense of *except*, where we should use *than* (Gr. 127). See also 108 below.

103. *Compulsative*. The folio reading; the quartos have "compulsatory." S. uses neither word elsewhere, but he has "compulsive" in iii. 4. 86 below and in *Oth.* iii. 3. 454.

107. *Romage*. "Bustle, turmoi" (Schmidt). S. uses the word only here. For its origin see Wb. Wedgwood gives a less probable derivation.

108. Lines 108-125 are omitted in the folio. K. suggests that S. probably suppressed the passage after he had written *J. C.*

Be. The word "expresses more doubt than *is* after a verb of thinking" (Gr. 299, where some striking examples are given).

109. *Sort*. Suit, accord. Schmidt wavers between this sense and "fall out, have an issue" (as in *Much Ado*, v. 4. 7, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 352, etc.).

112. *Mote*. In three of the quartos it is spelt "moth," which probably had the same pronunciation. See *A. Y. L.* p. 179, note on *Goats*.

114. *Mightiest*. Used like the Latin superlative = very mighty (Gr. 8). On the passage, cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 18 fol.

117. *As stars*, etc. There is some corruption here, and perhaps a line has dropped out. The attempts to mend the passage have not been satisfactory. As M. suggests, "if a line is supposed to be omitted, it would be better to borrow from *J. C.* ii. 2, and read

[Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood;
Disaster hid the sun,' etc.,

rather than indulge the genius, as some editors have done, by coining a line."

Disaster (like *influence*, *aspect*, *retrograde*, etc.) was an astrological term. It is used as a verb in *A. and C.* ii. 7. 18.

118. *The moist star.* The moon. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 1: "the watery star;" and *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 162: "the watery moon." On the next line Wr. quotes *W. T.* i. 2. 427:

"You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon;"

and M. misquotes Coleridge, *Anc. Mariner*:

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast,
If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim—
See, brother, see, how graciously
She looketh down on him!"

120. *Voss* refers to *Matt.* xxiv. 29.

121. *Precurse.* Used by S. only here; and *precursor* only in *Temp.* i. 2. 201. Wr. says that "precurser" occurs in *Phœnix and Turtle*, 6, but the eds. generally have "precurser."

Fierce. Wild, terrible. It means "immoderate, excessive" (Schmidt) in *T. of A.* iv. 2. 30 and *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 54; and Steevens would give it a similar sense ("conspicuous, glaring") here.

122. *Still.* Constantly, always; as often. Gr. 69. On *harbingers*, see *Macb.* p. 168.

123. *Omen.* The event portended by the omen. S. uses the word nowhere else. Upton cites Virgil, *Æn.* 1. 346, where *omnibus*, literally = the omens of the marriage rite, is put for the rite itself; and Farmer quotes Heywood, *Life of Merlin*:

"Merlin, well vers'd in many a hidden spell,
His countries omen did long since foretell."

124. *Demonstrated.* Accented on first syllable, as in *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 54; but on the second in *T. of A.* i. 1. 91, *Oth.* i. 1. 61, etc.

125. *Climatures.* Regions; used by S. only here. For *climate* in the same sense, see *Rich.* II. iv. 1. 130 and *J. C.* i. 3. 32.

127. *Cross it.* According to Blakeway, whoever crossed the spot on which a spectre was seen became subject to its malignant influence. Among the reasons for supposing the young Earl of Derby (who died in 1594) to have been bewitched, Lodge states that a figure of a tall man appeared in his chamber "who twice crossed him swiftly," and when the earl came to the place where he saw the apparition "he fell sick."

129. For the short line here and below, see Gr. 512.

130, 131. Alluding, as Simrock suggests, to the idea that a ghost may often be "laid" when a living person does for him what he himself ought to have done when alive.

134. *Happily.* According to Nares and Schmidt = *happily*, as often; but it may be = *luckily*, as some critics make it. H. points out that the

structure of this solemn appeal is almost identical with that of a very different strain in *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 33-42.

136. *Or if thou hast*, etc. Steevens quotes Dekker, *Knight's Conjuring*: "If any of them had bound the spirit of gold by any charmes in caves, or in iron fetters under the ground, they should for their own soules quiet (which questionlesse else would whine up and down) if not for the good of their children, release it."

138. *They say*. Clarke notes the propriety of these words in the mouth of Horatio, "the scholar and the unbeliever in ghosts."

140. *Partisan*. A kind of halberd. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 80, 101, *A. and C.* ii. 7. 14, etc.

143. *Majestical*. Used by S. oftener than *majestic*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 16, iv. 1. 284, etc.

145. *As the air, invulnerable*. Malone compares *Macb.* v. 8. 9 and *K. John*, ii. 1. 252.

149. *I have hward*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 381 fol., and Milton, *Hymn on Nativ.* 229-234, etc. Farmer quotes Prudentius, *Ad Gallicinium*:

"Ferunt, vagantes daemonas,
Laetos tenebris noctium,
Gallo canente exterritos
Sparsim timere et cedere."

150. *The trumpet*, etc. For *trumpet*=trumpeter, cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 61: "I will the banner from a trumpet take," etc. Malone quotes from *England's Parnassus*, 1600: "And now the cocke, the morning's trumpeter." Coleridge remarks that "how to elevate a thing almost mean by its familiarity, young poets may learn in this treatment of the cock-crow."

153. *Whether in sea*, etc. "According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of spirits" (Johnson). Cf. Milton, *Il Pens.* 93:

"And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element."

154. *Extravagant*. In its etymological sense of wandering beyond its *confine*, or limit. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 68: "a foolish extravagant spirit;" and *Oth.* i. 1. 137: "an extravagant and wheeling stranger." S. uses the word only in these passages, and *extravagancy* (=vagrancy) only in *T. N.* ii. 1. 12. So *erring* is used in its literal sense; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 138 and *Oth.* i. 3. 362. Cf. Gr. p. 13.

155. For the accent of *confine*, cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 121, *Sonn.* 84. 3, etc.; for the other one, see *Rich.* II. i. 3. 137, *Rich.* III. iv. 4. 3, etc.

156. *Probation*. Proof; as in *Mach.* iii. 1. 80, *Cymb.* v. 5. 362, etc. The word is here a quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

158. *'Gainst*. Used metaphorically of time (Gr. 142), as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 99: "against he do appear," etc. Cf. iii. 4. 50 below.

161. *Spirit*. Monosyllabic (=sprite), as often. Gr. 463.

Can walk. The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "dare walke," the later quartos "dare sturre."

162. *Strike*. Exert a malign influence. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 4. 14: "If I do wake, some planet strike me down." See also *Cor.* ii. 2. 117 and *W. T.* i. 2. 201. As Wr. remarks, we still have "moonstruck."

163. *Takes*. Bewitches, blasts. F. quotes Florio: "Assiderare: to blast or strike with a planet, to be taken." Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 32: "blasts the tree and takes the cattle;" *Lear*, ii. 4. 166: "taking airs;" *Id.* iii. 4. 61: "Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!" and *A. and C.* iv. 2. 37: "Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!"

164. *Gracious*. Blessed, benign; "partaking of the nature of the epithet with which it is associated" (Caldecott).

165. *And do in part believe it*. "A happy expression of the half-sceptical, half-complying spirit of Shakespeare's time, when witchcraft was believed, antipodes doubted" (M.).

166, 167. As Hunter suggests, Milton must have had this beautiful personification in mind when he wrote *P. L.* v. 1:

"Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearls."

173. *Loves*. For the plural, see *Macb.* p. 209 or *Rich. II.* p. 206 (note on *Sights*).

175. *Conveniently*. The folio reading; the quartos have "convenient" (Gr. I.).

SCENE II.—1. "In the King's speech, observe the set and pedantically antithetic form of the sentences when touching that which galled the heels of conscience,—the strain of undignified rhetoric,—and yet in what follows concerning the public weal, a certain appropriate majesty. Indeed, was he not a royal brother?" (Coleridge).

2. *That*. See Gr. 284.

4. *Brow of woe*. "Mourning brow" (*L. L. L.* v. 2. 754). Wr. compares iv. 6. 19: "thieves of mercy;" *M. of V.* ii. 8. 42: "mind of love;" *Lear*, i. 4. 306: "brow of youth," etc.

6. *With wisest sorrow*. "With the due proportion of sorrow" (M.).

8. *Sometime*. The folio has "sometimes." S. uses both forms adjectively. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 54: "thy sometimes brother's wife;" *Id.* v. 1. 37: "good sometime queen," etc. See on i. 1. 49 above.

9. *Of*. The quartos have "to."

10. *Defeated*. Marred, disfigured. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 346: "defeat thy favour with an usurped beard." So *disfigure* = disfigurement in *V. and A.* 736, *C. of E.* ii. 1. 98 and v. 1. 299.

11. *One...one*. So in the folio; the quartos have "an...a." Stevens quotes *W. T.* v. 2. 80: "She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled."

Malone explains *dropping* as "depressed or cast downwards," and W. substitutes "drooping."

14. *To wife*. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 75: "Such a paragon to their queen," etc. Gr. 189.

Barr'd. Excluded, acted without the concurrence of. Cf. *Hcn. V.* i. 2. 12, 92, *Lear*, v. 3. 85, etc.

15. *Wisdoms*. See on *loves*, i. 1. 173 above.

17. *That you know.* What you already know. See Gr. 244. Theo. points it thus: "Now follows that you know, young Fortinbras," etc. (so Walker, with colon instead of comma).

18. *Supposal.* Opinion; used by S. only here.

20. *Disjoint.* For the form cf. iii. 1. 155: "most deject." See also iii. 4. 180, 205, and iv. 5. 2. Gr. 342.

21. *Collagued*, etc. With no ally but this imaginary advantage. The quartos have "this dream."

22. *Pester.* The word originally meant to crowd, as in Milton, *Comus*, 7: "Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here." Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 7: "Dissentious numbers pestering (that is, infesting) streets," etc. See also Webster, *Malcontent*, v. 2: "the hall will be so pestered anon."

23. *Importing.* Abbott (Gr. p. 16) thinks this is used for "importuning;" but cf. *T.* of *A.* v. 2. 11:

"With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause;"

Oth. ii. 2. 3: "tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet," etc. See also iv. 7. 80 and v. 2. 21 below.

24. *Bonds.* The folio reading; the quartos have "bands," which means the same.

27. *Writ.* For the past tense S. uses *writ* oftener than *wrote*; for the participle he has usually *writ* or *written*, sometimes *wrote*. Gr. 343.

31. *Gait.* "Used metaphorically for proceeding in a business" (Nares). *In that*=inasmuch as.

32. *Proportions.* Contingents, quotas; as in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 137, 304, etc.

33. *Subject.* See on i. 1. 72 above.

38. *Dilated.* "Detailed" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 59: "a more dilated farewell." The 1st quarto has "related," the later quartos "dilated." Greene has the word in the sense of delayed, in *A Maiden's Dream*: "Nor might the pleas be over-long dilated."

For the "confusion of construction" in *allow*, see Gr. 412. On this point K. remarks: "We find in all the old dramatists many such lines as this in Marlowe: 'The outside of her garments were of lawn.' And too many such lines have been corrected by the editors of Shakespeare who have thus obliterated the traces of our tongue's history. It is remarkable that the very commentators who were always ready to fix the charge of ignorance of the rudiments of grammar upon Shakespeare, have admitted the following passage in a note to 2 *Hen. II.* by that elegant modern scholar, T. Warton: 'Beaumont and Fletcher's play contains many satirical strokes against Heywood's comedy, the force of which are entirely lost to those who have not seen that comedy.'"

39. *Let your haste*, etc. "Let your haste show that you perform your duty well" (Wr.).

41. *Nothing.* Adverbially=not at all; as often in S. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 165: "nothing undervalued to Cato's daughter," etc. Gr. 55.

42. *You.* For the change to *thou* in 45 fol., see Gr. 235.

45. *Lose your voice.* Waste your words. Cf. 118 below: "lose her prayers."

47. *Native.* Naturally related. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 238: "native things"

(that is, kindred things). Delius remarks that *native* expresses a connection that is congenital, *instrumental* one that is mechanical.

51. *Leave and favour.* "Kind permission" (Caldecott).

56. *Pardon.* "Almost=leave, permission" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 6. 60: "His pardon for return."

59. *Laboursome.* Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 167: "laboursome (=elaborate) and dainty trims." S. uses the word only twice, *laborious* not at all.

Lines 58-60 are not in the folio.

63. *And thy best graces, etc.* "May the fairest graces that you are master of help you to spend the time at your will" (M.).

64. *Cousin.* Nephew. Elsewhere it means niece (as in *A. Y. L.* i. 2, 164, i. 3. 44, etc.), uncle (*T. N.* i. 5. 131, v. 1. 313), brother-in-law (*1 Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 51), and grandchild (*K. John*, iii. 3. 17, *Oth.* i. 1. 113, etc.). It is also used as a mere complimentary form of address between princes, etc. (*Hen. V.* v. 2. 4, *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 37, etc.).

65. *A little more than kin, etc.* If Hamlet refers to himself, the meaning seems to be: more than a mere kinsman (being step-son as well as nephew) and less than kind (because I hate you). If he applies them to the king, we may accept the paraphrase of W.: "In marrying my mother you have made yourself something more than my kinsman, and at the same time have shown yourself unworthy of our race, our kind." For sundry other explanations, see F. Coll. quotes Rowley, *Search for Money*, 1609: "I would he were not so near us in kindred, then sure he would be nearer in kindness." Steevens compares Lyl, *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "the nearer we are in blood, the further we must be from love; the greater the kindred is, the less the kindness must be;" and *Gorboeduc*, 1561: "In kinde a father, but not kindelynesse."

67. *Too much i' the sun.* "More careless and idle than I ought to be" (Schmidt). Johnson, Caldecott, and others see here an allusion to the old proverb, "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun," that is, "out of house and home,"—in Hamlet's case, deprived of his right, or the succession to the throne. For a summary of other interpretations, see F.

68. *Nighted.* Black as night (Gr. 294). S. uses the word again in *Lear*, iv. 5. 13: "his nighted life."

Scarlet was the colour then worn by the kings, queens, and princes of Denmark. K. says: "It thus happens, curiously enough, that the objections of the queen and Claudius to the appearance of Hamlet in black are authorized, not only by the well-known custom of the early Danes never to mourn for their nearest and dearest relatives and friends, but also by the fact that, although black was at least their favourite, if not, indeed, their national colour, Hamlet, as a prince of the blood, should have been attired in the royal scarlet."

70. *Vailed lids.* Downcast eyes. Cf. *V. and A.* 956: "She vail'd her eyelids;" *M. of V.* i. 1. 28: "Vailing her high top lower than her ribs," etc. See *Mer.* p. 128. We have a play on the word in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*: "Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close."

72. *Lives.* The 2d and later folios have "live," which is adopted by Coll., D., and H.

74. *Ay, madam*, etc. Coleridge says: "Here observe Hamlet's delicacy to his mother, and how the suppression prepares him for the overflow in the next speech, in which his character is more developed by bringing forward his aversion to externals, and which betrays his habit of brooding over the world within him, coupled with a prodigality of beautiful words, which are the half-embodimentings of thought, and are more than thought, and have an outness, a reality *sui generis*, and yet contain their correspondence and shadowy affinity to the images and movements within. Note also Hamlet's silence to the long speech of the king which follows, and his respectful, but general, answer to his mother."

M. quotes Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, vi. :

"That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter; rather more:
Too common! never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."

77. *Inky*. Again used metaphorically in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 46: "your inky brows."

81. *Haviour*. Often printed "haviour," but see *Rich. II.* p. 162.

82. *Shows*. The quartos have "chapes" or "shapes."

83. *Denote*. Indicate, mark. Cf. *Sonn.* 148. 7, *Oth.* iii. 3. 428, iv. 1. 290, etc.

85. *Passeth*. As Corson remarks, the older form suits the tone of the passage better, and avoids the concurrence of sibilants.

M. quotes *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 295-298: "'Tis very true, my grief lies all within," etc.

87. *Commendable*. Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S. (cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 71, 73, etc.), with the single exception (which Schmidt considers doubtful) of *M. of V.* i. 1. 111. Abbott (Gr. 490) would give the latter accent here.

90. *That father*, etc. That lost father lost his; or (Gr. 246) that father (who was) lost lost his.

Bound. Was bound. For the ellipsis, cf. iii. 3. 62 (Wr.). See Gr. 403.

92. *Obsequions*. Funereal; from *obsequies* (Johnson); as in *T. A.* v. 3. 152 and *Sonn.* 31. 5. Cf. the adverb *obsequiously* in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 3.

Persever. The regular spelling and accent in S. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 2. 36, 37, where it rhymes with *ever*. Gr. 492.

93. *Condolement*. Sorrow, mourning. Used by S. only here and (blunderingly) in *Per.* ii. 1. 156.

95. *Incorrect*. Contumacious, unsubmissive; used by S. only here, like *unfortified* (=weak) in the next line.

97. *Simple*. Foolish.

99. *Any the most*. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 4. 65: "any the rarest."

To sense. Depending on *vulgar*, and - "anything the most commonly perceived" (Gr. 419a).

104. *Who*. For *who* "personifying irrational antecedents," see Gr. 264.

105. *Till he*. See Gr. 184, 206.

107. *Unprevailing*. Unavailing. So *prevail*=avail in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 60: "It helps not, it prevails not." Cf. Peele, *Sir Clymon*, 1599: "pursuit prevaleth nought;" Marlowe, *Dido*, v. 2: "What can my tears or

cries prevail me now?" Maione quotes Dryden, *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*: "He may often prevail himself of the same advantages;" and *Absalom and Achitophel*, 461 (1st ed.): "Prevail* yourself of what occasion gives."

109. *Immediate*. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 42:

"My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me."

110. *Nobility*. "Dignity, greatness" (Schmidt), or "eminence and distinction" (Heath).

112. *Impart*. As the verb has no object, various emendations, not worth mentioning, have been suggested. It is probably one of the many instances of "confusion of construction" in S. Cf. i. 3. 50 below, and see Gr. 415. As Delius suggests, the poet probably regarded *no less nobility of love* as the object of *impart*, and forgot, owing to the intermediate clause, that he had written *with no less*. On *for*—as for, as regards, see Gr. 149.

113. The university of Wittenberg was founded in 1502, and is mentioned in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* and other English books of the time. For *school*=university, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 6.

114. *Retrograde*. Contrary; an astrological term. Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 212, where Parolles says he was born "under Mars," and Helena sarcastically remarks, "When he was retrograde, I think." See on i. 1. 117 above.

115. *Bend you*. Bend yourself (Gr. 223), be inclined. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 36: "bend you with your dearest speed."

120. *In all my best*. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 127: "I have spoken for you all my best." In i. 5. 27 below we have "in the best" where we should say "at the best."

124. *Sits smiling to my heart*. The meaning is clear, but the expression is peculiar. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 2. 48:

"it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't;"

M. for M. v. 1. 394: "Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart." Delius would connect *to* with *smiling*. Ritson proposed "on my heart."

In grace. In honour; as in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 139: "in grace of our solemnity."

125. *Denmark*. That is, the king of Denmark. Johnson says: "The king's intemperance is very strongly impressed; everything that happens to him gives him occasion to drink."

127. *Rouse*. Bumper; as in *Oth.* ii. 3. 66. The word is of Danish origin (see Wb.), and not connected with *carouse*. It is now used only in the sense of a drinking bout or carousal. Cf. i. 4. 8 and ii. 1. 58 below. See also Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus*, iii. 4: "He took his rouse with stoups"

* The change to "Avail" in later eds. is due to Derrick, and not, as Malone states, to Dryden himself. There is another instance in the Introduction to the *Annus Mirabilis*: "I could not prevail myself of it in the English" (here also changed to "avail" by Derrick). It is an imitation of the French idiom, *se prévaloir de*.

of Rhenish wine ;" Massinger, *Duke of Milan*, i. 1 : " Stands bound to take his rouse ;" *Bondman*, ii. 3 : " another rouse ?" etc.

The Danish court in the time of S. was known throughout Europe for its intemperance. Sir John Harrington in 1606 refers as follows to the visit of Christian IV. of Denmark (uncle of Anne, queen of James I.) to England : " From the day the Danish king came, until this hour, I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal, and sports of all kinds. . . . I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles ; for those whom I could never get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. I do often say (but not aloud) that the Danes have again conquered the Britains ; for I see no man, or woman either, that can now command himself or herself."

Bruit. Noise abroad. Cf. *Macb.* v. 7. 22, etc.

129. *Too, too.* A common reduplication. Cf. *R. of L.* 174, *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 205, *M. W.* ii. 2. 260, *M. of V.* ii. 6. 42, etc. See *Mer.* p. 143.

On the passage Coleridge remarks : " This *tedium vitae* is a common oppression on minds cast in the Hamlet mould, and is caused by disproportionate mental exertion, which necessitates exhaustion of bodily feeling. Where there is a just coincidence of external and internal action, pleasure is always the result ; but where the former is deficient, and the mind's appetency of the ideal is unchecked, realities will seem cold and unmoving. In such cases, passion combines itself with the indefinite alone. In this mood of his mind the relation of the appearance of his father's spirit in arms is made all at once to Hamlet : it is—Horatio's speech, in particular—a perfect model of the true style of dramatic narrative ; the purest poetry, and yet in the most natural language, equally remote from the ink-horn and the plough."

M. says : " The base affinities of our nature are ever present to Hamlet's mind. Here he thinks of the body as hiding from us the freshness, life, and nobleness of God's creation. If it were to pass away, silently and spontaneously, like the mist on a mountain-side, or if, curtain-like, we might tear it down by an act of violence, it may be that we should see quite another prospect ; at any rate, the vile things now before us would be gone forever."

130. *Resolve.* Cf. *L. C.* 296 : " resolv'd my reason into tears ;" *T. of A.* iv. 3. 442 : " The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears."

Nares quotes Lyly, *Euphues* : " I could be content to resolve myself into tears."

132. *Canon.* " Theo, first pointed out that this did not refer to a piece of artillery, but to a divine decree " (F.). Wordsworth (*Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible*) says : " Unless it be the Sixth Commandment, the *canon* must be one of natural religion." Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 77 :

" Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand."

137. *Merely.* Absolutely. See *Temp.* p. 111 or *J. C.* p. 129.

140. *Hyperion*. Apollo. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 292, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 207, etc. The accent is properly on the penult, but the general usage of English poets has thrown it back. See *Worc.* Even an accomplished classical scholar like Gray could write: "Hyperion's march and glittering shafts of war."

To is often thus used in comparisons. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 480, *C. of E.* i. 2. 35, etc. See also i. 5. 52 and iii. 1. 52 below.

A satyr. Warb. says: "By the *satyr* is meant Pan, as by *Hyperion* Apollo. Pan and Apollo were brothers; and the allusion is to the contention between those gods for the preference in music." But more probably, as Steevens suggests, the beauty of Apollo is contrasted with the deformity of a satyr.



HEAD OF A SATYR.

141. *Might not beteem*. Could not allow. Gr. 312. S. uses *beteem* again in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 131. See note in our ed. p. 128.

142. *Visit*. For the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349.

147. *Or ere*. A reduplication, *or* being = before. See *Temp.* p. 112.

149. *Niobe*. Again alluded to in *T. and C.* v. 10. 19: "Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives."

150. *Discourse of reason*. "The reasoning faculty" (Wr.). The phrase occurs again in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 116, and "discourse of thought" in *Oth.* iv. 2. 153. Cf. "reason and discourse" in *M. for M.* i. 2. 190, and "discourse" in iv. 4. 37 below.

153. *Hercules*. Cf. ii. 2. 353 below. Allusions to Hercules are very common in S.

155. *Left the flushing*. Ceased to produce redness. Cf. iii. 4. 34 below: "Leave wringing of your hands," etc. Schmidt suggests doubtfully,



NIOBE.

“ere her tears had had time to reddens her eyes?” Wr. refers to the transitive use of *flush*—to fill with water; but the word here is probably used in the other sense. On *galled eyes*, cf. *Rich.* *III.* iv. 4. 53 and *T. and C.* v. 3. 55.

157. *Dexterity*. “Nimbleness” (Schmidt). Walker suspects that S. wrote “celerity;” but elsewhere the idea of adroitness in the word seems to have suggested to S. that of quickness. Cf. *R. of L.* 1389, *M. W.* iv. 5. 121 and *I Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 286.

158. *Nor it cannot*. Cf. *iii. 2. 183* below: “nor ‘t is not strange,” etc. Gr. 406.

159. *Break*. Subjunctive (Gr. 364) or 3d person imperative; not 2d person imperative, as many eds. make it by putting a comma after it.

163. *Change*. Exchange. Johnson explains the passage: “I ‘ll be

your servant, you shall be my friend ;" but it may mean simply, "I'll exchange the name of friend with you."

164. *What make you?* What are you doing? Cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 169 : "What make you from home?" The phrase is common in S. and is quibbled upon in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 190 fol. and *Rich.* III. i. 3. 164 fol. See ii. 2. 266 below.

167. *Good even, sir.* Addressed to Bernardo, whom Hamlet does not recognize (W.).

170. *Hear.* The quarto reading; that of the folios is "have," adopted by K., Sr., and W.

171. *That.* Such. See Gr. 277, and cf. i. v. 48 below.

172. *Truster.* Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 1. 10 : "And cut your trusters' throats." Gr. 443.

177. *I pray thee.* As Corson remarks, this reading of the folio is better than "I prithee," an earnest entreaty being meant.

179. *Upon.* For the adverbial use, see Gr. 192.

180. *Bak'd meats.* We have "bakemeats" in *G:n.* xl. 17 (printed with a hyphen in the ed. of 1611, as Wr. states) and "bake mete" in Chaucer, *C. T.* 343. It was an old custom to furnish a cold entertainment for the mourners at a funeral. Collins quotes the old romance of *Syr Degore*:

"A great feaste would he holde
Upon his quenes mornynge day,
That was buried in an abbay;"

and Malone adds from Hayward's *Life and Raigne of King Henrie the Fourth*, 1599 : "Then hee [Richard II.] was . . . obscurely interred,—without the charge of a dinner for celebrating the funeral." For further information on the subject, see Brande's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's ed.) vol. ii. pp. 237-245. The custom did not continue long after the time of S., for Flecknoe, in his *Enigmatical Characters*, 1665, says of "a curious glutton" that when he dies he "onely regrets that funeral feasts are quite left off, else he should have the pleasure of one feast more (in imagination at least) even after death."

182. *Dearest foy.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 34 : "my father hated his father dearly," etc. See *Temp.* p. 124 (note on *The dear'st of th' loss*) or *Rich.* II. p. 151.

183. *Or ever I had.* The folio has "Ere I had ever," which some editors prefer. See on 147 above.

185. *O where.* The quartos omit the *O*.

In my mind's eye. Cf. *R. of L.* 1426 : "unseen, save to the eye of mind ;" Chaucer, *C. T.* 4972 : "with eyen of his mynde. See also *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 231.

190. *Saw! who?* Some eds. print "Saw who?" and D. says that the Kembles, Kean, and Macready gave the words as a single question. For the *who=whom*, see Gr. 274.

192. *Season.* "Qualify, temper" (Schmidt), as in ii. 1. 28 below. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 197 : "When mercy seasons justice."

193. *Attent.* Attentive; used again in *Per.* iii. prol. 11 : "Be attent." Spenser uses it as a noun in *F. Q.* iii. 9. 52 : "With vigilant regard and

dew attent ;" and *Id.* vi. 9. 37 : " And kept her sheepe with diligent attent."

Deliver=relate, as in 209 and v. 2. 374 below. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 45, v. 1. 313, etc.

198. *Vast*. The reading of 1st quarto ; the later quartos and the folio have "waste." Malone and Steevens read "waist"=middle. Marston, in his *Malecontent*, 1604, has "waist of night." *Vast*, like *waste*,=void, emptiness. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 327 : "that vast of night."

200. *At point*. The folio has "at all points." Cf. *Rich.* II. i. 3. 2 : "Yea, at all points ;" Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 16 : "Armed to point ;" *Id.* i. 2. 12 : "all armde to point," etc. See also *Macb.* p. 241, note on *At a point*. *Cap-a-pe*. Cap-à-pied, from head to foot ; used again in *W. T.* iv. 4. 761 : "I am courtier cap-a-pe." Cf. 228 below.

202. *Thrice*. In the folio joined to *by them*.

204. *Distill'd*. The folio has "bestil'd," and the Coll. MS "bechill'd." Sr. quotes Sylvester, *Du Bartas* : "Melt thee, distill thee, turne to wax or snow."

205. *Act*. Action, operation. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 328 :

"Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of sulphur."

207. *Dreadful*. Filled with dread ; as in *R. of L.* 450, *Rich.* III. i. 1. 8, etc. See on i. 1. 57 above.

216. *It head*. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 163 : "of it own kind ;" *Hen.* V. v. 2. 40 : "in it own fertility ;" *Lear*, i. 4. 236 : "it 's had it head bit off by it young," etc. See Gr. 228 or *Temp.* p. 120. This possessive *it* occurs fourteen times in the folio (not counting a doubtful case in *T. G. of L.* v. 2. 21), *it's* nine times, and *its* only once (*M. for M.* i. 2. 4). Milton has *its* three times (*P. L.* i. 254, iv. 813, and *Hymn on Nativ.* 106). *Its* does not occur in the *A. V.* of 1611, and the possessive *it's* found only in *Lev.* xxv. 5 ("its" in modern eds.).

217. *Like as*. Cf. *Sonn.* 60. 1 : "Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore ;" *T. and C.* i. 2. 7 : "like as there were husbandry in war," etc. Cf. Gr. 107 and 116.

218. *But even*. See on i. 1. 81 above.

222. *Writ*. See on 27 above.

226. *Arm'd, say you?* This refers to the ghost, not to Horatio and Marcellus as some have understood it.

230. *Beaver*. The movable front of the helmet. Cf. 2 *Hen.* IV. iv. 1. 120 : "their beavers down," etc. It is sometimes put for the helmet, as in 1 *Hen.* IV. iv. 1. 104 : "with his beaver on," etc. Hunter quotes Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 6. 25 : "they their bevers up did reare." For the derivation of the word, see Wb.

237. *Like*. Likely ; as often. Cf. ii. 2. 341 below. See also *M. of V.* ii. 7. 49 : "Is 't like that lead contains her?" etc.

238. *Tell*. Count. Cf. *Rich.* III. i. 4. 122 : "while one would tell twenty," etc. The word is now obsolete in this sense, except in the

phrases "all told" and "telling one's beads." Cf. *teller*—one who counts money or votes.

240. *No?* As F. remarks, the anonymous suggestion that this belongs to Horatio, not to Hamlet, is very plausible. "It is eminently characteristic of the precise Horatio (c'en the justest man Hamlet had ever found) to draw a nice distinction between *grizzled* and *sable siilvered*. He had been most exact in his estimate of the time the Ghost stayed, and he would be equally exact even as to the colour and texture of the beard."

248. *Tenable in your silence.* To be kept silent or secret. The folio has "treble," which Caldecott and K. (only in his 1st ed.) defend, making the passage = "impose a threefold obligation of silence."

251. *Loves.* See on i. 1. 173 above.

254. *Your loves.* Say rather your loves. Cf. 163 above.

256. *Doubt.* Suspect. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 152, *Oth.* iii. 3. 19, etc.

258. *To men's eyes.* The folio omits the comma after *them*; and, as Corson says, it makes as good sense to connect *to men's eyes* with *o'erwhelm* as with *rise*.

SCENE III.—3. *Convoy is assistant.* Conveyance is ready. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 4. 10, *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 37, etc.

5. *For.* As for, as regards. See on i. 2. 112 above, and cf. i. 5. 139 below.

6. *Fashion.* Schmidt puts it under the head of *fashion* = "that which good-breeding requires;" that is, a matter of form or courtesy. Wr. explains it as = that "which is changeable or temporary."

A toy in blood. A caprice, an impulsive fancy. Wr. quotes *Oth.* i. 3. 269: "Light-wing'd toys Of feather'd Cupid." For *blood*, cf. iii. 2. 64 below, and see *A. Y. L.* p. 197.

7. *Primy.* Early, vernal; perhaps peculiar to this passage (Nares).

8. *Forward.* Premature, and therefore liable to early decay. On the measure, see Gr. 484.

9. *Suppliance.* Gratification, pastime (Schmidt); used by S. only here.

10. *No more but so?* The early eds. have a period after *so*; the change is due to Rowe.

11. *Crescent.* Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 1. 10: "My powers are crescent."

12. *Thewes.* Muscular powers; as in *J. C.* i. 3. 81 and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2.

276. S. uses the word only three times. *Thewes* = manners or mental qualities, used by Spenser, Chaucer, and earlier writers, has a different origin. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 10. 4:

"The mother of three daughters, well upprought
In godly thewes, and godly exercise;"

Id. ii. 1. 33: "For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes," etc.

Tempie. Only on grave occasions applied to the body (Caldecott). Cf. *R. of L.* 719, 1172, *Mach.* ii. 3. 73, *Cymb.* ii. 1. 69, iv. 2. 55, v. 5. 220, etc.

13. *The inward service, etc.* As the body grows, the duties of the indwelling soul increase.

15. *Cautel.* Craft, deceit. Used only here and in *L. C.* 303; but we have *cautelous* (=false, deceitful) in *Cor.* iv. 1. 33 and *J. C.* ii. 1. 129. Rushton suggests that S. had in mind Swinburn, *Treatise on Wills*, 1590: "There is no cautele under heauen, whereby the libertie of making or

revoking his testament can be utterly taken away." *Besmirch* is used literally in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 110.

16. *The virtue of his will.* "His virtuous intentions" (Mason).

18. This line is not in the quartos.

19. *Unvalued.* Of low birth, mean. In the only other instance in *S.* (*Rich. III.* i. 4. 27) it means invaluable. Cf. Marlowe, *Tamburlane*, i. 2: "loss unvalued" (that is, inestimable). Here again Rushton cites Swinburn: "it is not lawful for legetaries to carve for themselves, taking their legacies at their own pleasure."

21. *Safety.* A trisyllable. Cf. Gr. 477 and 488. The folio has "sanc-tity," and Theo. substituted "sanity," which W. adopts and Abbott (Gr. 484) favours. D., H., and St. read "the health," which is perhaps the best emendation, if any be required.

26. *Particular act and place.* "The peculiar line of conduct prescribed to him by his rank" (Schmidt). The folio has "peculiar Sect and force." W. reads "peculiar sect and place;" making *sect* = class, rank.

28. *Withal.* An emphatic form of *with* (Gr. 196).

30. *Credent.* Credulous. Cf. *L. C.* 279:

"Lending soft audience to my sweet design
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shal prefer and undertake my troth."

It means credible in *M. for M.* iv. 4. 29 and *W. T.* i. 2. 142.

32. *Unmaster'd.* "Uncontrolled, unbridled" (Schmidt).

36. *Chariest.* "Most scrupulous" (D.). So *chariness* = scrupulousness in *M. W.* ii. 1. 102.

38. *Scapes.* Not "'scapes," being used in prose by Bacon and others. See *Macb.* p. 214 or *Wb.* s. v.

39. *Canker.* Canker-worm. See *M. N. D.* p. 150.

40. *Buttons.* Buds (Fr. *bouton*).

42. *Blastments.* Blights; used by S. only here. Wr. quotes Coleridge, *Zapolya*: "Shall shoot his blastments on the land."

43. *Best safety*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 5. 32, and see note in our ed. p. 223.

44. *Youth*, etc. "In the absence of any tempter, youth rebels against itself, that is, the passions of youth revolt from the power of self-restraint; there is a traitor in the camp" (Wr.).

None else near. For the omission of *is*, see Gr. 403.

46. *Good my brother.* See Gr. 13.

47. *Ungracious.* "Graceless" (Wr.). Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 89, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 490, etc.

49. *Whiles.* Used by S. interchangeably with *while* and *whilst*. The folio has "Whilst" here. *Puffed* = bloated.

50. *Primrose.* Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 21: "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." Note the change of person in *Himself*.

51. *Recks not his own rede.* Cares not for his own counsel. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 2. 30: "To whose wise read she hearkning," etc. So the verb *rede* or *read* = advise; as in *F. Q.* i. 1. 13: "Therefore I read beware," etc.

Fear me not. Fear not for me. Cf. iii. 4. 7 and iv. 5. 105 below. See also *M. for M.* iv. 1. 70, *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 31, etc. Gr. 200.

52. *I stay too long.* “Laertes seems to think that Ophelia’s spirited reply is giving the conversation a needless and inconvenient turn; for that for sisters to lecture brothers is an inversion of the natural order of things” (M.).

53. *Double.* Laertes had already taken leave of his father.

56. *Sits.* Often used of the wind. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 18, *Rich. II.* ii. 1.

265, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 12, etc.

59. *Character.* Write, inscribe. S. accents the verb either on the first or the second syllable; the noun on the first, except in *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 81 (Schmidt).

Dowden remarks on the passage: “The advice of Polonius is a cento of quotations from Lylly’s *Euphues*.* Its significance must be looked for less in the matter than in the sententious manner. Polonius has been wise with the little wisdom of worldly prudence. He has been a master of indirect means of getting at the truth, ‘windlasses and assays of bias.’ In the shallow lore of life he has been learned. Of true wisdom he has never had a gleam. And what Shakspere wishes to signify in this speech is that wisdom of Polonius’ kind consists in a set of maxims; all such wisdom might be set down for the head-lines of copy-books. That is to say, his wisdom is not the outflow of a rich or deep nature, but the little, accumulated hoard of a long and superficial experience. This is what the sententious manner signifies. And very rightly Shakspere has put into Polonius’ mouth the noble lines,

‘To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.’

Yes; Polonius has got one great truth among his copy-book maxims, but it comes in as a little bit of hard, unvital wisdom like the rest. ‘*Dress well, don’t lend or borrow money; to thine own self be true.*’”

60. *Unproportion’d.* “Disorderly, unsuitable” (Schmidt).

61. *Vulgar.* The word denotes the extreme of *familiar*, or “free-and-easy” with everybody. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 41:

“So common-hackney’d in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company.”

62. *And their adoption tried.* “And whose adoption thou hast tried” (Wr.); or, perhaps, “their adoption having been tried,” as Delius and others explain it (Gr. 376, 377).

63. *Grapple.* Cf. *Slack.* iii. 1. 106: “Grapples you to the heart and love of us.” For *hoops* Pope substituted “hooks.”

64. *Do not dull*, etc. “Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand” (Johnson). Wr. quotes *Cymb.* i. 6. 106:

* Mr. W. L. Rushton, in his *Shakespeare’s Euphuism*, pp. 44-47, places side by side the precepts of Polonius and Euphues. “*Pol.* Give thy thoughts no tongue. *Euph.* Be not lavish of thy tongue. *Pol.* Do not dull thy palm, etc. *Euph.* Every one that shaketh thee by the hand is not joined to thee in heart. *Pol.* Beware of entrance to a quarrel, etc. *Euph.* Be not quarrelous for every light occasion. *Pol.* Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice. *Euph.* It shall be thrice better to hear what they say, than to speak what thou thinkest.” Both Polonius and Euphues speak of the advice given as “these few precepts.”

"join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood."

65. *Comrade*. Accented on the last syllable, as in *1 Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 96; on the first in *Lear*, ii. 4. 213. S. uses the word only three times. The quartos have "courage" here.

69. *Censure*. Opinion; as often. Cf. *Macb.* v. 4. 14: "our just censures," and see note in our ed. p. 251. See also i. 4. 35 and iii. 2. 24 below.

70. *Costly*. Tschischwitz makes the construction "costly thy habit buy as thy purse can;" but it is simpler to make it "as costly be thy habit as," etc. Cf. Gr. 276.

71. *Express'd in fancy*. "Marked or singular in device" (M.), or, in modern slang, "loud."

74. A corrupt line. The 1st quarto reads: "Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that;" the 2d and 3d: "Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that," the "Or" being changed to "Ar" and "Are" in the 4th and 5th. The folio has "Are of a most select and generous cheff in that," which is followed (reading "chief") by K., V., M., and others; *chief* being explained as "eminence, superiority," or as "the upper part of a heraldic shield." The Coll. MS. changes *chief* to "choice." W. reads, very plausibly, "Are most select and generous in that." The reading in the text is due to Rowe, and is followed by D. (2d ed.). H., F., and others. *Chief*=chiefly, especially.

77. *Husbandry*. Thrift, economy. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 1. 4: "There 's husbandry in heaven; Their candles are all out," etc.

81. *Season*. "Mature, ripen" (Schmidt). Cf. iii. 3. 86 below.

83. *Tind*. Attend, are waiting; as in iv. 3. 44 below. Cf. the transitive use in *Temp.* i. 2. 47, *Lear*, ii. 4. 266, etc.

86. *And you*, etc. That is, I will remember it till you give me leave to forget it.

90. *Bethought*. Thought of. Cf. *Pvr.* v. 1. 44: "'T is well bethought." The verb is often used reflectively, as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 31, *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 155, etc. On *marry*, see *Mer.* p. 138.

94. *Put on me*. Told me (Schmidt); or possibly a little stronger than that, and=impressed upon me. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 99, *M. for M.* ii. 2. 133, *T. N.* v. 1. 70, etc.

98. *Give me up the truth*. Cf. *Rich.* III. i. 4. 189: "have given their verdict up Unto the frowning judge."

101. *Green*. Still used colloquially in this sense=inexperienced, unsophisticated. Cf. *V. and A.* 806, *W. T.* iii. 2. 182, *K. John*, ii. 1. 472, iii. 4. 145, etc. See also "greenly," iv. 5. 66 below.

102. *Unsifted*. Untried; used by S. only here. Cf. *Luke*, xxii. 31. *Circumstance* is used collectively (Delius).

106. *Tenders*. That is, *promises* to pay. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 87 and *Sonn.* 83. 4.

109. *Running*. The quartos have "Wrong," the folios "Roaming;" the emendation is due to Coll. "Wronging" and "Wringing" have also been suggested.

110. *Importun'd*. Accent on the second syllable, as regularly in S.

Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 15. 19: "I here importune death awhile, until;" *M. for M.* v. 1. 438: "Against all sense you do importune her," etc.

112. *Go to.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 186.

114. *Almost* and *holy* are not in the folio, and except for the measure might well be spared.

115. *Springes.* Snares. Cf. v. 2. 294 below and *W. T.* iv. 3. 36. *Woodcock* was proverbial for a simpleton (Nares). Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 161: "O this woodcock, what an ass it is!" *A. W.* iv. 1. 100: "We have caught the woodcock," etc. The bird was popularly supposed to have no brains. Cf. Ford, *Lover's Melancholy*, ii. 1: "A headpiece—of woodcock without brains in it."

116. *Prodigal.* Used adverbially. Gr. 1.

117. *Lends.* The folio has "Giucs." To eke out the measure, Pope gave "oh my daughter," and Capell "gentle daughter." Coleridge suggested "go to; these vows" or "daughter, mark you." Walker would make *daughter* a trisyllable here and in some dozen other passages in *S.* and contemporary poets.

119. *A-making.* Cf. ii. 2. 573: "fall a-cursing;" also *T. and C.* i. 3. 159: "a-mending," etc. Gr. 24 (2).

120. *Fire.* A dissyllable. Gr. 478. The folio reads, "For this time daughter."

121. *Somewhat.* The quartos have "something."

122. *Your entreatments.* "The invitations you receive" (Schmidt). Johnson makes *entreatments*—company, conversation (Fr. *entretien*). *S.* uses the word nowhere else.

126. *In few.* In few words, in short. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 144, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 245, etc.

127. *Brokers.* "Procurer, go-between" (Schmidt). Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 568, *T. and C.* v. 10. 33, *L. C.* 173, etc.

128. *That dye.* The folio has "the eye," which means the same. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 55: "With an eye of green in it" (=tinge of green).

Investments. Vesture, dress; used by *S.* only here and in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 45: "white investments."

129. *Implorators.* Changed by Pope to "implorers," for the sake of the measure; not found elsewhere in *S.*

130. *Bawds.* Substituted by Theo. for the "bonds" of the early eds. and generally adopted. *K.*, *St.*, and *M.* retain "bonds"=vows, or, as *M.* explains it, "law papers headed with religious formulae."

133. *Slander.* Disgrace (Johnson, Schmidt), or misuse (M.).

Moment's. The 2d and 3d quartos and the folios have "moment," the later quartos "moments." Abbott (Gr. 430) gives "any-moment-leisure" as a compound (cf. Gr. 22).

135. *Come your ways.* Used by *S.* oftener than *Come your way*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 221, ii. 3. 66, etc. So with *go your ways* (iii. 1. 129 below, *M. W.* i. 2. 1, iv. 1. 81, etc.).

SCENE IV.—Coleridge remarks: "The unimportant conversation with which this scene opens is a proof of Shakspeare's minute knowledge of human nature. It is a well-established fact, that on the brink of any

serious enterprise, or event of moment, men almost invariably endeavour to elude the pressure of their own thoughts by turning aside to trivial objects and familiar circumstances: thus this dialogue on the platform begins with remarks on the coldness of the air, and inquiries, obliquely connected, indeed, with the expected hour of the visitation, but thrown out in a seeming vacuity of topics, as to the striking of the clock and so forth. The same desire to escape from the impending thought is carried on in Hamlet's account of, and moralizing on, the Danish custom of *wassailing*: he runs off from the particular to the universal, and in his repugnance to personal and individual concerns, escapes, as it were, from himself in generalizations, and smothers the impatience and uneasy feelings of the moment in abstract reasoning. Besides this, another purpose is answered; for by thus entangling the attention of the audience in the nice distinctions and parenthetical sentences of this speech of Hamlet's, Shakspere takes them completely by surprise on the appearance of the Ghost, which comes upon them in all the suddenness of its visionary character. Indeed, no modern writer would have dared, like Shakspere, to have preceded this last visitation by two distinct appearances, —or could have contrived that the third should rise upon the former two in impressiveness and solemnity of interest."

1. *Shrewdly*. Sharply, keenly. See *Hen. V.* p. 170, and cf. *J. C.* p. 145. The folio reads, "is it very cold?"

2. *Eager*. Sharp, biting (Fr. *aigre*). Cf. i. 5. 69 below.

5. *It then*. The folio reads "then it."

8. *Rouse*. See on i. 2. 127.

9. *Wassail*. Drinking-bout, carousal. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 318: "At wakes and wassails," etc. See *Mach.* p. 180.

Upspring. Probably a wild German dance. Steevens quotes Chapman's *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*:

"We Germans have no changes in our dances
An Almain and an up-spring, that is all."

According to Elze, the word is a translation of the German *Hüpfau*, the last and wildest dance at the old German merry-makings; but Schmidt says that "*Hüpfau*" is an apochryphal dance and may as well be translated from *upspring*." Pope substituted "upstart," and some make *up-spring*=upstart.

Reels is a verb with *upspring* for its object, as Schmidt and F. explain it; not a noun, as St. makes it.

10. *Rhenish*. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 104: "a deep glass of Rhenish wine;" *Id.* iii. 1. 44: "red wine and Rhenish." See also v. 1. 170 below.

11. *Kettle-drums*. Douce quotes Cleaveland, *Fuscaro*: "As Danes carowse by kettle-drums."

12. *The triumph*, etc. "The universal acceptance of his pledge" (M.); or the expression may be "bitterest irony" (Delius).

15. *Manner*. Custom, fashion; with perhaps a reference to *manor*. Cf. the play on the words in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 207 fol.

— 16. D. quotes from an old play: "He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell."

17. *This heavy-headed revel*, etc. Lines 17-38 are omitted in the folios.

East and west. As Johnson points out, these words modify *traduc'd.* *not revel.*

28. *Tax'd.* Censured. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 71:

"Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party," etc.

See also *A. Y. L.* p. 142, note on *Taxation*; and cf. Webster, *Cure for a Cuckold*, i. 1: "She is without taxation."

19. *Clepe.* Call. Cf. *Mach.* iii. 1. 94, and see note in our ed. p. 209.

Drunkards. Steevens says that in Queen Elizabeth's time there was a Dane in London who is referred to in Rowland's *Looke to It* as follows:

"You that will drinke Reynaldo vnto death:
The Dane, that would carowse out of his Boote."

Cf. *Oth.* ii. 2. 84: "Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk."

With swinish phrase, etc. Stain our name by calling us swine. *Addition*=title, as in *Mach.* i. 3. 106, etc. Hunter thinks there may be an allusion to "some parody on the style of the kings of Denmark," and Wr. suggests the possibility of a pun on *Sweyn*, a common name of those kings.

21. *At height.* "To the utmost" (Caldecott). Cf. *Sonn.* 15. 9: "at height decrease," etc.

22. *The pith, etc.* "The best and most valuable part of the praise that would otherwise be attributed to us" (Johnson); or, more concisely, the best part of our reputation. For *attribute*=reputation, Schmidt compares *T. and C.* ii. 3. 125 and *Per.* iv. 3. 18.

24. *Mole of nature.* Natural blemish.

25. Malone quotes *R. of L.* 538:

"For marks desried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

On *as*=namely, see Gr. 113.

26. *His.* Its. Gr. 228.

27. *Complexion.* "Temperament, natural disposition" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 32 and v. 2. 99 below.

30. *Plausible.* Plausible, pleasing. Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 53 and iv. 1. 29.

32. *Nature's livery, etc.* A defect either natural (cf. "mole of nature" above) or accidental. *Star*=a mark like a star. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 364: "Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star." Ritson says it is a term in farriery. Theo. substituted "scar."

33. *Their.* The quartos have "His," which S. may have written. Cf. the change from singular to plural in iii. 2. 173, 174 below, and see Gr. 415.

34. *Undergo.* Experience, enjoy (Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* i. 1. 24: "To undergo such ample grace and honour."

35. *Censure.* Opinion, judgment. See on i. 3. 69 above.

36, 37. A corrupt passage, not satisfactorily mended by any of the countless attempts to do it. F. fills six closely printed pages with a summary of these, and they are more amusing than edifying. Some of

the changes proposed are comparatively simple and plausible, while others are of the wildest and most preposterous sort. The general meaning of the passage is obvious from the preceding statement, of which it is evidently a figurative repetition. The idea is that of a little leaven of evil leavening the whole lump of "noble substance;" and it seems probable that "evil," or some word of the same sense ("ill," "vile," "base," etc., have been suggested) is disguised in *eale*. It is a significant fact that, in ii. 2. 586 below, the 2d quarto has "deale" for *devil*. D. says that *eale* itself is used in the western counties of England in the sense of "reproach;" and "*eale*, to reproach," is given in Halliwell and Wright's *Archaic Dict.* as a Devonshire word. *Of a doubt* has been changed to "often dout" (=do out, efface), "ever dout," "oft corrupt," etc. These are samples of the better sort of emendations; for such absurdities as "dram of ale," "dram of eel," "bran of meal," "often daub," "over-clout," etc., we must refer the reader to F.

38. *His*. Its; as in 26 above.

40. *A spirit of health*. "A healed or saved spirit" (Wr.).

42. *Intents*. The folio has "events," which some critics defend.

43. *Questionable*. "Inviting question" (Theo.). Cf. *unquestionable*—averse to conversation, in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 393. S. uses the word only here.

45. *Roya! Dane*. We follow F. in adopting the punctuation proposed anonymously in a London journal in 1761. The modern eds. generally, with the folio, join *Royal Dane* to *Father*, but the climax naturally ends with the latter word. F. says: "Mr. Edwin Booth has informed me that his father always spoke the line thus, and that he himself has always so spoken it."

47. *Canoniz'd*. The regular accent in S. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 177, iii. 4. 52, *T.* and *C.* ii. 2. 202, etc.

Hearsed. Coffined. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 93: "Would she were hearsed at my foot."

49. *Inurn'd*. The quartos have "interr'd."

52. *Complete*. Accented by S. on either syllable, as suits the measure. Schmidt says that "*complète* always precedes a noun accented on the first syllable, *complète* is always in the predicate." Cf. *M. for M.* i. 3. 3, *L. L. L.* i. 1. 137, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 189, etc., with *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 73, *K. John*, ii. 1. 433, *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 49, etc.

53. *Glimpses*. That is, glimmering through the clouds or through the openings among the battlements (Hunter).

54. *We*. See Gr. 216.

Fools of nature. Of whom nature makes fools. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 141: "O I am fortune's fool!" See also *Lear*, iv. 6. 195, *Macb.* ii. 1. 44, etc.

55. *Disposition*. Constitution, nature. See *Macb.* p. 220.

56. *Reaches*. "The plural is here used as in i. 1. 173" (Wr.).

57. *Why*. For the use of the word, see Gr. 75.

59. *Impartment*. Communication; used by S. nowhere else.

61. *Waves*. The folio has "wafts," which S. uses in the same sense. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 111: "who wafts us yonder?" See also *M. of V.* v. 1. 11, *T. of A.* i. 1. 70, etc.

Removed. Remote. See *A. Y. L.* p. 177.

64. *Should.* See Gr. 328.

73. *Deprive.* Take away; as in *R. of L.* 1186 and 1752 (Schmidt).

74. *Your sovereignty of reason.* The sovereignty of your reason, the command of your reason. Gr. 423.

75. *Toys.* Freaks. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 1. 119: "no inconstant toy," etc. Lines 75-78 are omitted in the folio.

83. *The Nemean lion's.* We have this mythic beast again in *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 90, where *Nemean* is accented as here.

84. *Nerve.* Sinew; the only meaning that Schmidt recognizes. Cf. *Sonn.* 120. 4, *Temp.* i. 2. 484, *Macb.* iii. 4. 102, etc.

85. *Lets.* Hinders. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 256: "If nothing lets to make us happy," etc. So the noun = hindrance, as in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 65, etc.

89. *Have after.* Let's after him! Cf. *have with you* — I'll go with you; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 268, *Oth.* i. 2. 53, etc. So *have at it* (*W. T.* iv. 4. 302), *have at you* (v. 2. 290 below), *have to it* (*T. of S.* i. 1. 143), etc.

91. *It.* Referring to *issue*.

Nay. "That is, let us not leave it to heaven, but do something our selves" (Wr.).

SCENE V.—6. *Bound.* The adjective = ready (Schmidt). The Ghost uses it as the participle of *bind*.

11. *To fast.* Cf. Chaucer, *Persones Tale*: "And moreover the misesse of helle shall be in defaute of mete and drink."

19. *An end.* The 1st quarto and most modern eds. have "on end." See Gr. 24.

20. *Porpentine.* Porcupine; the only name by which S. knows the animal. Cf. Ascham, *Toxophilus*: "nature geve example of shootinge first by the porpentine," etc. Topsell, in his *Hist. of Beasts*, 1607, has "porcupine."

21. *Eternal blazon.* "This promulgation of the mysteries of eternity" (M.). Abbott (Gr. p. 16) thinks it is — *infernal* here; also in *J. C.* i. 2. 160 and *Oth.* iv. 2. 130. In these passages Schmidt defines it as "used to express extreme abhorrence." Cf. the use of *eternal* in the provincial dialects of the east of England, and in Yankee slang ("'tarnal").

29. *Haste.* For the transitive use, cf. *M. of Y.* ii. 2. 121, *T. and C.* iv. 3. 5, *Cor.* v. 1. 74, etc.

32. *Shouldst.* Wouldst. Gr. 322.

33. *Roots.* The folio has "rots," which is preferred by many editors. *Lethe wharf.* Lethe's bank. See Gr. 22. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 218: "the adjacent wharfs" (that is, banks). For the allusion to *Lethe*, cf. *T. N.* iv. 1. 66, 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 72, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 250, and *A. and C.* ii. 7. 114.

37. *Forged process.* A false account of the manner. Wr. thinks that *process* may mean "an official narrative."

40. *O my prophetic soul!* "My very soul abhorred the murderer even when I knew not his crime" (M.). Cf. i. 2. 255-258 above.

42. *Adulterate.* Used by S. oftener than *adulterous*. Cf. *R. of L.* 1645, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 142, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 79, etc.

56. *Seeming-virtuous.* See Gr. 2.

48. *That*. Such. *Gr. 277*. Cf. i. 2. 171 above.

50. *Decline upon*. Sink down to. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 189: "Not letting it decline on the declin'd," etc. Wr. quotes Tennyson, *Locksley Hall*:

"Having known me, to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine."

52. *To*. Compared to. See on i. 2. 140 above.

53. *Virtue*. For the "absolute" or pleonastic construction, see *Gr. 417*

56. *Sate*. The 1st quarto has "fate," the other quartos "sort."

58. *Soft*. "Hold, stop" (Schmidt). See *M. N. D.* p. 176.

60. *In*. The quartos have "of" (cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 253, etc.).

61. *Secure*. Careless, unsuspecting (Latin *securus*). Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3.

43, *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 17, *T. and C.* ii. 2. 15, etc. S. accents the word on either syllable. Cf. 52 above. Cf. *complete* in i. 4. 52 above.

62. *Hebenon*. The folio reading; the quartos have "Hebona." Probably henbane is meant, but Schmidt and some others think it may be *ebony*, the juice of which was supposed to be poisonous.

63. *Ears*. It was a belief even among medical men in that day that poison might be thus introduced into the system. The eminent surgeon, Ambroise Paré, the contemporary of S., was suspected of having infused poison into the ear of Francis II. while dressing it (Caldecott).

68. *Vigour*. Power, activity. St. reads "rigour."

Posset. Coagulate, curdle. See *Macb.* p. 189.

69. *Eager*. Sour (Fr. *aire*). See on i. 4. 2 above.

71. *Instant*. Instantaneous. Cf. ii. 2. 501 below. It is used adverbially in 94 below.

72. *Lazar-like*. Like a leper. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 15, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 36, v. I. 72, etc.

75. *Dispatch'd*. "Deprived by death" (Schmidt). The 1st quarto has "deprived," and the Coll. MS. "despoil'd."

76. *Blossoms*. W. reads "blossom;" perhaps a misprint. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 135: "in the blossoms of their fortune."

77. *Unhousel'd*. Not having received the eucharist (Old English *housel* or *husel*). Cf. Chaucer, *Persones Tale*: "And certes ones a yere at the leste way it is lawful to be houseled;" *Romaunt of the Rose*, 6386: "Ere any wight his housel tooke," etc. Spenser (*F. Q.* i. 12. 37) has "The housling fire" (sacramental or sacrificial fire).

Disappointed. "Unappointed" (which Theo. substituted), unprepared; used by S. only here.

Unanel'd. Not having received extreme unction. Nares quotes Sir Thomas More: "The extreme vncction or anelynge."

80. *O horrible*, etc. This line is given to Hamlet by Rann, V., H., and some others; and W., St., and D. think that it probably belongs to him, as perhaps it does.

81. *Nature*. Natural feeling. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 76: "Expell'd remorse and nature," etc.

83. *Luxury*. Lust; its only meaning in S. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 6, *M. W.* v. 5. 98, etc.

88. *Fare thee well*. On *thee=thou*, see *Gr. 212*. Cf. i. 1. 40 above.

89. *Matin*. Matin hour, morning; used by S. only here. Elze is in-

clined to change it to "matins;" but the noun is used in the singular by Milton, *L'All.* 114: "Ere the first cock his matin rings."

90. *Gins.* Not "'gins," as usually printed. See *Macb.* p. 153.

Uneffuctual. Either "shining without heat" (Wrb.), or lost in the light of the morning (Steevens, Schmidt). For the use of *un-* and *in-*, see Gr. 442.

91. *Adieu, etc.* The quartos have "Adiew, adieu, adiew;" the folio, "Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me."

97. *This distracted globe.* "Here Hamlet puts his hand upon his head" (Wr.); but Schmidt thinks that *globe* "perhaps=world."

98. *Tablet.* Tablet. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 3:

"Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd."

99. *Fond.* Foolish. See *M. N. D.* p. 163, or *M. of V.* p. 152.

Records. Walker (quoted by F.) says that the accent of the *noun* is on the last syllable in S.; but cf. *Rich.* II. i. 1. 29: "First,—heaven be the record to my speech;" *A. and C.* v. 2. 117: "The record of what injuries you did us," etc. In *recorder* it is on the first syllable in the only passage in which S. uses the word in verse (*Rich.* III. iii. 7. 30).

100. *Saws.* Maxims, sayings. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 156: "wise saws;" *Id.* iii. 5. 82: "now I find thy saw of might;" *Lear*, ii. 2. 167: "the common saw," etc.

Pressures. Impressions. S. uses the word only here and in iii. 2. 22 below. He has *impressure* in the same sense in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 23, *T. N.* ii. 5. 103 (=seal), and *T. and C.* iv. 5. 131.

107. *Tables.* Memorandum-book. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 289: "his master's old tables, his note-book," etc. Cf. *table-book* in ii. 2. 136 below and *W. T.* iv. 4. 610.

110. *Word.* Watchword. Cf. *Rich.* III. v. 3. 349: "Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George," etc.

115. *Hillo, etc.* "A falconer's cry to recall his hawk" (M.). Hence the *come, bird, come*.

121. *Once.* Ever. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 167, *Rich.* II. ii. 3. 91, etc.

125. *Come.* For the omitted *to*, see Gr. 349.

127. *Circumstance.* Ceremony (Schmidt), or circumlocution (Wr.). Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 154, *2 Hen. VI.* i. 1. 105, etc.

129. *You.* "To go," or something of the sort, is understood.

132. *Go pray.* A very common ellipsis with *go*. Cf. ii. 1. 101 below, etc. Gr. 349.

136. *Saint Patrick.* "The patron saint of all blunders and confusions" (M.).

Horatio. The folio has "my lord," which Corson takes to be a retort to the same words in Horatio's speech.

141. *Soldiers.* A trisyllable; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 28: "But he's a tried and valiant soldier," and *Lear*, iv. 5. 3: "Your sister is the better soldier." Gr. 479.

147. *Upon my sword.* The sword was often used in oaths because the hilt was in the form of a cross (and, as Halliwell shows, sometimes had a cross inscribed upon it); and this swearing by the sword was, more-

over, an old Scandinavian custom. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 168, iii. 2. 125, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 179, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 105, etc.

160. *Already.* Referring to *in faith* above (H.).

161. *Truepenny.* "Honest fellow" (Johnson, Schmidt). Forby gives it in his *Vocabulary of East Anglia* as—"hearty old fellow; stanch and trusty; true to his purpose or pledge."

162. In the quartos the ghost says "Sweare by his sword."

163. *Pioneer.* Pioneer. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 92 and *Oth.* iii. 3. 146. In *R. of L.* 1380 it rhymes with "appear." Gr. 492.

165. *As a stranger*, etc. "Receive it without doubt or question" (Wr.). Mason makes it = "seem not to know it;" but this is not so much in keeping with what follows.

167. *Your.* The folio has "our," which is preferred by Walker, K., W., and D. *Your* is probably used colloquially as in iii. 2. 3, 108, iv. 3. 21 fol., etc. Gr. 221.

172. *Antic.* "Disguised" (Wr.) ; "fantastic, foolish" (Schmidt). Cf. *R. and J.* i. 5. 58: "cover'd with an antic face;" *Id.* ii. 4. 29: "antic fantasticoes," etc. See *Macb.* p. 130.

174. *Encumber'd.* "Folded thus in sign of wisdom" (M.).

This head-shake. The quartos have "this head shake," the folio "thus, head shake." Theo. inserted the hyphen.

175. *Of.* See Gr. 178.

176, 177. *An if.* The folio has "and if." Gr. 101, 103. For *there be*, cf. iii. 2. 26, and see Gr. 300.

178. *Giving-out.* Indication, intimation. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 54, *Oth.* iv. 1. 131, etc.

To note. Caldecott points out the grammatical irregularity in *never shall . . . to note.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 21:

"Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd."

See Gr. 416.

180. *Most.* Greatest. Gr. 17.

186. *Friending.* Friendliness; used by S. only here. *Friend* is found as a verb in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 116, *Hen. V.* iv. 5. 17, *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 140, etc.

187. *Lack.* Be wanting; as in *T. A.* iv. 2. 44. Cf. i. 4. 3 above.

189. *O cursed spite!* Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 191: "O spite of spites!" *M. N. D.* i. 1. 138: "O spite!" *Id.* iii. 2. 145: "O spite! O hell!" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 18: "O unbid spite!" etc.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—3. *Shall.* Will. Gr. 315.

4. *Inquire.* The folio has "inquiry," which some editors prefer. Cf. *Per.* iii. prol. 22.

5. *Of.* About, concerning (Gr. 174). Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 186: "Inquire qf him," etc.

7. *Danskers*. Danes; used by S. only here. Cf. Webster, *White Devil*: "Like a Dansk drummer." *Danske*, for Denmark, occurs often in Warner's *Albion's England*. On *me*, see Gr. 220.

8. *Keep*. Live, dwell. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 10: "this habitation where thou keep'st," etc.

10. *Encompasment and drift*. "Winding and circuitous course" (Caldecott).

11. *More nearer*. For the double comparative, cf. iii. 2. 283, iii. 4. 155, and v. 2. 121 below. Gr. 11.

The meaning is, "By these natural and circuitous inquiries you will get nearer to the point than you possibly could by a direct question" (M.).

12. *It*. For the indefinite use of *it*, see Gr. 226.

13. *Take you*, etc. Assume the appearance of having, etc.

22. *Slips*. Offences. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 86: "these slips have made him noted long;" *Oth.* iv. 1. 9: "a venial slip," etc.

28. *Season*. See on i. 2. 192.

29. *Another scandal*. "A deeper kind of scandal; much as ἄλλως means particularly, and ἄλλος ὄστις, in the *Odyssey*, an out-of-the-way (or foreign) traveller" (M.).

31. *Breathe*. Utter, speak; as in 44 below. *Quaintly*=artfully, ingeniously. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 117: "a ladder quaintly made with cords," etc.

32. *Taints*. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 124: "The taints and blames I laid upon myself," etc.

34. *Ureclaimed*. Untamed (Schmidt). So *reclaim*=tame, in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 47, etc.

The passage means "A wildness in untamed blood to which all young men are liable" (D.).

36. *Ay*. Metrically a dissyllable. Gr. 482.

38. *Fetch of warrant*. A warranted or justifiable artifice. The quartos have "fetch of wit"=cunning device. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 90: "Mere fetches."

40. *As 't were*, etc. "Just as you might speak of an article slightly soiled" (M.).

42. *Converse*. Conversation. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 745 and *Oth.* iii. 1. 40. S. uses the noun only three times, and with the accent as here.

For *him*=*he*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 136 or Gr. 208.

43. *Prenominate*. Aforesaid. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 250: "to prenominate in nice conjecture." For the form of the participle here, see Gr. 342, and cf. *defect* in iii. 1. 155 below.

45. *In this consequence*. "In thus following up your remark" (Schmidt).

47. *Addition*. Title. See on i. 4. 20 above.

50. *By the mass*. Omitted in the folios, because it is an oath (Coll.).

51. *Leave*. Leave off. Cf. *V. and A.* 715: "Where did I leave?" *T. of S.* iii. 1. 26: "Where left we last?" etc.

58. *O'ertook*. For the form, cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 145: "never is o'ertook." For *rouse*, see on i. 2. 127 above.

64. *Of wisdom and of reach*. Schmidt takes *of* to be "used to denote a quality," as in "thieves of mercy," iv. 6. 18 below. The expression

would then be — wise and shrewd. Abbott (Gr. 168) makes *of* = by means of. Wr. compares *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 30: "we of taste and feeling."

65. *Windlasses*. Windings, roundabout ways; used nowhere else by S. Cf. Golding, *Cæsar*: "bidding them fetche a windlasse a great waye about."

Assays of bias. "Indirect ways" (Schmidt); a figure taken from the game of bowls, in which the player sends the ball in a curved line instead of a straight one.

66. *Indirections*. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 276: "Yet indirection thereby grows direct."

71. *In yourself*. Perhaps — in your own person, for yourself, as Johnson and Capell explain it. Caldecott says, "The temptations you feel, suspect in him." Wr. thinks it may mean "Conform your own conduct to his inclinations."

73. *Ply his music*. It is doubtful whether this is to be taken figuratively ("Let him go on, to what tune he pleases," as Clarke explains it) or literally (=attend to his music-lessons), as Schmidt supposes.

76. *God*. Changed in the folio to "Heaven," probably on account of the act of parliament in the time of James I. forbidding the use of the name of God on the stage.

77. *Closest*. Chamber. Cf. iii. 2. 307 below.

78. *Doublet*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 158. For *unbrac'd* = unfastened, cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 48 and ii. 1. 262.

80. *Ungarter'd*. Cf. the description of a lover in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 398: "then your hose should be ungartered;" and see also *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 78.

Down-gyved. Hanging like gyves or fetters. The 4th and 5th quartos have "downe gyred," which Theo. adopts ("down-gyred"), explaining it as "rolled down." The 1st folio has "downe giued," changed in the 2d to "downe-gyved."

82. *Purport*. Accented on the last syllable; used by S. nowhere else, either as noun or as verb.

On so . . . as, see Gr. 275; and for the repetition of *he*, Gr. 242.

84. *Horrors*. Abbott (Gr. 478) makes the word a trisyllable; but, as F. suggests, "why not let Ophelia's strong emotion shudderingly fill the gap?"

90. *Perusal*. Study. Cf. iv. 7. 135: "peruse (that is, carefully examine) the foils." See also *Rich. II.* p. 194, note on *Perus'd*.

91. *As*. As if. Cf. i. 2. 217 above. Gr. 107. On the measure, see Gr. 507.

92. *Shaking of*. See Gr. 178. Tschischwitz thinks that "is made" is understood.

95. *As*. The quarto reading; the folio has "That."

Bulk. Explained by some as = breast. Sr. quotes Baret, *Alvearie*. "The Bulke or breast of a man;" and Malone cites *R. of L.* 467: "her heart . . . Beating her bulk."

99. *Help*. The folio has "helpe;" the later quartos "helps" or "helpes."

100. *Bended*. S. uses *bended* and *bent* interchangeably, both as past tense and as participle.

F. here quotes Miles, *Review of Hamlet*: "We are not permitted to see Hamlet in this ecstasy of love, but what a picture! How he must

have loved her, that love should bring him to such a pass!—his knees knocking each other!—knees that had firmly followed a beckoning ghost! There is more than the love of forty thousand brothers in that hard grasp of the wrist,—in that long gaze at arm's length,—in the force that *might*, but *will* not, draw her nearer! And never a word from this king of words! His *first* great silence,—the *second* is death!"

102. *Ecstasy*. Madness. Cf. iii. 1. 160, iii. 4. 74, 136, 137, below. See *Macb.* p. 211.

103. *Fordoes*. Undoes, destroys. Cf. v. 1. 210 below. See *M. N. D.* p. 188, note on *Fordone*.

112. *Quoted*. Noted, marked; formerly pronounced and often written "coted," which is the quarto reading here. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 31, *T. and C.* iv. 5. 233, etc.

113. *Wrack*. Wreck, ruin. The word was spelt and pronounced *wrack* in the time of S. It rhymes with *alack* in *Per.* iv. prol. 12, and with *back* in *V. and A.* 558, *R. of L.* 841, 965, *Sonn.* 126. 5, and *Macb.* v. 5. 51.

Beshrew. A mild form of imprecation (Schmidt). See *M. N. D.* p. 152.

114. *Proper*. Appropriate. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 41: "Conceptions only proper to myself," etc.

115. *Cast*. Schmidt puts this passage under *cast*=compute, calculate (a common meaning in S.) and explains it as—"to be mistaken." M. takes it to mean, "to forecast more than we ought for our own interests." Wr. makes *cast*=contrive, design, plan. Johnson says: "The vice of age is too much suspicion. Men long accustomed to the wiles of life *cast* commonly *beyond themselves*, let their cunning go farther than reason can attend it."

118. *Which, being kept close*, etc. "The king may be angry at my telling of Hamlet's love; but more grief would come from hiding it" (M.).

SCENE II.—2. *Moreover that*. Over and above that. On the other hand, *more above* in 126 below=moreover (M.).

5. *So I call it*. The quartos omit *I.*

6. *Sith*. The quarto reading =since, which is derived from it (see *Wb.*). The folio has "Since not."

8. *Put him . . . from*, etc. Cf. iii. 1. 174 below: "puts him thus From fashion of himself." See also *R. and J.* iii. 5. 109, *T. of A.* iii. 4. 104, *Lear*, ii. 4. 293, etc.

10. *Dream of*. The folio has "deeine of," which some editors prefer.

11. *Of*. From. We still say "of late" (Gr. 167). Cf. *Acts*, viii. 11.

12. *Sith*. The folio has "since," as in 6 above.

Neighbour'd to. Associated or intimate with. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 121, *Hen. V.* i. 1. 62, etc.

Humour. Disposition. The quartos have "hauior," and some modern eds. give "havior."

13. *That*. Redundant, as Delius points out.

Vouchsafe your rest. "Please to reside" (Caldecott).

14. *Companies*. See on *loves*, i. 1. 173 above.

17. *Whether*. Monosyllabic, as often (Gr. 466). This line is not in the folio.

18. *Open'd*. Disclosed. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 764, *Hen. V.* i. 1. 78, etc.

22. *Gentry*. Courtesy; as in v. 2. 109 below (Schmidt). It is = gentle birth in *R. of L.* 569, *Cor.* iii. 1. 144, etc.

23. *Expend your time*. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 391: "If I would time expend with such a snipe."

24. *Supply and profit*. "Aid and furtherance" (Caldecott).

27. *Of*. Over. See Gr. 174.

29. *But*. Omitted in the folio.

30. *Bent*. Endeavour, straining; a metaphor from the bending of a bow (Johnson, Schmidt). Cf. iii. 2. 359 below; also *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 232 and *T. N.* ii. 4. 38.

38. *Heavens*. The plural is often thus used by S. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 175: "Heavens thank you for 't!" *Id.* ii. 1. 324: "Heavens keep him from these beasts!" (see also iii. 1. 75 and iii. 3. 20); *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 447: "Heavens shield Lysander," etc.

42. *Still*. Ever. See on i. 1. 122 above.

43. *Assure you*. Be assured. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 106: "Nor I, assure thee, Regan;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 20: "assure thee, If I do vow a friendship," etc. The quartos have "I assure you."

45. *And*. The folio has "one," which K. and Coll. retain.

52. *Fruit*. The dessert. The folio has "newes."

54. *My sweet queen*. The folio reading; the 2d and 3d quartos have "my deere Gertrard," which, as W. remarks, "smacks less of the honey-moon."

56. *Doubt*. Suspect. See on i. 2. 256 above, and cf. iii. 1. 166 below: "I do doubt the hatch," etc.

No other but. See on i. 1. 102 above.

The main. The main point or cause; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 208: "look unto the main" (Schmidt).

60. *Desires*. Good wishes.

61. *First*. That is, first audience or opening of our business (Caldecott).

64. *Truly*. Modifying *was*, not *found* (Wr.). For similar transpositions, see Gr. 420.

67. *Borne in hand*. Deceived, deluded. See *Mach.* p. 208.

Sends. For ellipsis of subject, see Gr. 399, and cf. iii. 1. 8 below.

71. *Assay*. Proof, trial. Cf. iii. 3. 69 below.

73. *Three*. The quartos have "threescore."

79. *Such regards*, etc. Such conditions as are safe and allowable.

80. *Likes*. Pleases. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. prol. 32: "The offer likes not;" *Id.* iv. 3. 77: "Which likes me better," etc. Gr. 297.

81. *Our more consider'd time*. "When we have more time for considering" (Caldecott). See Gr. 374.

83. *Well-took*. For the form of the participle, see Gr. 343. S. also uses *taken* (i. 2. 14 above) and *ta'en* (i. 3. 106 above).

84. *Feast*. "The king's intemperance is never suffered to be forgotten" (Johnson).

86. *Expostulate*. Discuss. Hunter quotes Capt. John Smith's book on *Virginia*: "How these isles came by the name of the Bermudas . . . I will not expostulate."

90. *Wit*. Wisdom; as often in S. See *Mer.* p. 137.

95. *More matter*, etc. More matter with less mannerism. See *A. Y. L.* p. 155, note on *Matter*.

96. *Art*. "The Queen uses *art* in reference to Polonius's stilted style; he uses it as opposed to truth and nature" (Delius).

98. *Figure*. "A figure in rhetoric," as Touchstone says (*A. Y. L.* v. i. 45). Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 58.

100. *Remains*. For the ellipsis of *it*, see Gr. 404.

105. *Perpend*. Ponder, consider; "a word used only by Pistol, Polonius, and the clowns" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 119, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 69, etc.

109. *Beautified*. Theo. substituted "beautified" on the ground that S. would not call *beautified* "a vile phrase" when he had used it in *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 55: "seeing you are beautified With goodly shape;" but it is not there used adjectively.

113. *In*. *Into*. Gr. 159. Wr. quotes *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 250-252.

116-119. *Doubt*. In the first three lines *doubt*=have a misgiving, have a half-belief; in the fourth line=disbelieve (Clarke).

121. *Reckon*. Count, number (Schmidt); or perhaps = express in numbers or verse, as Delius explains it.

124. *Whilst this machine is to him*. Whilst this body is his; "the affected language of euphuism" (Wr.). S. uses *machine* nowhere else.

126. *More above*. Moreover. See on 2 above.

127. *By*. See Gr. 145.

133. *As I perceived it*. "There is much humour in the old man's inveterate foible for omniscience. He absurdly imagines that he had discerned for himself all the steps of Hamlet's love and madness; while of the former he had been unaware till warned by some friends, and the latter did not exist at all" (M.).

136. *If I had play'd*, etc. "If I had just minuted the matter down in my own mind" (M.); or, as Warb. and Wr. explain it, "if I had been the agent of their correspondence," or their confidant. See on *tables*, i. 5. 107 above.

137. *Or given*, etc. Or had connived at it. For *winking* the quartos have "working."

139. *Round*. Directly, without ceremony. See *Hen. IV.* p. 175, and cf. iii. 1. 183 and iii. 4. 5 below. As Caldecott remarks, it has "the reverse of its literal meaning, that is, *without circuitu*." For the adverbial use, see Gr. 60.

140. *Bespeak*. Speak to. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 2. 20, etc.

141. *Out of thy star*. "Out of thy sphere" (2d folio); "above thee in fortune" (Schmidt). Sr. quotes *T. A.* ii. 5. 156: "In my stars I am above thee."

142. *Precepts*. The folio reading; the quartos have "prescripts" (cf. *A. and C.* iii. 8. 5).

145. *Took the fruits*, etc. "Profited by my advice" (Schmidt). "She

took the *fruits* of advice when she obeyed advice ; the advice was then made *fruitful*" (Johnson).

148. *Watch*. "A sleepless state" (Caldecott). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 43 : "To lie in watch there and to think on him." For the measure, see Gr. 483.

149. *Lightness*. Lightheadedness. Schmidt compares *C. of E.* v. 1. 72 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 280.

151. *All we*. We all (Gr. 240). The object of *for* is implied in *wherein*.

159. *The centre*. That is, of the earth. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 54 :

"I 'll believe as soon
The whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep," etc.

In *W. T.* ii. 1. 102 and *T. and C.* i. 3. 85 *centre*—the earth, the centre of the Ptolemaic universe.

160. *Four*. Hanmer substituted "for," as does the Coll. MS. ; but, as Malone notes, "four hours together," "two hours together," etc., were common phrases. Cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 170, *W. T.* v. 2. 148, etc. So in Webster, *Duchess of Malfi* : "She will muse four hours together."

162. *Loose*. He had forbidden her to have any intercourse with Hamlet.

163. *Arras*. Tapestry hangings ; so called from Arras, where they were largely made.

168. *Wretch*. Sometimes used as a term of endearment, mingled with pity. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 44 : "The pretty wretch left crying ;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 90 : "Excellent wretch !" etc.

170. *Board*. Accost, address ; as often. Cf. *T. N.* i. 3. 60, *M. W.* ii. 1. 92, *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 218, etc.

Presently—immediately ; its usual meaning in S. Cf. 578 below ; also iii. 2. 43, 350, v. 2. 381, etc.

172. *God-a-mercy*. God have mercy. Cf. iv. 5. 179 below.

182. *A good kissing carrion*. The reading of all the early eds., as of Pope, Theo., K., Coll., F., and others. *Good kissing*, as Caldecott and Corson have explained, is =good for kissing, or to be kissed, by the sun. See *J. C.* p. 126, note on *A labouring day*. Warb. substituted "God" for *good*, and has been followed by many editors. He compares *M. for M.* ii. 2. 163–168 and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 164. Malone adds 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 113 and *King Edward III.*, 1596 :

"The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion, that it seems to kiss."

184. *Conception*, etc. "Understanding is a blessing ; but if you leave your daughter unrestrained, she will understand what you will not like" (M.). There is probably a play on *conception*, as in *Lear*, i. 1. 12.

187. *How say you by that*? Cf. *M. of T.* i. 2. 58 : "How say you by the French lord?" and see note in our ed. p. 132. Gr. 145.

190. *I suffered*, etc. "It may have been so ; but one rather suspects that Polonius's love-reminiscences are like those of Touchstone in *A. Y. L.* ii. 4" (M.).

193. *Matter*. Subject-matter. Cf. 95 above. "Hamlet purposely misunderstands the word to mean 'cause of dispute,' as in *T. N.* iii. 4. 172" (Wr.).

194. *Who*. Whom. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 42, *Oth.* i. 2. 52, etc. Gr. 274.

196. *Rogue*. The folio has "slave." Warb. sees here a reference to Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 188.

202. *For you yourself*, etc. "The natural reason would have been 'For some time I shall be as old as you are now' (and therefore I take such remarks as proleptically personal); but Hamlet turns it to the opposite" (M.). For *should*=would, see Gr. 322.

204. *There is method in 't*. Cf. M. for M. v. i. 60:

"If she be mad—as I believe no other—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness."

208. *Pregnant*. Ready, apt, clever. Cf. iii. 2. 56 below. So *pregnancy*=cleverness in 2 *Hen. IV*, i. 2. 192.

215. *Withal*. The emphatic form of *with* (Gr. 196).

226. *Indifferent*. middling, average. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 44, etc.

236–265. *Let me . . . attended*. All this is omitted in the quartos.

242. *Confines*. Places of confinement. See on i. 1. 155 above.

246. *Thinking makes it so*. M. quotes Lovelace:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
These for a hermitage."

259. *Then are our beggars*, etc. "If ambition is the shadow of pomp, and pomp the shadow of a man, then the only true substantial men are beggars, who are stript of all pomp and all ambition" (M.).

Outstretch'd=strained, exaggerated; "strutting stage heroes" (Delius).

261. *Fay*. "Faith" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 83, etc.

265. *Beaten*. Familiar, unceremonious. For *make*, see on i. 2. 164 above.

269. *Dear a halfpenny*. "Dear of" and "dear at" have been proposed, but no change is called for. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 3. 74: "too late a week." Wr. quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 8875: "dere y-nough a jane" (a small coin of Genoa); and *Id.* 12723: "deere y-nough a leeke."

276. *Modesties*. See on *loves*, i. 1. 173.

280. *Consonancy*, etc. Cf. 11 above.

282. *A better proposer*. A more eloquent speaker. Cf. *propose*=speak, in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 3, *Oth.* i. 1. 25, etc.

283. *Even*. Plain, honest. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 8. 114.

286. *Of you*. Upon you (Caldecott). Cf. *Lear*, i. 5. 22, and see Gr. 174, 175.

289. *Prevent your discovery*. Anticipate your disclosure. Gr. 439. Cf. *J. C.* v. i. 105: "to prevent The time of life," etc.

294. *A sterile promontory*. "Thrust out into the dread ocean of the unknown, and as barren as the waves themselves" (M.).

295. *Brave*. Beautiful, grand. Cf. *Sonn.* 12. 2: "And see the brave day sunk in hideous night," etc. For *majestical*, see on i. 1. 143.

296. *Fretted*. Embossed, adorned. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 4. 88:

"The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted;"

Milton, *P. L.* i. 717: "The roof was fretted gold," etc.

298. *A congregation of vapours.* "Veiling the true sunlight. Cf. *Sonn.* 33. 1-8" (M.).

Man. The early eds. have "a man," which is followed by the modern editors except D. and F. As Walker suggests, the *a* is probably an accidental interpolation.

299. *Faculty.* The folio reading; the quartos have "faculties."

300. *Express.* "Expressive" (Schmidt); or, perhaps, "exact, fitted to its purpose" (Wr.). Cf. *Heb.* i. 3.

303. *Quintessence.* The fifth or highest essence of the alchemists. S. uses the word only here and in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 147.

310. *Lenten.* Meagre, poor. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 9: "A good lenten answer."

311. *Coted.* Passed by, outstripped, "o'er - caught" (iii. 1. 17 below). Steevens quotes *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "we presently coted and outstript them;" Golding, *Ovid*: "With that Hippomenes coted [Latin, *praeterit*] her;" Warner, *Albion's England*: "Gods and goddesses for wantonness out-coted," etc. See also Greene, *Friar Bacon*: "Cote him, and court her to control the clown." It was a term in hunting. Turberville says: "A Cote is when a Greyhound goeth endways by his fellow and giveth the Hare a turn," etc. It is not simply to come up with (as Wr. explains it), but to go beyond. Thus, in this case, Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, having "coted" the players, reach the palace first and tell Hamlet that they are coming.

316. *Humorous.* Capricious. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146.

317. *The clown . . . sere.* Omitted in the quartos.

Tickle o' the sere. This expression, long a stumbling-block to the critics, appears to have been correctly explained by Mr. Nicholson in *Notes and Queries*, July 22, 1871: "The *sere*, or, as it is now spelt, *sear* (or *seear*) of a gun-lock is the bar or balance-lever interposed between the trigger on the one side, and the tumbler and other mechanism on the other, and is so called from its acting the part of a *serre*, or talon, in gripping the mechanism and preventing its action. . . . Now if the lock be so made on purpose, or be worn, or be faulty in construction, this *sear*, or *grip*, may be so *ticklē* or ticklish in its adjustment that a slight touch or even jar may displace it, and then of course the gun goes off. Hence 'light' or 'ticklē of the *sear*' (equivalent to, like a hair-trigger), applied metaphorically, means that which can be started into action at a mere touch, or on the slightest provocation, or on what ought to be no provocation at all." *Lungs tickle o' the sere*, then, are lungs easily moved to laughter. For *ticklē*=*ticklish*, cf. *M. for M.* i. 2. 177: "thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off;" and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 216:

"the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point."

On the passage, cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 174: "who are of such sensible [that is, sensitive] and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing."

319. *The lady*, etc. The lady shall mar the measure rather than not express herself freely (Henderson); or, if through delicacy she omit anything, the lameness of the metre will show it (Seymour).

322. *Their residence.* Their remaining in the city.

324. *Inhibition.* Prohibition. Coll. thinks this probably refers to the limiting of public theatrical performances to two theatres, the Globe and the Fortune, in 1600 and 1601. The players, by a *late innovation*, were *inhibited*, or forbidden to act in or near *the city*, and therefore *travelled*, or *stroddled*, into the country. Wr. is disposed to think that the *innovation* was the license given Jan. 30, 1603-4, to the Children of the Queen's Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theatre and other convenient places. The popularity of the children may well have driven the older actors into the country, and so have operated as an *inhibition*, though no formal inhibition was issued. For other explanations of the passage, see F. vol. i. pp. 162-164.

331. *Ary.* A brood of nestlings (literally, an eagle's or hawk's nest). Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 149, *Rich. III.* i. 3. 264, 270.

Eyases. Unfledged hawks, nestlings.

332. *Top of question.* At the top of their voices. Cf. *question*—speech, talk; as in *Macb.* iii. 4. 118, *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 39, v. 4. 167, etc. See also iii. 1. 13 below.

M. paraphrases the whole passage thus: "What brings down the professional actors is the competition of a nest of young hawks (the boys of the Chapel Royal, etc.) who carry on the whole dialogue without modulation at the top of their voices, get absurdly applauded for it, and make such a noise on the common stage, that true dramatists, whose wit is as strong and keen as a rapier, are afraid to encounter these chits, who fight, as it were, with a goose-quill."

Tyrannically. Vehemently, extravagantly; probably alluding to what Bottom calls "a tyrant's vein," or "a part to make all split." See *M. N. D.* p. 133.

338. *Escoted.* Paid; used by S. nowhere else. D. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Escotter. Euery one to pay his shot," etc.

Will they pursue, etc. "Will they follow the profession of players no longer than they can keep the voices of boys?" (Johnson). For *quality*—profession, cf. 418 below; also *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 146: "What is thy name? I know thy quality?"

342. *Succession.* Futurity (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 105: "For slander lives upon succession" (that is, feeds on futurity, makes all that is to come its prey).

344. *To-do.* Equivalent to *ado* (Schmidt).

345. *Tarre.* Set on (to fight); used literally of dogs. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 117: "And like a dog that is compell'd to fight.
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on;"

and *T. and C.* i. 3. 392:

"pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone."

346. *Argument.* The plot of the play. Cf. i *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 310: "the argument shall be thy running away," etc.

Unless the poet, etc. Schmidt calls this an "obscure passage," and so it is. It probably does *not* mean, as Delius makes it, "unless the dia-

logue (the *question*) is well seasoned with warfare (*cuffs*).” M. says: “See iii. 2 [35-41], where the same contest between actor and dramatist is spoken of.”

352. *Carry it away.* Carry off the palm, gain the day.

353. *Hercules.* Perhaps, as Steevens suggests, an allusion to the Globe Theatre, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the globe.

355. *It is not very strange, etc.* “I do not wonder that the new players have so suddenly risen to reputation; my uncle supplies another example of the facility with which honour is conferred on new claimants” (Johnson).

356. *Mows.* Grimaces. The folio reading; the quartos have “mouths.” Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 47: “with mop and mow;” *Cymb.* i. 6. 41: “Contemn with mows.” We have the word as a verb in *Temp.* ii. 2. 9 and *Lear*, iv. 1. 64.

358. *In little.* In miniature. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 148: “Heaven would in little show;” and *L. C.* 90: “in little drawn.”

Sblood. An abbreviation of “God’s blood,” a mode of swearing by the eucharist. Cf. iii. 2. 345 below. In the folio it is generally omitted (as here) or replaced by other words (as “I’ faith” in *I Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 488).

362. *Appertenance.* “Proper accompaniment” (Wr.); used by S. only here.

363. *Comply with you, etc.* “Use ceremony with you in this fashion” (Wr.). Cf. v. 2. 179 below.

Extent. “Behaviour, deportment” (Schmidt). Cf. *T. N.* iv. 1. 57: “this uncivil and unjust extent.”

369. *North-north-west.* For a genuine German gloss, take that of Francke (*apud* F.): “Perhaps the meaning is: Great powerful tempests in the moral world, apparitions from the mysterious Hereafter, can make me mad, can crush my reason; but such people as you are, who come around me with sweet phrases and mock friendship, I have yet wit enough to elude.” “A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel!”

370. *Handsaw.* The word in this proverb is probably a corruption of *heronshaw*, a heron; but the old “saw” is always found in this form, and, as Schmidt says, “S. undoubtedly thought of a real *saw*.” A writer in *Notes and Querries*, with evident “fellow-feeling,” suggests “*anser*, the generic name for our domestic water-fowl”—which in the vulgar, as Touchstone would say, is *goose*. F. thinks he has heard “*handschuh*, the German for *glove*,” proposed as an emendation, but let us hope that he is mistaken. W., on the other hand, suspects that *hawk* is “the tool called a hawk.” For more of this admirable fooling of the commentators, see F.

371. *Well be with you.* Cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 190: “God send him well!” See also *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 19. Wr. quotes *Psu.* cxxviii. 2 [Prayer-book version]: “Well is thee;” and Chaucer, *C. T.* 16362: “He loved hir so that well him was therwith.”

375. *Happily.* Haply. See on i. 1. 134 above. Gr. 42.

378. *You are right, etc.* This is said merely that Polonius may not suspect what they have been talking about.

382. *Buz, buz!* Blackstone says that *buz* was an interjection used at Oxford when one began a story already well known. See *Macb.* p. 243.

384. *Then came*, etc. Probably a line from an old ballad (Johnson).

388. *Indivisible*. Delius thinks this refers to dramas in which the unity of place was observed, *poem unlimited* to those that disregarded such restrictions. Schmidt (better, we think) makes it = "not to be distinguished by a particular appellation (that is, not to be called tragedy, comedy, etc.)," and *unlimited* = undefined.

The plays of Seneca and Plautus were often acted at the Universities, and had been partially translated into English.

389. *The law of wit and liberty*. "For adhering to the text or extemporizing when need requires" (M.). Coll. and Wr. explain it essentially in the same way. Caldecott says: "For the observance of the rules of the drama, while they take such liberties as are allowable, they are the only men." The quarto of 1676 has "wit," which Rowe, Pope, Theo., and Warb. adopt.

390. *O Jephthah*, etc. The old song from which Hamlet quotes may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. The old copies of it vary somewhat. Halliwell gives a fac-simile of one form, beginning

"I read that many years agoe,
When Jephra Judge of Js'a'el,
Had one fair Daughter and no more,
whom he loved so passing well.
And as by lot God wot,
It came to passe most like it was,
Great warrs there shoud be,
and who should be the chiefe, but he, but he."

393. *What treasure*. The early eds. and most modern ones have "What a treasure;" but as Walker (followed by D., H., and F.) suggests, the *a* is probably an interpolation.

407. *Row*. Properly = line, but perhaps here = stanza.

Pious chanson is the quarto reading; the folio has "Pons Chanson," which Hunter defended as = "chanson du Pont-Neuf." As K. remarks, this would not justify such a form as "pons chansons;" and we may add that it is doubtful if the French expression dates back to the time of S. The Pont-Neuf in Paris was not finished until 1624, though begun in 1578.

408. *Abridgments come*. The folio reading; the quartos give "abridgement comes." In either case, the meaning seems to be that the players by coming shorten his talk. Schmidt explains *abridgment* by "that which is my pastime and makes me be brief." Wr. says that "technically *abridgment* means a dramatic performance," and refers to *M. N. D.* v. 1. 39: "what abridgment have you for this evening?" But there it probably means simply pastime; here it may be explained by 509 below.

411. *Valanced*. Fringed with a beard. The folio has "valiant," which Rowe, K., and St. retain. We find the noun *valance* in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 356.

412. *My young lady*. In the time of S. female parts were played by boys or young men. See *A. Y. L.* p. 201, note on *If I were a woman*.

414. *Chopine*. A kind of high shoe. Coryat, in his *Crudities*, 1611, describes it as "a thing made of wood and covered with leather of sundry colours, some with white, some redde, some yellow." He adds, "It is called a chapiney, which they wear under their shoes. . . There are many

of these chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high." F. says: "At a Jewish wedding in Jerusalem at which I was present, in 1856, the young bride, aged twelve, wore chopines at least ten inches high."

415. *Cracked within the ring.* "There was a ring on the coin within which the sovereign's head was placed; if the crack extended from the edge beyond this ring, the coin was rendered unfit for currency" (Douce).

416. *Like French falconers.* According to some critics this is meant to be contemptuous; but Tollet quotes Sir Thomas Browne, who says that "the French seem to have been the first and noblest falconers in the western part of Europe."

418. *Straight.* Straightway; as in iii. 4. 1 below, etc.

Quality. See on 338 above.

421. *Me.* "Ethical dative." See Gr. 220.

423. *Caviare.* A Russian condiment made from the roe of the sturgeon; at that time a new and fashionable delicacy, not obtained nor relished by the vulgar, and therefore used by S. to signify anything above their comprehension (Nares). Steevens cites many references to it in contemporaneous writers.

For the general=people in general, the public, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 12: "But for the general;" and see note in our ed. p. 142.

425. *Cried in the top of mine.* "Were higher than mine" (Johnson and Schmidt). In hunting, a dog is said to *over-top* "when he gives more tongue than the rest" (Henley), and to this Hamlet probably refers here. The phrase is then=proclaimed with a tone of authority that my voice could not give.

427. *No sallets*, etc. "Nothing that gave a relish to the lines as salads do to meat" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. W.* iv. 5. 18: "She was the sweet marjoram of the salad" ("sallet" in the folio). See also 2 *Hen.* VI. iv. 10. 9 *foi.* where there is a play upon *sallet*=salad and *sallet*=a kind of helmet. Pope substituted "salts" and later "salt" here. The Coll. MS. also has "salt," which Sr. approves.

429. *Indict.* Accuse; as in *Oth.* iii. 4. 154, the only other instance of the word in S.

Affectation. The folio reading; the quartos have "affection," which S. uses in the same sense in *L. L. L.* v. 1. 4 (where the later folios have "affectionation"). So *affectioned*=affected in *T. N.* ii. 3. 160.

431. *Handsome* denotes genuine, natural beauty; *fine*, artificial, laboured beauty (Delius).

432. *Thereabout.* Possibly a noun, as Wr. makes it; but *thereabout of it* seems to be merely—there. We might now say colloquially: "I liked that speech—there especially where," etc.

436. *The rugged Pyrrhus*, etc. Whether this speech was meant to be admired or to be laughed at has been much disputed. See F. vol. i. pp. 180-185. Pope thought it "purely ironical;" Warb., Ritson, Caldecott, Coleridge, and others have taken the opposite ground. What Hamlet has said just before shows that the latter are right. Coleridge says: "The fancy that a burlesque was intended sinks below criticism: the lines, as epic narrative, are superb."

The Hyrcanian beast is the tiger. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 101 : "the Hyrcan tiger;" and see note in our ed. p. 219.

443. *Gules*. Red; an heraldic term. S. uses it again in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 59: "With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules." Cf. Keats, *St. Agnes' Eve*:

"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast."

Trick'd. Adorned. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 80: "which they trick up with new-tuned oaths;" Milton, *Il Pens.* 123: "Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont," etc. In heraldry, a *trick* is "a delineation of arms in which the colours are distinguished by their technical marks, without any colour being laid on" (D.).

445. *Impasted*. Made into a paste; a word used by S. nowhere else.

448. *O'ersized*. Covered as with "size," or glue. For the form of *coagulate* cf. *adulterate*, i. 5. 42 above.

449. *Eyes like carbuncles*. Wr. quotes Milton, *P. L.* ix. 500: "and carbuncle his eyes."

452. *Fore*. See *Hen. V.* p. 155.

455. *Striking too short*, etc. Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 544 fol.

458. *Drives*. Followed by *upon* in *T. A.* ii. 3. 64:

"and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs."

459. *But*. According to Delius, here=merely.

464. *Declining*. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 189:

"When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd."

Milky. Probably=white, but Schmidt makes it="weak," as in *T. of A.* iii. 1. 57 and *Lear*, i. 4. 364. S. has *milk-white* six times.

466. *A painted tyrant*. Malone thinks that S. had in mind "the tremendous personages often represented in old tapestry, whose uplifted swords stick in the air, and do nothing." Delius cites *Macb.* v. 8. 25-27.

467. *Neutral*. "Taking no part in the contest" (Schmidt). *Matter*=that on which his will is to be exercised (M.).

469. *Against*. Cf. i. 1. 158 above, and iii. 4. 50 below. Gr. 142.

470. *Rack*. Mass of cloud, especially in motion. Cf. *Sonn.* 33. 6:

"Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face," etc.

See also *Temp.* p. 137.

472. *Hush*. Not elsewhere used as an adjective by S. Gr. 22.

473. *Region*. Originally a division of the sky marked out by the Roman augurs (Wr.). S. uses it several times for the air. Cf. 565 below: "the region kites." See also *Sonn.* 33. 12 and *R. and J.* ii. 2. 21. Wr. quotes Milton, *P. L.* vii. 425: "wing the region."

474. *A-work*. Cf. *R. of L.* 1496: "So Lucrece, set a-work." See also *T. and C.* v. 10. 38, *Lear*, iii. 5. 8, etc. Gr. 24.

476. *Mars's*. The quartos have "Marses," the folio "Mars his." On proof, see *Rich. II.* p. 162; and for *eterne*, cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 38.

477. *Remorse*. Pity. See *Macb.* p. 171.

479. *Fortune*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 141.

480. *Synod*. For the use of the word in S. see *A. Y. L.* p. 173.

486. *Jig*. The word sometimes meant a facetious ballad (Schmidt). Cf. *jig-maker*, iii. 2. 108 below.

488. *Mobled*. The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st has "inobled" evidently a misprint. The word means veiled or muffled, of which it may be a corruption. Farmer quotes Shirley, *Gent. of Venice*: "The moon does mobble up herself;" and Holt White adds from Ogilby's *Fables*: "Mobbled nine days in my considering cap." *Mabled* (which Malone substitutes) is another form of the word. Nares cites Sandys, *Travels*: "Their heads and faces are mabled in fine linen, that no more is seen of them than their eyes."

490. *That's good*. "Polonius praises the epithet to make up for his blunder in objecting to the length" (M.); or, perhaps, because it is a "quaint and fantastical word" (Warb.).

492. *Bisson rheum*. "Blinding tears" (Schmidt). We find *bisson*=pурblind, in *Cor.* ii. 1. 70, and some modern eds. give it in *Cor.* iii. 1. 131. For *rheum*=tears, cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 85, *K. John*, iii. 1. 22, iv. 1. 33, iv. 3. 108, etc.

494. *O'erteemed*. "Exhausted by child-bearing" (Wr.).

500. *Mincing*. Cutting in pieces. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 122: "And mince it [the babe] sans remorse."

501. *Instant*. See on i. 5. 71 above.

503. *Milch*. Milk-giving; a metaphor for tearful. For the literal use of the word, see *M. W.* iv. 4. 33, *T. of S.* ii. 1. 359, etc. Steevens quotes Drayton, *Polyolbion*, xiii.: "Exhaling the milch dew."

504. *Passion*. Sorrow (Schmidt), or compassion (Sr.). Cf. 536 and 545 below. See also *L. L. L.* v. 2. 118, *M. N. D.* v. 1. 293, 321, etc. For *passion* in the Coll. MS. gives "passionate."

505. *Whether*. The early eds. have "where," and some modern ones print "wh'er" or "wh'r." See *J. C.* p. 128 or Gr. 466. For *in*'s, see Gr. 461.

508. *Bestowed*. Lodged, taken care of. Cf. iii. 4. 174 and iv. 3. 12 below. It is used reflexively (=hide) in iii. 1. 33 and 44 below.

509. *Abstract*. The folio has "abstracts."

510. *You were better*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 180 (note on *But I were better*), or Gr. 230, 352.

514. *Bodykins*. A diminutive of *body*. "The reference was originally to the sacramental bread" (Wr.). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 3. 46; and see on 358 above.

515. *Scape*. See on i. 3. 38 above.

525. *Some dozen or sixteen lines*. Many attempts have been made to find these added lines in the play (iii. 2 below), but we are disposed to agree with Dr. Ingleby in the view that Hamlet writes no speech at all. The poet simply represents him as doing so in order to adapt the old play to his purpose. As F. remarks, "it would tax the credulity of an audience too severely to represent the possibility of Hamlet's finding an old play exactly fitted to Claudius's crime, not only in the plot, but in all the accessories, even to a single speech which should tent the criminal to the

very quick . . . The discussion, therefore, that has arisen over these 'dozen or sixteen lines' is a tribute to Shakespeare's consummate art."

533. *Alone*. "The eagerness shown by Hamlet to be left in peace by himself appears to be a main evidence of his merely acting a part and *assuming* madness; he longs to get rid of the presence of persons before whom he has resolved to wear a show of insanity. Alone, he is collected, coherent, full of introspection. That he is neither dispassionate nor cool appears to be the result of his unhappy source of thought, not the result of derangement; he is morally afflicted, not mentally affected" (Clarke).

534. *Peasant slave*. Mr. Furnivall has shown (*Notes and Queries* for Apr. 12 and May 3, 1873) that S. might possibly have seen in the flesh some of the bondmen or *peasant slaves* of England.

538. *Her working*. Wr. says: "Soul when personified is feminine in S." Cf., however, *Rich. II.* v. 5. 6:

"My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father."

Milton also personifies the soul as feminine. See *Il Pens. 92*, *Comus*, 454 fol., *P. L.* v. 486, etc.

Wann'd. The quartos have "wand," the folio "warm'd," which Rowe, Pope, Theo., and some others retain. S. does not elsewhere use *wan* as a verb.

539. *Aspect*. Always accented on the last syllable by S. Gr. 40.

540. *Function*. Action; "the whole energies of soul and body" (Caldecott).

541. *Conceit*. Conception (that is, of the character). See *A. Y. L.* p. 162 and cf. p. 194.

545. *Cue*. Still used as a stage term. For its literal use, cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 39, *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 78, 102, etc.; and for the figurative, as here, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 130, *Oth.* i. 2. 83, etc.

548. *Free*. Free from guilt, innocent. Cf. iii. 2. 224 below, and see *A. Y. L.* p. 165.

549. *Amaze*. Confuse, confound. See *A. Y. L.* p. 143.

552. *Muddy-mettled*. "Heavy, irresolute" (Schmidt). For the literal meaning of *rascal* see *A. Y. L.* p. 179.

Peak. Literally=grow lean, pine, as in *Macb.* i. 3. 23; figuratively="sneak, play a contemptible part" (Schmidt), as here and in *M. W.* iii. 5. 71.

553. *John-a-Dreams*. That is, *John of Dreams*, or *John the Dreamer*=a dreamy, idle fellow. Cf. *Jack-a-lent* (a puppet thrown at during Lent) in *M. W.* iii. 3. 27, v. 5. 134, *Jack-a-lanthon* (the ignis fatuus), and similar forms. Coll. quotes Armin, *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608: "His name is John, indeede, saies the cinnick; but neither John a nods nor John a dreames, yet either as you take it."

Unpregnant of. Not quickened by, not inspired with. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 23: "unpregnant And dull to all proceedings."

555. *Property*. Wr. thinks this may be="own person" or perhaps "kingly right," and doubts whether it can have its ordinary modern sense. Schmidt, however, gives it the latter meaning here; and F. says: "I suppose it refers to his crown, his wife, everything, in short, which he

might be said to be possessed of, except his life." He compares *M.W.* iii. 4. 10, to which may be added *J.C.* iv. 1. 40.

556. *Defeat*. Ruin, destruction; as in v. 2. 58 below. See also *Hen. V.* i. 2. 107: "Making defeat on the full power of France." Steevens quotes Chapman, *Revenge for Honour*:

"That he might meantime make a sure defeat
On our good aged father's life."

559. *The lie*, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 124:

"as low as to thy heart
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest."

560. *Me*. For me. See Gr. 220.

562. *Siwounds*. A contraction of "God's wounds;" used again in v. 1. 264 below. Here the folio substitutes "Why," there "Come." *Zounds* is a corruption of the same oath, and is either omitted or changed in the folio. See on ii. 1. 76 and on 358 above.

563. *Pigeon-liver'd*. "It was supposed that pigeons and doves owed their gentleness of disposition to the absence of gall" (W.). Cf. Drayton, *Eclogue ix.*:

"A Milk-white Doue upon her hand shee brought,
So tame 't would goe returning at her call,
About whose Necke was in a Choller wrought
'Only like me my Mistress hath no gall.'"

564. *To make*, etc. To make me feel the bitterness of oppression (D.).

565. *Region*. See on 473 above.

567. *Kindless*. Unnatural (Johnson). So *kindly*=natural; as in *A.Y. L.* ii. 3. 53, *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 75, etc.

570. *A deare father murther'd*. The reading of the 4th and 5th quartos. The earlier quartos have "a deere murthered," and the folio "the Deere murthered," which K. and W. prefer.

573. *A-cursing*. See on i. 3. 119 above. Gr. 24.

574. *Scullion*. The 1st quarto has "scalion," the later quartos have "stallyon" or "stallion." Theo. substituted "cullion" (cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 3, etc.).

576. *About*. "To your work!" (Johnson). Steevens quotes Heywood, *Iron Age*:

"My brain about again! for thou hast found
New projects now to work on."

577-580. *Guilty creatures*, etc. Todd quotes *A Warning for Faire Women*, 1599:

"Ile tell you, sir, one more to quite your tale,
A woman that had made away her husband,
And sitting to behold a tragedy
At Linne a towne in Norfolke,
Acted by players trauelling that way,
Wherein a woman that had murtherd hers
Was euer haunted with her husbands ghost:
The passion written by a feeling pen,
And acted by a good tragedian,
She was so moued with the sight thereof,
As she cryed out, the play was made by her,
And openly confesseth her husbands murder."

Cf. Massinger, *Roman Actor*, ii. 1 :

"I once observed,
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murderer
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer,
Forc'd by the terror of a wounded conscience,
To make discovery of that which torture
Could not wring from him."

578. *Presently*. Immediately. Cf. 170 above.

580. *For murther*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 122-126 and *Rich. II.* i. 1. 104.
M. quotes Wordsworth :

"Beliefs coiled serpent-like about
The adage on all tongues, 'Murder will out.'"

584. *Tent*. Probe ; as in *Cymb.* iii. 4. 118 : "tent to bottom." We have the noun in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 16 :

"the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst;"

and again, with a play on the word, in *Id.* v. 1. 11.

Bleynch. Flinch, start. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 28 :

"Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do."

Steevens quotes Fletcher, *Night-Walker* : "Bleynch at no danger, though it be a gallows."

586. *The devil hath power*, etc. Cf. 2 *Cor.* xi. 14.

Sir Thomas Browne (quoted by M.) says : "I believe that these apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and insinuating to us... that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world."

590. *Abuses*. Deceives. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100 : "Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused," etc.

591. *Relative*. "To the purpose, conclusive" (Schmidt). S. uses the word nowhere else.

"Shall we," says Dr. Bucknill, "think the less nobly of him because his hand is not ready to shed kindred blood ; because, gifted with godlike discourse of reason, he does look before and after ; because he does not take the law in his own hands upon his oppressor, until he has obtained conclusive evidence of his guilt ; that he seeks to make sure he is the natural justiciar of his murdered father, and not an assassin instigated by hatred and selfish revenge?"

ACT III.

SCENE I.—I. *Drift of circumstance*. "Roundabout method" (Wr.). Cf. ii. 1. 10 : "By this encompassment and drift of question;" also i. 5. 127 : "without more circumstance at all." *Drift*=scheme in *T. G. of V.* ii. 6. 43, iii. 1. 18, iv. 2. 83, etc. The quartos have "conference" for *circumstance*.

3. *Grating.* Vexing. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 1. 18: "Grates 'me.'" So with *on* in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 90: "suborn'd to grate on you," etc.

7. *Forward.* Disposed, inclined.

8. *Keeps.* For the ellipsis of the subject, see Gr. 399. Cf. ii. 2. 67 above and iv. 1. 10 below.

On *crafty* *madness*, cf. iii. 4. 186: "mad in craft."

12. *With much forcing*, etc. With apparent unwillingness (M.).

13. *Niggard* of *question*, etc. Warb. transposed *Niggard* and *Most free*. Malone (so also Schmidt) makes *question*—talk, and explains the passage thus: "Slow to begin conversation, but free enough in his answers to our demands." Wr. says: "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were completely baffled, and Hamlet had the talk almost to himself. Perhaps they did not intend to give a correct account of the interview."

Of our demands. The Coll. MS. has "to" for *of*. See Gr. 173.

14. *Assay him to.* "Try his disposition towards" (Caldecott).

17. *O'er-raught.* "Over-reached, that is, overtook" (Johnson). Cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 96: "o'er-raught of all my money." We find *raught* both as the past tense and participle of *reach*. See *Hen. V.* p. 180.

20. *Order.* S. regularly uses the singular in this sense. Cf. v. 2. 365 below.

22. *Beseech'd.* The only instance of the past tense in S.; and the only one of the participle is in *L. C.* 207, where he also has "beseech'd." In *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 115 "beseeched" = besieged.

24. *Content.* Gratify, please; as often in S. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 93: "A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her," etc.

26. *Edge.* Incitement, setting-on. It is a slight modification of *edge* = desire, appetite, as in *Sonn.* 56. 2, *M. for M.* i. 4. 60, *T. of S.* i. 2. 73, etc.

29. *Closely.* Secretly; as in *K. John*, iv. 1. 133, etc.

31. *Affront.* Meet directly, encounter. Cf. *W. T.* v. 1. 75: "Affront his eye." See also *T. and C.* iii. 2. 174 and *Cymb.* iv. 3. 29. J. H. quotes Cook, *Green's Tu Quoque*, 1614: "This I must caution you of, in your affront or salute, never to move your hat."

32. *Lawful espials.* "Spies justifiably inquisitive" (Caldecott). We find *espials* in the same sense in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 8 and iv. 3. 6. Sr. quotes Baret, *Alvearie*: "An espiall in warres, a scoutwatch."

33. *Bestow ourselves.* See on ii. 2. 508 above.

39. *Beauties.* F. adopts Walker's suggestion of "beauty;" also "virtue" in next line.

40. *Wildness.* Distraction, madness; as in *Cymb.* iii. 4. 9 (Schmidt).

43. *Gracious.* Addressed to the king. Cf. "High and mighty," iv. 7. 43 below.

47. *Too much prov'd.* Found by too frequent experience (Johnson).

51. *Beautied.* Not elsewhere used by S. as a verb.

52. *To.* Compared to. See on i. 2. 140 above.

53. *Painted.* Falsely coloured, unreal. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 105: "painted peace;" *T. A.* ii. 3. 126: "painted hope," etc.

56. *To be*, etc. "In ii. 2. Hamlet has spoken of suicide as being against the 'canon of the Everlasting.' Here he considers it as viewed by philosophy . . . 'Doubtless it might be more entirely desirable to turn the flank

of all sorrows by self-slaughter ; and this might be the course which a man of quick decision would take. But reflection, if allowed, must needs make us think that if death is a sleep, it still may have dreams ; while conscience warns us what we have deserved that these dreams should be. Thus, instead of condensing into strong purpose, thought melts into mere dreaming meditation ; the will is puzzled, the moment of action passes, and we end by inertly bearing our present evils rather than daring to fly to others of whose nature we are ignorant ; giving up our deliverance as we should, from the same weakness, give up any other enterprise of pith and moment?" (M.).

59. *Take arms against a sea*, etc. For *a sea of* Pope suggested "a siege of," Theo. "th' assay of," Warb. "assail of," etc. ; but no change is called for. There are worse cases of "mixed metaphor" in S. than this, which, as Wr. remarks, is "rather two metaphors blended into one." The expression is = "take arms against a host of troubles which break in upon us like a sea." Cf. 156 below : "That suck'd the honey of his music vows," which, if a "mixed metaphor," is a very beautiful one—better than many of the "faultily faultless" figures of inferior poets. Keightley, who favours Pope's conjecture, says that this is "almost a solitary instance of the figurative use of *sea* by S." On the contrary, it is a common metaphor with him. See *R. of L.* 1100, *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 224, *I Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 14, *3 Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 106, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 200, iii. 2. 360, *T. and C.* iii. 2. 84, *T. of A.* i. 1. 47, iv. 2. 22, *Per. v.* i. 194, etc.

61. *No more.* Nothing more.

65. *Rub.* A metaphor taken from the game of bowls. See *Rich. II.* p. 197 or *Hen. V.* p. 157.

67. *Coil.* Turmoil. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 207, *C. of E.* iii. 1. 48, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 339, etc. S. never uses the word in the familiar modern sense.

68. *Give us pause.* That is, for reflection. Cf. iii. 3. 42 and iv. 3. 9 below. *Respect* = consideration, motive ; as in *Sonn.* 49. 4, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 176, *A. W.* ii. 5. 71, etc. See also iii. 2. 166 below.

70. *Of time.* Of the times, of the world. Warb. wished to read "of th' time ;" but cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 12 : "such a sore of time ;" *I Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 25 : "the state of time," etc. S. generally uses the article, as in i. 5. 189 above.

72. *Dispriz'd.* Misprized, undervalued ; the folio reading. The 2d and 3d quartos have "despiz'd," which most modern eds. adopt. As F. remarks, "a love that is despized falls more frequently to the lot of man, and is perhaps more hopeless in its misery, than a love that is despised." *Disprize* occurs again in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 74.

75. *Quietus.* The law term for the final settlement of an account. Cf. *Sonn.* 126. 12 : "And her quietus is to render thee." Steevens quotes Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, i. 1 : "I sign your quietus est."

76. *Bare.* Mere, as Schmidt explains it, not "unsheathed," as Malone says ; though S. may have had the latter meaning also in mind.

A *bodkin* was a small dagger. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 615 and *W. T.* iii. 3. 87. Steevens quotes B. and F., *Custom of the Country*, ii. 3 :

"Out with your bodkin,
Your pocket-dagger, your stiletto."

See also Chaucer, *C. T.* 3958: "with knyf or boydekyn;" and *Id.* 16193: "stiked him with boydekyns anoon."

Fardels. Burdens; literally, packs, bundles. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 728, 739, 781, 783, etc. The folio reads "these Fardles," which is preferred by K. W., H., and others.

77. *Grunt.* Groan. Steevens quotes many contemporaneous examples; as from Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582: "sighing it grunts" (*congemunt*); Turberville's *Ovid*: "greefe forst me grunt;" and again: "Of dying men the grunts," etc. The quarto of 1676 has "groan," which is adopted by Pope, Capell, and others. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under this business." Armin (*Nest of Ninnies*) has "gronte and sweat under this massie burden."

79. *Bourn.* Limit, boundary. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 152: "Bourn, bound of land;" *A. and C.* i. 1. 16: "I 'll set a bourn," etc.

80. *No traveller returns.* This has been foolishly criticised, because the Ghost was such a returned traveller; and as foolishly defended by Theo. (on the ground that the Ghost came only from the intermediate state of Purgatory) and others. A child ought to see, and probably would see—having no critical spectacles to dim its vision—that the meaning is, does not come back to *live* here, as he returns from a visit to a foreign land; or, as Coleridge puts it, "no traveller returns to this world as to his home or abiding-place."

83. *Thus conscience, etc.* Blakeway compares *Rich.* III. i. 4. 138 fol.

84. *Native hue.* Natural colour. Wr. quotes *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 263: "For native blood is counted painting now."

85. *Thought.* Anxiety. See *J. C.* p. 146, and cf. iv. 5. 168 below.

86. *Pith.* The folio reading; the quartos have "pitch," which the Camb. editors prefer. In either case, as Wr. notes, there is a change of metaphor in *currents*. See on 59 above.

88. *Soft you now.* "Hold, stop" (Schmidt). Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 338: "Soft you; a word before you go." See also *M. N. D.* p. 176.

89. *Orisons.* Prayers. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 53, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 110, *R.* and *J.* iv. 3. 3, etc.

Johnson remarks: "This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect that he is to personate madness, but makes her an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts."

97. *I know.* So in the folio; the quartos have "you know." Ophelia means, they may have been trifles to *you* and you forgot that you gave them, but *I* did not, for they were most precious to *me*.

103. *Honest.* Virtuous. See *A. Y. L.* p. 141. So *honesty*=virtue in 107 below.

107. *Should admit,* etc. Your honesty should be so chary of your beauty as not to suffer it to entertain discourse, or to be parleyed with (Caldecott).

109. *Commerce.* Intercourse. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 191, *T. and C.* iii. 3. 205, etc.

114. *Sometime.* See on i. 2. 8 above.

116. *Indeed,* etc. See p. 27 above.

118. *Relish of it.* Have a flavour of it, retain a trace of it.

121. *Get thee.* A common reflexive use of *get* in S., but never with the full form of the pronouns, *thyself*, etc. (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 287: "gets him to rest;" *J. C.* ii. 4. 37: "I'll get me to a place more void," etc.

122. *Indifferent.* "Fairly, ordinarily" (Wr.). Cf. v. 2. 97 below; also *T. of S.* i. 2. 181, *T. N.* i. 3. 143, i. 5. 265, etc. Gr. 1.

125. *At my beck.* "Always ready to come about me" (Steevens). The Coll. MS. has "back" for *beck*.

129. *Go thy ways.* See on i. 3. 135 above.

134. *O, help him*, etc. This speech and that in 141 below were first marked aside by F.

136. *Chaste as ice.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 18: "the very ice of chastity."

139. *Monsters.* Delius compares *Oth.* iv. 1. 63.

142. *Your paintings.* The *your* refers to women generally, as the plural *yourselves* shows. The folio has "your pratlings," and "pace" for *face*.

144. *Jig.* Walk as if dancing a jig. In *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 11 it means to sing a jig or in the manner of a jig. See on ii. 2. 486 above. For the contemptuous use of *amble*, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 60, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 17, and *R. and J.* i. 4. 11.

Nickname. Misname, miscall. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 349: "You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke."

145. *Make your wantonness*, etc. You mistake wantonly, and pretend that you do it through ignorance (Johnson); or, perhaps, affect an innocent ignorance as a mask for wantonness (W.).

151. *Scholar's, soldier's.* The early eds. have "soldier's, scholar's," except the 1st quarto in which the passage reads:

"The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
All dasht and splintered thence, O woe is me," etc.

The correction is Hanmer's, and is generally adopted; but the early text may be what S. wrote. Cf. *R. of L.* 615, 616:

"For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look."

See also *A. and C.* iv. 15. 25.

152. *Fair.* That is, because Hamlet adorns it as the *rose*. For the prolepsis, cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 84: "the insane root;" and see also *Id.* i. 6. 3 and iii. 4. 76.

153. *The glass of fashion.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 21:

"he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves;"

and B. J., *Cynthia's Revels*, dedic.: "in thee the whole kingdom dresseth itself, and is ambitious to use thee as her glass."

The mould of form. "The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves" (Johnson).

155. *Deject.* See on i. 2. 20. Gr. 342.

156. *Music vows.* See on 59 above. F. prints "music-vows." Gr. 22. The quartos have "musickt."

158. *Jangled out of tune*. Most modern eds. print "jangled, out of tune," but the comma is not in the folio. "The two ideas attached to *bells* are: 1. *jangled out of tune*; 2. *harsh*, which expresses to what extent *jangled out of tune*" (Corson).

159. *Feature*. Figure, form. Cf. *Sonn.* i. 13. 12, *K. John*, iv. 2. 264.

1 Hen. VI. v. 5. 68, etc. See also iii. 2. 21 below.

Brown = "in its bloom" (Capell). Cf. iii. 3. 81 below.

160. *Ecstasy*. Madness; as in ii. 1. 102 above.

162. *Affections*. Feelings, inclinations.

163. *Nor . . . not*. See on i. 2. 158.

165. *On brood*. Brooding. Gr. 24, 180.

166. *Doubt*. Suspect. See on i. 2. 256 above. For *disclose*, see on i. 1. 57. The word was regularly used of the hatching of birds. Cf. v. 1. 277 below. Malone quotes Massinger, *Maid of Honour*, i. 2:

"One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses
The eagle and the wren."

167. *For to*. Cf. v. 1. 92 below, and see Gr. 152.

169. *Shall*. For *shall* = will, see Gr. 315 (cf. 176 below); and for the ellipsis of the verb of motion, see Gr. 405. Cf. ii. 2. 485 above.

173. *Something-settled*. See Gr. 68, and cf. 2.

174. *Puts*. M. says that *brains* is singular; but S. elsewhere makes it plural. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 216: "his brains are forfeit," etc. The real subject is "the beating of his brains on this" (Gr. 337).

175. *Fashion of himself*. His usual bearing or behaviour. For *on't*, see on i. 1. 55 above.

183. *Round*. See on ii. 2. 139 above.

184. *So please you*. If it so please you. See *A. Y. L.* p. 138 or *Mer.* pp. 134, 136. Gr. 133.

In the ear = "within hearing" (Schmidt).

185. *Find*. "Detect, unmask" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 216, ii. 4. 32, v. 2. 46, 1 Hen. IV. i. 3. 3, etc.

SCENE II.—3. *Your*. See on i. 5. 167 above, or Gr. 221; and for *had as lief*, *A. Y. L.* p. 139.

8. *Hear*. The folio has "see." *Robustious* occurs again in *Hen. V.* iii.

7. 159.

Periwig-pated. In the time of S. wigs were worn only by actors; they did not come into general use until the time of Charles II. (Steevens). Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 196 and *C. of E.* ii. 2. 76. In *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, it is said that "none wear hoods but monks and ladies. . . . none periwigs but players and pictures."

10. *Groundlings*. The rabble in the pit, which in the theatres of that day had neither floor nor benches. Steevens quotes Ben Jonson, *Bartholomew Fair*: "the understanding gentlemen of the ground;" also *Lady Alimony*: "Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded that the squint-eyed groundling may not peep in." According to Nares, these gentry paid only a penny for admission.

11. *Inexplicable*. "Unintelligible" (Schmidt). Johnson explains it as "without words to explain them."

12. *Tirmagant*. An imaginary god of the Saracens, often introduced into the old mystery-plays, and represented as a most violent character (Nares). Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 7. 47: "And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore;" Chaucer, *C. T.* 15221: "He swar, 'Child, by Termagaunt,'" etc. S. uses the word only here and in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 114, where it is an adjective.

Herod was also a common character in the old mysteries, and always a violent one. Steevens quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 3384: "He pleyeth Herod on a scaffold hye." Douce gives a long extract from a pageant performed at Canterbury in 1534, in which this stage-direction occurs: "Here Erode ragis in thyss pagond, and in the strete also."

18. *From the purpose*. That is, away from, or contrary to it. Gr. 158.

22. *His*. Its. Gr. 228.

Pressure. Imprint, character. Cf. i. 5. 100 above.

23. *Come tardy off*. The reading of the early eds. The quarto of 1676 has "of" for *off*, and is followed by Theo., Warb., F., and others. The emendation is plausible (cf. *came short of*, iv. 7. 89 below); but no change seems really required. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 115: "it came hardly off," etc.; and for *come*—having come, *R. of L.* 1784: "Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid." See Gr. 165.

24. *Censure*. Judgment. See on i. 3. 69 above. *Of the which one*= of which one class of persons (Caldecott); or, possibly, as Delius and Wr. explain it, "of the judicious man singly." Hanmer substituted "of one of which."

26. *There be*. For this use of *be*, see Gr. 300.

27. *Profanely*. "The profanity consists in alluding to Christians" (F.).

29. *Nor man*. Nor even man (Wr.). The 1st quarto has "Nor Turke," the folio "or Norman." Farmer conjectured "nor Mussulman." W. and H. read "or Turk." The Coll. MS. has "nor man."

31. *Had made men*. The reading of the early eds. Theo. suggested "made them," which F. adopts. Farmer (followed by H.) conjectured "the men." These emendations are plausible, but S. may have written *had made men*; that is, had been making men, had tried their hand at making men (instead of sticking to their regular work on inferior creatures). This seems in keeping with "*imitated humanity*."

33. *Indifferently*. Tolerably well. Cf. *indifferent*, iii. 1. 122 above.

36. *Your clowns*, etc. The clowns were given to this extemporizing. Stowe (quoted by Steevens) informs us that among the twelve players who were sworn the queen's servants in 1583 "were two rare men, viz. Thomas Wilson, for a quick delicate refined extemporal witte; and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plendifull, pleasant extemporal witt," etc. Cf. *Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatory*: "that merrye Roscius of plaiers that famosed all comedies so with his pleasant and extemporal invention;" and, even earlier, *The Contentions Betwyxte Churchyard and Camell*, 1560:

"But Vices in stage plaiies,
When theyr matter is gon,
They laugh out the reste
To the lookers on," etc.

In the 1st quarto this passage reads as follows :

"Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselves, to set on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be obserued: O tis vile, and shewes
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute
Of ieasts, as a man is knowne by one sute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieasts downe
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullison:^{*}
And, your beere is sowre: and, babbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase[†] of ieasts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest
Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a bare:
Maisters tell him of it.

players We will my Lord.

Ham. Well, goe make you ready.

exeunt players."

Hunter and Halliwell are inclined to think that this should be retained; but, as W. remarks, "it was probably an extemporaneous addition to the text by the actor."

37. *There be of them.* Cf. Gr. 399 fol.

38. *Barren.* Barren of wit, dull. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 13: "that barren sort;" *T. N.* i. 5. 90: "a barren rascal," etc.

42. *Piece of work.* In *M. N. D.* i. 2. 14, Bottom calls the play "a very good piece of work." Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 258.

43. *Presently.* See on ii. 2. 170 above.

50. *Coped withal.* Met with, encountered. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 67: "I love to cope him in these sullen fits;" *W. T.* iv. 4. 435: "The royal fool thou copest with," etc.

53. *Revenue.* Accented by S. either on the first or on the second syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 7: "Long withering out a young man's revenue;" and 158 in the same scene: "Of great revenue, and she hath no child." Gr. 490.

55. *Candied.* Sugared, flattering (D.). Elsewhere it means congealed. See *Temp.* ii. 1. 279 and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 226.

Absurd. The only instance of this accent in S. Gr. 490.

56. *Crook.* The subject of this verb is *tongue*, unless with Tschischwitz we consider it a 3d person imperative. It is probably an instance of "construction according to sense," the real subject being the person implied in *tongue*. Cf. Gr. 415.

Pregnant. Quick, ready (Johnson and Schmidt); or "because untold thirst is born from a cunning use of the knee" (F.).

On *hinges of the knee*, cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 211: "hinge thy knee."

* A corruption of *cognizance*, or badge of arms (Nares). Cf. *The Owles Almanack*, 1618: "A blew coat without a cullizan." P. Hentzner, in his *Travels*, 1598, says that in England servants "wear their masters' arms in silver, fastened to their left arms."

† That is, *cinqe-pace*, a kind of dance. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 77: "falls into the cinqe-pace faster and faster," etc.

57. *Fawning*. The folio has "faining."

58. *Dear*. See on i. 2. 182.

59. *Of men distinguish*. Cf. 2 Hen. VI. ii. 1. 130: "distinguish of col- ours." The 2d and 3d quartos have

"distinguish her election,
S' hath [=she hath] seal'd," etc.,

and some editors have preferred this reading.

64. *Blood and judgment*. "Passions and reason" (Caldecott). Cf. Much Ado, ii. 3. 70: "wisdom and blood combating," etc.

For *commingled* the quartos have "comedled," which means the same. For *meddle* = mingle, cf. Temp. i. 2. 22, and see note in our ed. p. 112.

On the passage cf. J. C. v. 5. 73:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"

and see note in our ed. p. 185.

69. *Something too much*, etc. "The genuine manliness of this little sentence, where Hamlet checks himself when conscious that he has been carried away by fervour of affectionate friendship into stronger protestation than mayhap becomes the truth and simplicity of sentiment between man and man, is precisely one of Shakespeare's exquisite touches of innate propriety in questions of feeling. Let any one who doubts for a moment whether Shakespeare intended that Hamlet should merely *feign* madness, read carefully over the present speech, marking its sobriety of expression even amid all its ardour, its singleness and purity of sentiment amid its most forcible utterance, and then decide whether it could be possible that he should mean Hamlet's wits to be touched. That his heart is shaken to its core, that he is even afflicted with melancholia and hypochondria, we admit; but that his intellects are in the very slightest degree disordered, we cannot for one instant believe" (Clarke).

73. *Afoot*. Being performed. Cf. M. for M. iv. 5. 3: "The matter being afoot," etc.

74. *With the very comment of thy soul*. "With all thy powers of ob- servation" (Wr.). The folio has "my soul," which K. and Corson defend.

75. *Occulted*. Hidden; used by S. nowhere else.

76. *One speech*. The one prepared by Hamlet (ii. 2. 525). For the metaphor in *unkennel*, cf. M. W. iii. 3. 174.

77. *Damned ghost*. A "goblin damned" (i. 4. 40), and therefore not to be believed. Cf. ii. 2. 585 fol. Douce quotes Spenser, F. Q. i. 2. 32:

"What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake," etc.

79. *Stithy*. Smithy, forge. The 1st folio has "Stythe," the later folios "styth." *Stith* was properly the anvil; as in C. T. 2028: "That forgeth scharpe swerdes on his stith." The two words seem, however, to have been sometimes confounded. S. has *stithy* again in T. and C. iv. 5. 255, where it is a verb.

Note = attention; as in A. W. iii. 5. 104: "Worthy the note," etc.

82. *In censure of his seeming.* In forming an opinion of his appearance. See on i. 3. 69 above, and cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 667, *Cymb.* v. 5. 65, etc.

83. *If he steal,* etc. Caldecott understands this to refer directly to possible manifestation of guilt on the part of the King; but of course all that Horatio means is, I'll watch him so closely that if he were trying to steal something I would pledge myself to detect him or else to pay for the stolen property.

On *the whilst*, cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 194: "The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool," etc.

84. *On theft*=the thing stolen, cf. *Exod.* xxii. 4 (Wr.).

85. *Idle.* Delius, St., Wr., and Schmidt make this refer to his feigned madness. Cf. iii. 4. 11 below and *Lear*, i. 3. 16. But though *idle* is often used in this sense, we are inclined here to agree with M., who explains the passage "I must appear to have nothing to do with the matter."

87. *Fares.* In his reply Hamlet plays upon the word; as Sly does in *T. of S.* ind. 2. 102: "Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough." Cf. *P. P.* 186:

"'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow.'
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow."

88. *Of the chameleon's dish.* For another allusion to the popular belief that the chameleon fed on air, see *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 178; and for references to its supposed changes of colour, *Id.* ii. 4. 26 and 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 191. For *of*, see Gr. 177.

90. *I have nothing*, etc. I have nothing to do with it. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 81: "I have no further with you."

93. *The university.* "The practice of acting Latin plays in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge is very ancient, and continued to near the middle of the last century. They were performed occasionally for the entertainment of princes and other great personages; and regularly at Christmas, at which time a *Lord of Misrule* was appointed at Oxford to regulate the exhibitions, and a similar officer with the title of *Imperator at Cambridge*" (Malone). English plays were also sometimes performed; this very one of *Hamlet* among the number. See the title-page of 1st quarto on p. 9 above.

96. *Enact.* Act, play. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 121:

"Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies," etc.

97. *Cæsar.* A Latin play on the subject of Cæsar's death was performed at Oxford in 1582 (Malone).

On the erroneous notion that Cæsar was killed "i' the Capitol," see *J. C.* p. 155. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 18.

99. *A brute part.* Steevens quotes Sir John Harrington, *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596: "O brave-minded Brutus! but this I must truly say, they were two brutish parts both of him and you; one to kill his sons for treason, the other to kill his father in treason."

101. *Stay upon.* Await. Cf. "stay upon your leisure" (*A. W.* iii. 5. 48, *Macb.* i. 3. 148), "stays upon your will" (*A. and C.* i. 2. 119), etc.

Patience=permission; as in "by your patience" (*Temp.* iii. 3. 3, *A. Y.*

L. v. 4. 186, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 31, etc.), "with your patience" (1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 78), etc.

108. *Fig-maker.* See on ii. 2. 486 above.

110. *Within's.* Within this (Delius). Cf. *R. and J.* v. 2. 25: "Within this three hours," etc.

113. *For I'll have a suit of sables.* Warb. (followed by W. and H.) changed for to "fore." Capell and others take *sables* to mean the fur of the sable, which was used only in rich and splendid apparel. Malone says that by a statute of Henry VIII. no one under the rank of an earl could wear sables. Wr. sees here "an intended contrast combined with a play upon words," and Schmidt takes the same view of the passage. Cf. iv. 7. 79 below, where "sables" are mentioned, not as badges of mourning, but as "importing health and graveness"—the dignified apparel of age as opposed to "the light and careless livery" of youth.

117. *Not thinking on.* That is, being forgotten (K.).

118. *The hobby-horse.* A figure in the rural May-games and morris-dances, probably referred to in ballads of the time as "forgot," either because it came to be omitted from the games or because of the attempts of the Puritans to put down these sports. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 30. Steevens quotes B. and F., *Women Pleased*, iv. 1: "Shall the hobby-horse be forgot then?" also Ben Jonson, *Entertainment at Althorpe*: "But see the hobby-horse is forgot," etc.

The dumb-show. This stage-direction is as Steevens gives it, and agrees substantially with that in the folio. Why the "dumb-show" should have been introduced is a question that has been much discussed but not satisfactorily settled. See Furness, vol. i. pp. 241-243.

120. *Miching mallecho.* "Probably=secret and insidious mischief" (Schmidt). Florio, in his *Ital. Dict.*, 1598, defines *acciapinare* as "To miche, to shrug or sneake in some corner." *Micher*=truant, occurs in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 450. Minsheu gives "To Miche, or secretly to hide himselfe out of the way, as Truants doe from schoole." *Mallecho* is the Spanish *malhecho* (literally, ill-done). D. quotes Connelly's *Spanish Dict.*: "Malhecho . . . An evil action, an indecent and indecorous behaviour; malefaction." Cf. Shirley, *Gent. of Venice*: "Be humble, Thou man of mallecho, or thou diest."

122. *Belike.* "As it seems, I suppose" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 130, *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 55, etc. It is followed by *that* in *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 90.

Argument=plot; as in ii. 2. 346 above.

135. *Posy.* Motto. See *Mer.* p. 164. Hamlet refers to the brevity of the prologue, as Ophelia evidently understands.

138. *Cart.* Chariot; but obsolete in that sense in the time of S. Wr. quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 2043: "The statue of Mars upon a carte stood."

139. *Wash.* The sea. In *K. John*, v. 6. 41 and v. 7. 63, it means the "flats," or land overflowed by the tide.

140. *Sheen.* Shine, light. Used by S. only here and in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 29, where also it is a rhyming word.

143. *Committal.* "An intensified form of *mutual*" (Wr.).

146. *Woe is me.* The old form was "woe is to me"=is mine. See Gr. 230.

147. *Cheer.* Cheerfulness. For its original meaning, see *Mer.* p. 152 or *M. N. D.* p. 163.

148. *Distrust you.* "Am solicitous about you" (Schmidt).

150. *For women's, etc.* The quartos have an extra line here:

"For women feare too much, euen as they love,
And womens," etc.

Some editors believe that a line, rhyming with *love*, has been lost; others, that the extra line was superseded by 150, but accidentally retained at first in printing. The latter is the more probable explanation.

Holds quantity = are proportioned to each other. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 232: "Things base and vile, holding no quantity," etc. For *holds*, see Gr. 336.

151. *In neither, etc.* "They either contain nothing, or what they contain is in extremes" (Gr. 388a).

153. *Sized.* Used by S. only here; but we find *great-sized* (*large-sized*, *small-sized*, etc. are still in colloquial use) in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 147 and v. 10.

26. *Theo.* quotes *A. and C.* iv. 15. 4.

154. *Littlest.* Walker quotes B. and F., *Queen of Corinth*, iv. 1: "The poorest littlest page." He also gives examples of *gooder* and *goodest*, *badder* and *baddist*, from writers of the time. Chaucer has *badder* in *C. T.* 10538.

157. *Operant.* Active; used by S. only here and in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 25: "most operant poison." For *leave*, see on i. 2. 155; and for the infinitive *in to do*, Gr. 355.

164. *Wormwood.* For the figure, cf. *R. of L.* 893 and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 857.

165. *Instances.* Inducements, motives. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 1. 44: "What's the instance?" *Rich.* III. 3. 2. 25: "wanting instance," etc.

166. *Respects.* Considerations. Cf. iii. 1. 68 above.

167. *Kill... dead.* Elze compares *T. A.* iii. 1. 92: "he kill'd me dead." He might have added *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 269: "kill her dead?"

171-196. Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke believe that these are the "dozen or sixteen lines" of ii. 2. 525, because the diction is different from the rest of the dialogue and is signally like Hamlet's own argumentative mood. Sievers, who was the first to try to point out the supposed insertion, had fixed upon 234-239. See on ii. 2. 525 above.

171. *Purpose, etc.* "Purposes last only so long as they are remembered" (M.).

172. *Validity.* Value, efficacy. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 192, *T. N.* i. 1. 12, etc.

174. *Fall.* For the "confusion of construction," see Gr. 415. Cf. *destroy* in 180 just below.

176. *Most necessary, etc.* "The performance of a resolution in which only the *resolver* is interested is a debt only to himself, which he may therefore remit at pleasure" (Johnson).

180. *Enactures.* Action (Schmidt); or, perhaps, resolutions (Johnson).

181. *Where joy, etc.* "The very temper that is most cast down with grief is also most capable of joy, and passes from one to the other with slenderest cause" (M.).

184. *Our loves.* The love which others feel for us.

186. *Whether.* See on ii. 2. 17 above, or Gr. 466.

187. *Favourites flies*. The quartos have "favourite," a reading which, as Abbott says (Gr. 333), "completely misses the intention to describe the *crowd* of favourites scattering in flight from the fallen patron." Cf. *V. and A.* 1128:

"She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes
Where, lo! two lamps burnt out in darkness lies."

There, as here, the form seems to be due to the rhyme. See also *Sonn.*

41. 3.

190. *Not needs*. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 38: "Whereof the ewe not bites," etc. Gr. 305.

192. *Seasons*. Matures, ripens (Schmidt). Cf. i. 3. 81 above.

194. *Contrary*. The accent on the penult, as in "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," etc. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 198, and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 144. Schmidt adds *W. T.* v. 1. 45: "My lord should to the heavens be contrary;" but there it seems to have the other accent, as in *R. and J.* iii. 2. 64: "What storm is this that blows so contrary?" etc.

198. *Die*. The 3d person imperative, or "subjunctive used imperatively" (Gr. 364). See other examples in the speech that follows, and in 210, 211, etc.

202. *An anchor's cheer*. An anchorite's fare. Steevens quotes the old *Romance of Robert the Devil*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde: "We have robbed and killed nonnes, holy aunkers, preestes;" and again: "the foxe will be an aunker, for he begynneth to preche;" and *The Vision of Piers Plowman*: "As ancrees and heremites," etc.

203. *Opposite*. Contrary thing; as in *A. and C.* i. 2. 130. Oftener in S. it is = opponent, adversary; as in v. 2. 62 below. Cf. *Lear*, v. 3. 42:

"you have the captives
That were the opposites of this day's strife;"

and *Id.* v. 3. 153: "An unknown opposite."

Blanks. Blanches, makes pale; the only instance of the verb in S.

208. *Deeply sworn*. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 158: "Thou art sworn as deeply to effect," etc. Wr. quotes *K. John*, iii. 1. 231: "deep-sworn faith."

215. *Argument*. See on 122 above.

The king could hardly be in doubt as to the plot of the play after seeing the "dumb-show." Halliwell asks: "Is it allowable to direct that the king and queen should be whispering confidentially to each other during the dumb-show, and so escape a sight of it?" If the dumb-show is to be introduced on the stage, that would not be a bad way out of the difficulty (see on 118 above). If S. is responsible for the dumb-show, we may consider it a piece of carelessness like making Philostrate in *M. N. D.* speak of shedding "merry tears" at the rehearsal of the clowns' play when he certainly could not have been present at the rehearsal—to say nothing of the fact that the play as rehearsed in iii. 1. is entirely different from the play as acted in v. 1. (see *M. N. D.* p. 122).

220. *Tropically*. By a trope, or "a figure in rhetoric" (*A. Y. L.* v. 1. 45); used by S. nowhere else.

221. *Image*. Representation; as in *Mach.* ii. 3. 83, *Lear*, v. 3. 264, etc.

Cf. 21 above. For *Vienna* the 1st quarto has "Guiana," perhaps due to the short-hand writer's mishearing the name (Coll.).

222. *Duke's*. Elsewhere he is a *king*. Walker shows that *king*, *duke*, and *count* were often confounded in sense. In the mouths of Dull, Aramado, and Dogberry, *duke* may have been intended as a blunder, but hardly so in the case of the princess in *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 38. Cf. Viola's use of *count* in *T. N.* v. 1. 263 with *Id.* i. 2. 25.

Baptista. Properly a man's name, as in *T. of S.* Hunter says that he has known it to be a female name in England; and it is sometimes so used even in Italy.

224. *Free*. See on ii. 2. 548 above.

225. *Let the gall'd jade*. Apparently a proverb. Steevens quotes Edwards, *Damon and Pythias*, 1582: "I know the gall'd horse will soonest wince;" and Wr. adds from Lylly's *Euphues*: "For well I know none will winch except she bee gawlded." On *jade*, see *Hen. V.* p. 170.

227. *Chorus*. Explaining the action of the play, as in *W. T.*, *R. and J.*, and *Hen. V.* (Delius).

228. *I could interpret*, etc. Alluding to the interpreter who used to sit on the stage at puppet-shows and explain them to the audience. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 101 and *T. of A.* i. 1. 34. Steevens quotes Greene, *Groats-worth of Wit*: "It was I that . . . for seven years' space was absolute interpreter of the puppets." In the present passage some of the critics see an indirect meaning; but, as Schmidt remarks, it is more probable that the allusion is simply "to a puppet-show in which Ophelia and her lover were to play a part."

232. *The croaking raven*, etc. Mr. Simpson (in the London *Academy*, Dec. 19, 1874) says: "Hamlet rolls into one two lines of an old familiar play, *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third*:

"The screeking raven sits croking for revenge,
Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge."

235. *Confederate*. Conspiring, favouring, assisting.

236. *Midnight weeds*. Steevens compares *Macb.* iv. 1. 25: "Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark."

237. *Hecate*. For the pronunciation, see *Macb.* p. 187.

239. *On wholesome life usurp*. Wr. compares *Per.* iii. 2. 82: "Death may usurp on nature many hours." Add *T. A.* iii. 1. 269.

250. *Strucken*. The folio reading; the quartos have "strooken" or "stroken." See *J. C.* p. 146 or *Gr.* 344.

The stanza is probably a quotation from some ballad (D.).

254. *Feathers*. Much worn on the stage in the time of S. (Malone).

255. *Turn Turk*. Proverbially = to undergo a complete change for the worse (Schmidt). Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 57. Steevens quotes Cook, *Green's Tu Quoque*: "This it is to turn Turk, from an absolute and most compleat gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover."

Provincial. Some make this refer to Provence, others to Provins near Paris. Both were famous for their roses. The reference is to rosettes of ribbon worn on shoes. Fairholt quotes *Friar Bacon's Prophecy*, 1604:

"When roses in the gardens grew,
And not in ribbons on a shoe;
Now ribbon roses take such place,
That garden-roses want their grace."

Tschischwitz (who is much given to these fantastic tricks of emendation —God save the mark!) is sure that S. wrote "provisional roses!"

256. *Razed*. Slashed; that is, with cuts or openings in them (Steevens). Stubbes, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1585, has a chapter on corked shoes, which, he says, are "some of black velvet, some of white, some of red, some of greene, razed, carued, cut, and stitched all ouer with Silke." Theo. conjectured "rais'd," that is, with high heels. Schmidt wavers between these two explanations.

Cry. Company; literally, a pack of hounds. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 120: "You common cry of curs!" (see also iv. 6. 148); *Oth.* ii. 3. 370: "not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry," etc.

258. *Share*. "The actors in our author's time had not annual salaries as at present. The whole receipts of each theatre were divided into *shares*, of which the proprietors of the theatre, or *house-keepers*, as they were called, had some; and each actor had one or more shares, or part of a share, according to his merit" (Malone).

259. *A whole one*, *I*. Malone's conjecture of "ay" for *I* has been adopted by Sr., W., and H. The meaning, as it stands, is "A whole one, say I" (Caldecott). *Ay* is always printed "I" in the old eds.

263. *Pajock*. Peacock; which is substituted by Pope, Warb., Coll., Sr., H., and others. The quartos have "paiock," the 1st folio "Paiocke," the 2d "Pajocke," etc. D. says: "I have often heard the lower classes in the north of Scotland call the peacock the 'pea-jock'; and their almost invariable name for the turkey-cock is 'bubbly-jock.'" Among the changes suggested, where none is needed, are "paddock," "hedjocke" (=hedgehog), "patchock" (=a clown), "Polack," etc.

264. *Rhymed*. "The natural rhyme, of course, is easily discerned, and expresses his contempt for his uncle, who has shown, as he intimates, consummate weakness in allowing himself to be so easily unmasked" (M.).

266. *Pound*. Cf. *Rich.* II. ii. 2. 91: "a thousand pound;" and see note in our ed. p. 182.

270. *Recorders*. A kind of flageolet. See *M. N. D.* p. 183.

273. *Perdy*. A corruption of *par Dieu*. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 52, etc.

280. *Marvellous*. For the adverbial use, cf. ii. 1. 3 above.

Distempered. Discomposed, disturbed. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 145: "touch'd with anger so distemper'd," etc. The word was also used of bodily disorder (as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 41), and so Hamlet pretends to understand it (Wr.).

283. *Should*. Would. See on ii. 2. 202 above; and for *more richer* on ii. 1. 11.

284. *Put him to his purgation*. "A play upon the legal and medical senses of the word" (Wr.). Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 45, *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 152, etc.

286. *Into some frame*. That is, "frame of sense" (*M. for M.* v. 1. 61). Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 193: "out of frame" (that is, disordered).

288. *Pronounce*. Speak out, say on. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 76, *Macb.* iii. 4. 7, etc.

295. *Pardon*. Leave to go. See on i. 2. 56 above.

298. *Wholesome*. Reasonable (Schmidt); or sane, sensible (W.R.). Cf *Cor.* ii. 3. 66 :
 “ Speak to ‘em, I pray you,
 In wholesome manner.”

303. *Admiration*. Wonder; as in i. 2. 192 above.

307. *Closet*. Chamber; as in ii. 1. 77, iii. 3. 27, etc. Cf. *Matt.* vi. 6.

310. *Trade*. Business. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 83 : “ if your trade be to her,” etc.

312. *Pickers and stealers*. Hands; which the church catechism admonishes us to keep from “ picking and stealing” (Whalley).

313. *Your cause of distemper*. The cause of your distemper. Cf. i. 4. 73 : “ your sovereignty of reason ;” and see Gr. 423 for other examples.

317. *The voice*, etc. Cf. i. 2. 109 (Malone).

319. *While the grass grows*. Malone quotes the whole proverb from Whetstone’s *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578 : “ Whylst grass doth growe, oft sterves the seely steede ;” and again in the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1578 : “ While grass doth growe, the silly horse he starves.”

321. *To withdraw with you*. “ A much-vexed passage, probably = to speak a word in private with you” (Schmidt). M. Mason proposed “ So, withdraw you” or “ So withdraw, will you?” St. takes it to be addressed to the players, and would read “ So, (taking a recorder) withdraw with you.” Tschischwitz conjectures “ Go, withdraw with you.”

322. *Go about*. Undertake, attempt. See *M. N. D.* p. 177 or *Hen. V.* p. 174.

To recover the wind of me. A hunting term, meaning to get to windward of the game, so that it may not scent the toil or its pursuers (Sr.). Cf. *Gentleman’s Recreation* : “ Observe how the wind is, that you may set the net so as the hare and wind may come together ; if the wind be sideways it may do well enough, but never if it blow over the net into the hare’s face, for he will scent both it and you at a distance ;” also Churchyard, *Worthiness of Wales* :
 “ Their cunning can with craft so cloke a troeth
 That hardly we shall have them in the winde,
 To smell them forth or yet their fineness finde.”

324. *If my duty*, etc. If my sense of duty makes me too bold, it is my *love* for you that causes it. *Bold* and *unmanly* have essentially the same meaning. Tyrwhitt wanted to read “ not unmanly.”

333. *Ventages*. Vents, holes.

345. *’Sblood*. See on ii. 2. 358 above. These oaths were extremely common in that day, and indeed much earlier. Chaucer (C. T. 13886) makes the Pardoner say :
 “ Her othes been so greet and so dampnable,
 That it is grisly for to hiere hem swere.
 Our blisful Lordes body thay to-tere;
 Hem thoughte Jewes rent him nought y-nough.”

347. *Fret*. Douce notes the play upon the word : “ though you can

vex me, you cannot impose upon me ; though you can stop the instrument, you cannot play on it." *Frets* are stops, or "small lengths of wire on which the fingers press the strings in playing the guitar" (Busby's *Dict. of Musical Terms*). Cf. North, *Plutarch (Pericles)* : "Rhetoric and eloquence (as Plato saith) is an art which quickeneth men's spirits at her pleasure ; and her chiefest skill is to know how to move passions and affections thoroughly, which are as stops and sounds of the soul, that would be played upon with a fine-fingered hand of a cunning master."

358. *By and by*. Presently, soon ; as often in S. See *Hen. V.* p. 155.

359. *To the top of my bent*. To the utmost, as much as I could wish. For *bent*, see on ii. 2. 30 above.

363. *'Tis now*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 1. 49 fol.

366. *Bitter business*. The folio reading ; the quartos have "such business as the bitter day."

369. *Nero*. For another allusion to his murder of his mother, see *A. John*, v. 2. 152.

371. *Speak daggers*. Cf. iii. 4. 93 : "These words like daggers enter in mine ears ;" and *Much Ade*, ii. 1. 255 : "She speaks poniards, and every word stabs." See also *Prov.* xiii. 18 (Wr.).

Use none. Hunter says : "To be sure not ; and strange it is that the Poet should have thought it necessary to put such a remark into the mouth of Hamlet," etc. It is not necessary to suppose that Hamlet had seriously thought of killing his mother. He may be recalling the injunction of the Ghost : Revenge my murder, but only on your uncle, not on your mother. And yet he must *speak daggers* to her, though he is to use none against her.

373. *How . . . soever*. For the *tmesis*, cf. i. 5. 170 above ; also *M. W.* iv. 2. 25, etc. *How* is sometimes = however ; as in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 60 :

"I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward," etc.

Shent. "Put to the blush, shamed, reproached" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 38 : "We shall all be shent ;" *Cor.* v. 2. 104 : "Do you hear how we are shent ?" etc. It is the participle of *shend*, which is found (=destroy) in Fairfax's *Tasso*, vi. 4 : "But we must yield whom hunger soon will shend." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 8. 12 :

"Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age," etc.

374. *Give them seals*. Confirm them by action. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 115 : "I will not seal your knowledge with showing them ;" *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 104 : "Thou hast seal'd up my expectation," etc.

SCENE III.—3. *Your commission*. "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are therefore privy to the traitorous scheme for killing Hamlet in England" (M.).

4. *Shall along*. For the omission of the verb, see Gr. 30 and cf. 405.

6. *So near us*. The quarto reading ; the folio has "so dangerous," which does not suit the context so well.

7. *Lunacies*. The folio reading; that of the quartos is "browes," which Theo. took to be a misprint of "lunes" = lunacies.

9. *Many many*. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 183: "many a many foot." Wr. compares *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 33: "A very little little let us do." The Coll. MS. reads "very many."

11. *The single and peculiar life*. That is, the private individual (Wr.).

13. *Noyance*. Injury; not to be printed "'noyance," as it often is. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 12. 2:

"A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fil'd the feareful sted
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt."

14. *Depends and rests*. For the singular form, see Gr. 335.

15. *Cease*. Decease. The only other instance of *cease* as a noun noted by Schmidt is in *Lear*, v. 3. 264, where he thinks it may be a verb.

16. *Gulf*. Whirlpool; as often. Cf. *R. of L.* 557, *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 10, iv. 3. 82, etc.

17. *Massy*. S. uses the word five times (cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 67, *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 147, *T. and C.* prol. 17, ii. 3. 18), *massive* not at all. See quotation in note on iii. 1. 77 above.

21. *Annexment*. A word not found elsewhere (Wr.). *Annexion* occurs in *L. C.* 208.

24. *Arm you*. Prepare yourselves. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 117:

"For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yoursel
To fit your fancies to your father's will."

25. *Fear*. Object of fear; as in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 21:

"Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!"

26. *We will haste us*. See Gr. 212.

Elze gives this speech to Rosencrantz alone, on the ground that he is regularly the spokesman, while Guildenstern seems to be a subordinate attendant; but the king and queen treat them both alike as "gentlemen" (see ii. 2. 1-26, 33, 34, etc.), and so does Hamlet (ii. 2. 224, etc.). Elze cites iv. 3. 16, which is sufficiently explained by the context.

29. *Tax him home*. Reprove him soundly. See on i. 4. 18 above. Cf. iii. 4. 1 below; also *M. for M.* iv. 3. 148: "Accuse him home and home," etc.

30. *As you said*. "Polonius's own suggestion, which, courtier-like, he ascribes to the king" (M.).

32. *Them*. That is, mothers.

33. *Of vantage*. By some opportunity of secret observation (Warb.). Cf. Gr. 165.

37. *Eldest*. Used now only in the sense of eldest-born. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 186: "your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours."

39. *Will*. Hammer substituted "'t will" and Warb. "th' ill;" but *inclination* and *will* are not identical. As Boswell says, "I may *will* to do a thing because my understanding points it out to me as right, though I am not *inclined* to it."

42. *In pause*. In doubt or consideration. Cf. iii. 1. 68 above.

47. *Confront.* To face, or rather outface.

49. *To be forestalled*, etc. "What is the very meaning of prayer, except that we pray first not to be led into temptation, and then to be delivered from evil?" (M.). On *forestall* = prevent, cf. v. 2. 207 below.

55. *Ambition.* The realization of my ambition; the cause for the effect, like *offence* in the next line (Delius). Cf. *theft* in iii. 2. 84.

57. *Currents.* Courses (Schmidt). D. and F. adopt Walker's conjecture of "'currents'" = "occurrents" (see v. 2. 345 below); but the mixing or blending of metaphors is no worse than in the use of the very same word in iii. 1. 87 above; and though, as F. pleads, it is easily avoided here by the apostrophe, we prefer to stick to the old text.

59. *Prize.* The Coll. MS. has "purse;" but the meaning obviously is that the guilty gain itself (or a part of it) is used to bribe the officers of the law; as has often happened in these latter days.

61. *Lies.* Used in the legal sense (Wr.).

62. *His.* Its. See Gr. 228; and for the ellipsis of the auxiliary with *compell'd*, Gr. 403 (cf. 95).

64. *Rests.* Remains. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146.

65. *Can.* Can do. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 27: "Our worser genius can," etc. Gr. 307.

68. *Limed.* Caught (as with bird-lime). Cf. *R. of L.* 88: "Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear." See also 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 13, 17, *Mach.* iv. 2. 34, etc.

69. *Engaged.* Entangled. It is curious that neither Wore. nor Wb. recognizes this meaning, though both give "disentangle" as one of the meanings of *disengage*. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 193: "They had engag'd their wandering steps too far;" and *P. R.* iii. 347 (where Satan is trying to ensnare Christ):

"That thou mayst know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue," etc.

In architecture, *engaged* columns are probably so called because they are caught or entangled, as it were, in the wall.

Make assay. According to Brae (quoted by F.), *assay* here = charge, onset, and *make assay* = "throng to the rescue." Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 151: "Galling the gleaned land with hot assays;" and ii. 2. 71 above: "the assay of arms." This meaning is not recognized by Wore. or Wb., but Schmidt gives it for the two passages just quoted. Here he makes *assay* = trial; but the other meaning would be at once more forcible and more poetical. J. H. thinks that *make assay* is addressed to himself, not to the angels.

73. *Pat, now.* The quartos have "but now." For *pat*, cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 2, v. 1. 188, and *Lear*, i. 2. 146.

This speech has been considered inhuman and unworthy of Hamlet. According to Coleridge, it is rather his way of excusing himself for putting off the act of vengeance. It seems better, however, with M., to regard this notion of killing soul and body at once as the natural impulse of his mind. It does not strike us as unnatural that the sight of the king at prayer should suggest the idea that killing him then and there would be sending him straight to heaven, and that for the moment Hamlet should

shrink from doing this. His first thought is not so much of sending him to hell as of *not* sending him to heaven; but he dwells upon it in his usual meditative fashion until it leads him logically to that "damn'd and black" conclusion.

Caldecott says: "Shakespeare had a full justification in the practice of the age in which he lived . . . With our ruder Northern ancestors, revenge, in general, was handed down in families as a duty, and the more refined and exquisite, the more honourable it was." He also refers to iv. 7. 127 below, where the king says "Revenge should have no bounds," and adds that "even the philosophizing and moralizing Squire of Kent, in his beloved retirement from the turmoils of the world, exclaims on killing Cade (2 Hen. VI. iv. 10. 83):

"Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell."

Wordsworth (*Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible*) excuses Hamlet in much the same way. See also p. 30 above.

75. *That would be scann'd.* That should be carefully considered. Gr. 329.

77. *Sole.* The folio has "foule." Warb. conjectured "fal'n" (=disinherited), and Capell "fool." Cf. A. W. i. 1. 44: "His sole child," etc.

79. *Hire and salary.* The quartos have "base and silly."

80. *Grossly.* The word refers to *father*, not to *took*. *Full of bread*, as Malone notes, is suggested by *Ezekiel*, xvi. 49: "pride, fulness of bread," etc.

81. *Broad blown.* Cf. i. 5. 76: "in the blossoms of my sin." *Flush* = in its prime, in full vigour (Schmidt). Cf. A. and C. i. 4. 52: "flush youth." The folio has "fresh."

82. *And how*, etc. Warb. says that the Ghost had told him how his audit stood; but Ritson replies that, the Ghost being in purgatory, it was doubtful how long he might have to stay there.

83. *In our circumstance and course of thought.* From our human point of view and according to our line of thought; or "according to human relations and thoughts" (Delius). For *circumstance* = condition, state of things, cf. T. G. of V. i. 1. 37: "So, by your circumstance, I fear you 'll prove." See also i. 3. 102 above.

84. *'T is heavy with him.* It goes hard with him, or he "hath a heavy reckoning to make" (Hen. V. iv. 1. 141).

85. *To take.* For the "indefinite" use of the infinitive, see Gr. 356. On purging, cf. i. 5. 13 above; and on *season'd*, iii. 2. 192.

88. *Hent.* Hold, seizure (Johnson and Schmidt). No other example of the noun has been found, but the verb (=take) occurs in W. T. iv. 3. 133 and M. for M. iv. 6. 14. Cf. Chaucer, C. T. 700: "till Jhesu Crist him hente," etc. *A more horrid hent* = "a more fell grasp on the villain" (M.), or "a more terrible occasion to be grasped" (Wr.).

95. *Stays.* Is waiting for me. Cf. T. G. of V. i. 2. 131: "Dinner is ready, and your father stays," etc.

96. *This physic.* That is, this temporary forbearance of mine is like a medicine that merely delays the fatal end of the disease.

SCENE IV.—1. *Straight*. See on ii. 2. 418 above; and for *home*, on iii. 3. 29.

2. *Broad*. Free, unrestrained. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 23 and iii. 6. 21.

4. *Silence*. The reading of the early eds. Sr., Coll., D., H., and Wr. adopt Hanmer's emendation, "Sconce me even here," which is plausible, but not really called for. *I'll silence me e'en here*=I'll say no more.

5. *Round*. See on ii. 2. 139 above.

7. *Fear me not*. See on i. 3. 51 above.

12. *Wicked*. The folio has "idle," probably repeated by accident from the preceding line.

14. *Rood*. Cross, crucifix. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 3, *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 77, iv. 4. 165, etc. We have it in the name of *Holyrood Palace*, Edinburgh. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 52.

19. *Set you up a glass*. Cf. iii. 2. 20 above: "hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature."

29. *Kill a king?* According to the *Hystorie of Hamblet* (see p. 13 above) the queen was not privy to the murder of her husband. Cf. the 1st quarto:

"But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,
I never knew of this most horridre murder."

34. *Wringing of*. Cf. i. 5. 175: "pronouncing of," etc. Gr. 178.

38. *Proof*. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 872: "I am proof against that title," etc. But the word in this sense was also a noun, as in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 73: "Add proof unto mine armour," etc. Cf. ii. 2. 476 above: "forg'd for proof eterne." Schmidt makes it an adjective here, but its association with *bulwark* suggests that it may be a noun. Cf. *V. and A.* 626:

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter."

This seems better than to say that *bulwark* is "used for an adjective," as Wr. does.

Sense. "Feeling," as Caldecott explains it, rather than "reason," as Schmidt makes it.

39. *Wag thy tongue*. Wr. quotes *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 33: "Durst wag his tongue in censure." He might have added *Id.* v. 3. 127: "And think with wagging of your tongue to win me." In the same speech (131), we have "wag his finger at thee."

41. *That*. For such . . . that, see Gr. 279. Just below we have *such . . . as*. Cf. *Sonn.* 73. 5. 9.

43. *The rose*. "The ornament, the grace, of an innocent love" (Boswell). Cf. iii. 1. 152 above.

44. *Sets a blister there*. Wr. explains this, "brands as a harlot," and refers to *C. of E.* ii. 2. 138. Cf. iv. 5. 101 below.

46. *Contraction*. The marriage contract (Warb. and Schmidt). S. uses the word nowhere else.

48. *Rhapsody*. Wr. well illustrates the meaning of the word here by quoting Florio, *Montaigne*: "This concerneth not those mingle-mangles of many kindes of stiffe, or as the Grecians call them *Rapsodies*."

49. *This solidify*, etc. The earth (K.).

50. *Tristful*. Sorrowful (Fr. *triste*). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 434: "My tristful queen" ("trustful" in the early eds.).

As against the doom. As it doomsday were coming. For *against*, see on i. 1. 158.

51. *Thought-sick*. Cf. iii. 1. 85: "Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Tschischwitz ("O dear discretion! how his words are suited!") omits the hyphen, and explains the passage, "Is thought to be sick!"

52. *Index*. Prologue. The index was formerly placed at the beginning of a book (Edwards). Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 149, iv. 4. 85, *T. and C.* i. 3. 343, and *Oth. ii. 1. 263*.

53. *Look here*, etc. The original practice of the stage seems to have been to have the two pictures hanging in the queen's closet. They are so represented in a print prefixed to Rowe's *Hamlet*, published in 1709. Afterwards it became the fashion for Hamlet to take two miniatures from his pocket; but as Hamlet would not be likely to carry his uncle's picture in that way, a Bath actor suggested snatching it from his mother's neck. Another arrangement was to have the new king's portrait hanging on the wall, while Hamlet took his father's from his bosom. Fitzgerald, in his *Life of Garrick*, suggested that the pictures be seen with the mind's eye only; and this is followed by Irving and Salvini. Fechter tears the miniature from the queen's neck and throws it away. Edwin Booth makes use of two miniatures, taking one from his own neck and the other from the queen's (F.).

54. *Counterfeit*. Cf. the use of the noun in *Sonn. 16. 8*: "your painted counterfeit;" and see also *M. of V.* iii. 2. 116 and *T. of A.* v. 1. 83.

Presentment. Representation. In the only other instance of the word in S. (*T. of A.* i. 1. 27) it means presentation. Wr. quotes Milton, *Comus*, 156.

"Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments."

55. *This brow*. The 4th and 5th quarto and the folios have "his."

56. *Hyperion's*. See on i. 2. 140 above.

The front of Jove. That is, the forehead; as in *Rich. III.* i. 1. 9: "his wrinkled front," etc. See cut on p. 166.

58. *Station*. Attitude in standing (Theo.). Cf. *Macb.* v. 8. 42 and *A. and C.* iii. 3. 22.

59. *New-lighted*. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 63: "new-lighted from his horse." S. is fond of compounds with *new*; as "new-added" (*J. C.* iv. 3. 109), "new-apparelled" (*C. of E.* iv. 3. 14), "new-built" (*T. of S.* v. 2. 118, *Cymb.* i. 5. 59), "new-crowned" (*M. of V.* iii. 2. 50, *K. John*, iv. 2. 35), "new-fallen" (*V. and A.* 354, *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 182, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 44), and so on.

Heaven-kissing. Cf. *R. of L.* 1370: "cloud-kissing Ilion."

66. *Leave*. See on i. 2. 155 above.

67. *Batten*. Fatten. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 35: "batten on cold bits," Milton, *Lycidas*, 29: "battening our flocks," etc.

69. *Hoy-day*. "Frolicsome wildness" (Schmidt). Steevens quotes Ford, 'T is Pity, etc.: "The hey-day of your luxury." S. does not use

it elsewhere as a noun. We have it as an exclamation in *Temp.* ii. 2. 190 ("highday" in the old eds.), *Rich.* III. iv. 4. 460, *T. and C.* v. 1. 73, and *T. of A.* i. 2. 137 (in these last three passages "hoyday" in most of the early eds.). *Highday* in *M. of T.* ii. 9. 98 is another word = holiday.

71-76. *Sense . . . difference.* This passage is omitted in the folio. *Sense* = sensibility, sensation; and *motion* = impulse, desire (as in *M. for M.* i. 4. 59: "The wanton stings and motions of the sense," etc.). "You must have perception, else how could you still have desire?" (M.).

73. *Apoplex'd.* Affected as with apoplexy.

Would not err. That is, err so (Wr.).

74. *Ecstasy.* Insanity; as in ii. 1. 102 and iii. 1. 160 above.

75. *Quantity.* Measure, degree. "Sense was never so dominated by the delusions of insanity but that it retained some power of choice" (H.). *Quantity* is sometimes used contemptuously (= an insignificant portion), as in *C. of E.* iv. 3. 112, *K. John*, v. 4. 23, and *2 Hen. IV.* v. 1. 70.

76. *To serve*, etc. "To help your decision where the difference is so complete" (M.).

77. *Hoodman-blind.* Blind-man's-buff. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 136: "Hoodman comes!" Sr. quotes Baret, *Alvearie*: "The Hoodwinke play, or hoodmanblinde, in some places called the Blindmanbuf."

79. *Sans.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 163 or *Temp.* p. 114.

81. *So mope.* Be so stupid. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 239: "And were brought moping hither" (that is, bewildered); and *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 143: "to mope with his fat-brained followers."

83. *Mutine.* The same as *mutiny* (= rebel), which S. elsewhere uses. We find *mutine* as a noun (=a rebel) in v. 2. 6 below, and also in *K. John*, ii. 1. 378. *Mutineer* occurs once (*Temp.* iii. 2. 40), and so does *mutiner* (*Cor.* i. 1. 254).

86. *Compulsive.* Cf. *compulsative*, i. 1. 103 above. *Compulsive* occurs again in *Oth.* iii. 3. 454. On gives the charge, cf. *R. of L.* 434.

88. *Panders will.* Panders to appetite.

90. *Grained.* Dyed in grain. Marsh (*Lect. on Eng. Lang.*) shows that *grain* originally meant the dye *kermes*, obtained from the coccus insect; but as this sense grew less familiar, and the word came to be used chiefly as expressive of *fastness* of colour, an idea which was associated with dyeing in the wool or other raw material, *dyed in grain* got this latter meaning. Wr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Graine: . . . graine where-with cloth is dyed in graine; Scarlet dye, Scarlet in graine."

91. *Leave their tinct.* Part with or give up their dye. On *leave*, cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 172, 196, *Cor.* ii. 3. 180, etc.; and on *tinct*, cf. *Cymb.* ii. 2. 23. The latter word = tincture in *A. W.* v. 3. 102 and *A. and C.* i. 5. 37.

94. *In.* Into. See Gr. 159.

97. *Precedent.* Former; used also in *T. of A.* i. 1. 133 and *A. and C.* iv. 14. 83, and with the same accent as here. The *noun* is always accented on the first syllable. See v. 2. 237 below; also *M. of V.* iv. 1. 220, etc.

A vice of kings. A clown of a king; alluding to the *Vice* in the old moralities or moral-plays. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 134:

"Like to the old Vice,
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil," etc.

The Vice was equipped with a wooden sword or dagger, with which he used to beat the devil and sometimes tried to pare his nails. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 343 and *Hen. V.* iv. 4. 76.

98. *Cutpurse.* "Purses were usually worn outside attached to the girdle" (Wr.).

101. *A king of shreds and patches.* Referring to the motley dress worn by the professional fool (see *A. Y. L.* p. 162) and generally by the Vice.

102. The stage-direction in the 1st quarto is "*Enter the Ghost in his night gowne;*" that is, in his dressing-gown. See *Mach.* p. 194. The Coll. MS. has "*Enter Ghost unarmed.*"

Save me, etc. M. remarks here: "Just when Hamlet's rage is on the verge of becoming impotent and verbose, it is restored to overpowering grandeur by the ghost's reappearance, . . . who with divine compassion interferes to save his erring wife from distraction. Cf. the splendid passage in Tennyson's *Guinevere*, where Arthur says to his false queen:

"I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee laying there thy golden head . . .
Lo, I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives; do thou for thine own soul the rest . . .
Let no man dream but that I love thee still—
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter, in that world where all are pure,
We too may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband."'

105. *Laps'd in time and passion.* The meaning seems to be, having let time slip by while indulging in mere passion. Johnson says: "having suffered time to slip and passion to cool;" and Schmidt: "who, surprised by you in a time and passion fit for the execution of your command, lets them go by."

106. *Important.* Momentous; or, perhaps, urgent (as in *C. of E.* v. 1. 138, *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 74, etc.).

112. *Conceit.* Imagination. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 145: "with mere conceit and fear;" *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 33: "'T is nothing but conceit," etc.

116. *Incorporal.* Immaterial. Cf. *corporal* in *J. C.* iv. 1. 33, *Mach.* i. 3. 81, etc. S. uses neither *corporeal* nor *incorporeal*.

119. *Bedded.* Lying flat (Schmidt). Wr. explains it as "matted."

Hair. The quartos and 1st and 2d folios have "haire," and are followed by most of the modern eds. The Camb. and W. give "hairs." S. uses the plural very often in this way. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 120, *J. C.* ii. 1. 144, *A. and C.* ii. 7. 123, etc.

Excrements. Excrescences, outgrowths (as if from *excrescere*, like *increment* from *increscere*). Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 79, *L. L. L.* v. 1. 109, *M. of V.*

iii. 2. 87, and *W. T.* iv. 4. 734. See *Mer.* p. 149. S. uses the word only once in its modern sense (*T. of A.* iv. 3. 445).

120. *Start . . . stand.* The reading of the early quartos and the folio. For *an end*, see on i. 5. 19 above.

121. *Distemper.* Cf. ii. 2. 55 and iii. 2. 280 above.

125. *Capable.* Capable of feeling, susceptible. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 23: "the capable impression." See also iii. 2. 10 above, and cf. *incapable* = insensible, in iv. 7. 177 below.

127. *Effects.* Action (Schmidt). Cf. *V. and A.* 605, *Lear*, i. 1. 188, etc. Convert my stern effects = change my stern action, or the execution of my stern purpose.

128. *Will want true colour.* Will lose its proper character. Caldecott compares "leave their tinct" in 91 above.

133. *In his habit*, etc. In his dress as when alive. See on 102 above.

136. *Ecstasy.* See on 74 above. The meaning here is evident from Hamlet's reply.

141. *Re-word.* Repeat in the same words. Cf. *L. C.* 1, where it is applied to the echo.

142. *For love.* For the omission of *the*, see Gr. 89.

148. *What is to come.* Seymour would read "what else will come," as what is to come cannot be avoided; but this is to change rhetoric to logic, poetry to prose. Of course Hamlet means what is to come if the future is to be like the past, but it was not necessary to state it in that precise way.

150. *Forgive*, etc. Possibly St. is right in taking this to be addressed to his own *virtue*, and marking it "aside." Clarke says: "Surely the context shows that Hamlet asks his mother to pardon the candour of his virtuous reproof, emphasizing it by line 151."

151. *Pursy.* "Swelled with pampering" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of A.* v. 4. 12: "pursy insolence."

153. *Curb and woo.* "Bend and truckle" (Steevens); "bow and beg" (Wr.). *Curb* is the Fr. *courber*, and is printed "courb" in the folio. Perhaps it is as well to retain that spelling, as Theo., Warb., F., and some others do. Cf. *Piers Plowman*:

"Thanne I courbed on my knees,
And cried hire of grace"

Schmidt makes *curb* here = "keep back, refrain."

154. "Note the use of the more affectionate *thou*" (F.). See Gr. 231.

155. *Worser.* Often used by S. See *R. of L.* 249, 294, 453, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 208, *Rich. III.* i. 3. 102, etc.

M. remarks here: "The manly compassion of a pure heart to the weak and fallen could not express itself with more happy persuasiveness than in this reply, which takes the unhappy queen's mere wail of sorrow and transmutes it to a soul-strengthening resolve."

159-163. *That monster . . . fuit on.* This is omitted in the folio. Many attempts have been made to emend it, but without really amending it. As it stands, the meaning seems to be: That monster, custom, who destroys all sensibility (or sensitiveness), the evil genius of our habits (that is, bad ones), is yet an angel in this respect, that it tends to give to our good ac-

tions also the ease and readiness of habit. M. paraphrases the latter part of the passage thus: "Just as a new dress or uniform becomes familiar to us by habit, so custom enables us readily to execute the outward and practical part of the good and fair actions which we inwardly desire to do." No doubt, as Wr. remarks, the double meaning of *habits* suggested the *frock or livery*.

165-168. *The next more . . . potency.* Omitted in the folio.

167. *And either master the, etc.* The 2d and 3d quartos have "And either the;" the 4th, "And Maister the;" the 5th, "And master the." The gap in the earlier text has been filled by "curb," "quell," "mate," "lay," "house," "aid," "mask," "shame," etc. *Master* may have been a mere conjecture of the editor of the 4th quarto, but it has at least that much of authority in its favour, and completes the sense as well as any other word. It has been objected that it mars the metre; but if we read it "master th' devil," it is like a hundred other lines in S. This reading is adopted by Walker, D. (2d ed.), and F. "Curb" is preferred by Sr., W., and H. Furnivall suggests "tame."

169. *To be blest.* By God; that is, when you are repentant.

170. *For.* As for. Cf. i. 5. 139 above. Gr. 149.

172. *To punish me, etc.* "To punish me by making me the instrument of this man's death, and to punish this man by my hand" (Malone).

173. *Their.* For other examples of the plural use of *heaven*, see Rich. II. p. 157. Cf. *heavens*, ii. 2. 38 above.

174. *Bestow him.* Dispose of him, put him out of the way. Cf. M. W. iv. 2. 48: "Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?" See also on ii. 2. 508 above.

Answer. Account for. Cf. T. N. iii. 3. 28: "were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd;" W. T. i. 2. 83: "The offences we have made you do we'll answer," etc.

180. *Bloat.* Bloated. See on i. 2. 20 above, or Gr. 342.

181. *Mouse.* For its use as a term of endearment, cf. L. L. L. v. 2. 19 and T. N. i. 5. 69. Steevens quotes Warner, *Albion's England*: "God bless thee, mouse, the bridegroom said;" and Burton, *Anat. of Melancholy*: "pleasant names may be invented, bird, mouse, lamb, pus, pigeon, etc."

182. *Reechy.* Dirty. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 143: "the reechy painting;" and *Cor.* ii. 1. 225: "her reechy neck." The word is only another form of *reeky*, soiled with smoke or reek (cf. M. W. iii. 3. 86).

183. *Paddling.* Cf. W. T. i. 2. 115 and Oth. ii. 1. 259.

184. *Ravel out.* Unravel, disentangle. Cf. Rich. II. iv. 1. 228: "Must I ravel out My weav'd-up folly?" *Ravel*=tangle in T. G. of V. iii. 2. 52 and *Mach.* ii. 2. 37.

185. *Essentially am not.* Am not essentially or really. Cf. Gr. 420, 421.

187. *For who, etc.* Spoken ironically.

188. *Paddock.* Toad. See *Mach.* p. 152.

Gib. A male cat. Nares says: "An expression exactly analogous to that of a *Jack-ass*, the one being formerly called *Gib*, or *Gilbert*, as commonly as the other *Jack*. *Tom-cat* is now the usual term, and for a simi-

lar reason. Coles has 'Gib, a contraction for *Gilbert*,' and 'a Gib-cat, *catu, fuis mas.*' The female cat was called *Graymalkin* or *Grimalkin*; *Malkin* being originally a diminutive of *Mall* (Moll) or *Mary*. We find *gib-cat* in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 83.

189. *Concernings.* Concerns; as in *M. for M.* i. 1. 57.

191-193. The reference is to some old story that has not come down to us; perhaps, as Warner suggests, also alluded to by Sir John Suckling in one of his letters: "It is the story of the jackanapes and the partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it be lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and starest after that till it is gone too."

193. *Conclusions.* Experiments. Cf. *R. of L.* 1160:

"That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none."

See also *A. and C.* v. 2. 358, *Cymb.* i. 5. 18, etc.

195. *Be thou assur'd*, etc. "The queen keeps her word, and is rewarded by the atoning punishment which befalls her in this world. Rue is herb of grace to her, as poor Ophelia says" (M.).

198. *I must to England.* We are not told how Hamlet came to know this. Miles says that on his way to his mother he *must* have overheard the interview between the king and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. S. does not always take the trouble to make these little matters clear in the play.

199. For *forgot*, see Gr. 343; and for *There's* in next line, Gr. 335.

200-208. Omitted in the folio.

201. *Fang'd.* Johnson and Schmidt understand this to mean *with* their fangs, Seymour and Caldecott *without* them. It may be noted that S. expresses the latter idea by *fangless* in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 218.

204. *Enginer.* The folio has the word also in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 8 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 65; *engineer* not at all. Cf. *pioner* in i. 5. 163 above, *mutiner* (see on 83 above), etc. See Gr. 443; and for the accent, 492.

205. *Hoist.* Schmidt makes this the participle of *hoise*, which occurs in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 169: "We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat;" and in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 529: "Hoised sail." S. also uses the verb *hoist*; as in *Sonn.* 117. 7: "I have hoisted sail;" *A. and C.* iii. 10. 15: "Hoists sails," etc. Cf. Gr. 342.

Petar. The same as *petard*. Wr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Pe-tart: A Petard, or Petarre; an Engine (made like a Bell, or Morter) wherewith strong gates are burst open."

For 't shall go hard, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 75, 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 354, etc.

207. *At.* See Gr. 143.

209. *Packing.* Schmidt makes this—going off in a hurry. Cf. *send packing* in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 328, *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 63, etc. Wr. explains it as "contriving, plotting" (with a play on the other sense); as in *T. of S.* v. 1. 121, etc.

210. *Guts.* Steevens gives examples to show that anciently this word was not so offensive to delicacy as at present. It is used by Lyly: "who made the first attempt to polish our language;" also by Stonyhurst in his translation of Virgil, and by Chapman in his *Iliad*. Halliwell says.

"I have seen a letter, written about a century ago, in which a lady of rank, addressing a gentleman, speaks of her *guts* with the same nonchalance with which we should now write *stomach*." St. remarks that here "it really signifies no more than *lack-brain* or *shallow-pate*."

On the adjective use of *neighbour*, cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 94, *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 79, etc.

St. considers that this line was introduced merely to afford the player an excuse for removing the body. In the time of S. an actor was obliged not only to play two or more parts in the same drama, but to perform such servile offices as are now done by attendants of the stage. This explains Falstaff's clumsy and unseemly exploit of carrying off Harry Percy's body on his back. See also *R. and J.* iii. 1. 201, *Rich. II.* v. 5. 118, 119, *1 Hen. IV.* v. 4. 160, *Rich. III.* i. 4. 287, 288, *Lear*, iv. 6, 280-282, *J. C.* iii. 2. 261, etc.

214. *To draw.* See Gr. 356, and cf. iii. 2. 321 above.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—1. *Profound.* The king uses *profound* equivocally, as it may mean *deep* literally and *deep* in significance, and upon the latter meaning *translate* bears (Corson).

7. *Mad.* "The queen both follows her son's injunction in keeping up the belief in his madness, and, with maternal ingenuity, makes it the excuse for his rash deed" (Clarke).

10. *Whips.* For the omission of the subject, cf. iii. 1. 8 above. The folio reads: "He whips his Rapier out, and cries," etc.

11. *Brainish.* "Brainsick" (Schmidt); used by S. nowhere else.

16. *Answer'd.* Explained, accounted for. Cf. iii. 4. 174 above.

18. *Kept short.* "Kept, as it were, tethered, under control" (Wr.).

Out of haunt. "Out of company" (Steevens). Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 15 and *A. and C.* iv. 14. 54.

22. *Divulging.* Being divulged, becoming known.

24. *Apart.* Aside. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 391: "to draw the Moor apart," etc. See also iv. 5. 183 below.

25. *Ore.* Apparently used by S. only of gold. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 40: "this counterfeit lump of ore." In *R. of L.* 56, some eds. read "ore," but "o'er" is better. In the English-French appendix to Cotgrave's *Dict. ore* is confined to gold (Wr.).

26. *Mineral.* Mine (Steevens and Schmidt). Cf. Hall, *Satires*, vi. 148: "fired brimstone in a mineral." St. says it is "rather a *metallic vein* in a mine." Elsewhere in S. it means a poisonous mineral. See *Oth.* i. 2. 74, ii. 1. 306, and *Cymb.* v. 5. 50.

27. *Weeps.* "Either this is an entire invention of the queen, or Hamlet's mockeries had been succeeded by sorrow" (M.).

36. *Speak fair.* Speak gently or kindly. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 11, *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 128, etc. So also "speak *him* fair," "speak *you* fair," etc.; as in *C. of E.* iv. 2. 16, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 199, etc.

40. *Untimely.* Often used adverbially; as in *Macb.* v. 8. 16, *R. and J.* iii. 1. 123, v. 3. 258, etc.

So, haply, slander. The text of both quartos and folios is defective here. Theo. inserted "For, haply, slander," and Capell changed "For" to "So." The emendation has been generally adopted. The remainder of the passage, *Whose whisper . . . woundless air*, is found in the quartos, but not in the folios.

41. *O'er the world's diameter.* M. explains this, "Slander can pass in direct line from hence to the antipodes without going round by the semi-circumference of the earth;" but we doubt whether S. thought of it in that mathematical way. *O'er the world's diameter* probably meant to him "to the ends of the earth."

42. *Blank.* "The white mark at which shot or arrows were aimed" (Steevens). Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 5, *Lear*, i. 1. 161, etc.

44. *Woundless air.* Cf. i. 1. 145 above: "as the air invulnerable."

SCENE II.—3. The early quartos and some modern eds. have "But soft, what noise?"

7. *Compounded it*, etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 71. 10: "When I perhaps compounded am with clay." See also 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 116.

12. *Demanded of.* Questioned by. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 139: "Well demanded;" *Oth.* v. 2. 301: "Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil, Why," etc. For *of*, see Gr. 170.

13. *Replication.* Reply. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 15, *J. C.* i. 1. 51, and *L. C.* 122.

15. *Countenance.* Patronage, favour. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 13:

"The man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king," etc.

Authorities. Attributes or offices of authority. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 6, *Lear*, i. 3. 17, etc.

17. *As an ape doth nuts.* The reading of the 1st quarto; adopted by Sr., St., and H. The other quartos have "like an apple;" the folio, "like an Ape," which is followed by most of the modern eds. F. has "like an ape doth apples," a construction found only in *Per.* i. 1. 163 (where the folios have "as") and ii. 4. 36.

19. *Squeezing you*, etc. Steevens quotes Marston, *Sat.* vii. :

"He's but a sponge, and shortly needs must ieze
His wrong-got juice, when greatnes' fist shall squeeze
His liquor out."

Caldecott adds from *Apology for Herodotus*, 1608: "When princes (as the toy takes them in the head) have used courtiers as sponges to drinke what juice they can from the poore people, they take pleasure afterwards to wring them out into their owne cisternes."

22. *A knavish speech*, etc. A proverb since the time of S., but not known to have been such earlier (Steevens).

26. *The body*, etc. If this is not meant to be nonsense, the commentators have made nothing else of it.

29. *Of nothing.* Steevens gives several examples of the phrase "a

thing of nothing ;" and Whalley adds *Ps.* cxliv. 4 (Prayer-book version): "Man is like a thing of nought." Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 2. 14: "A thing of naught," and see note in our ed. p. 178.

Hide fox, etc. "There is a play among children thus called" (Hammer). M. says: "Hamlet sheathes his sword, and, as if he were playing hide-and-seek, cries, 'now the fox is hid: let all go after him.'" For *fox*=sword, see *Hen. V.* p. 179.

SCENE III.—4. *Of.* See on iv. 2. 12 above.

6. *Scourge.* Punishment; as in *Rich.* III. i. 4. 50, etc.

9. *Deliberate pause.* "A matter of deliberate arrangement" (M.). Cf. iii. 3. 42 above.

Diseases desperate, etc. Rushton quotes Lylly, *Euphues*: "But I feare me wher so straunge a sicknesse is to be recured of so vnskilfull a Phisition, that either thou wilt be to bold to practise, or my body too weake to purge. But seeing a desperate disease is to be committed to a desperate Doctor, I wil follow thy counsel, and become thy cure."

21. *Convocation of politic worms.* "Holding congress over the great politician" (M.); perhaps alluding, as Sr. suggests, to the Imperial Diets held at Worms.

Your. See on i. 5. 167, and cf. iii. 2. 108 above. See also v. 1 161 below: "your water," etc.

27. *Eat.* For the form of the participle, see *Rich.* II. p. 104 or *A. Y. L.* p. 165. Gr. 343.

31. *Progress.* A royal journey of state was always so called (Stevens). Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 76: "The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's."

33. *Send thither to see.* For you cannot go yourself, as you can to "the other place."

40. *Tender.* Regard, cherish. Cf. i. 3. 107 above. According to Deilius *dearly* is to be understood: "as dearly tender as we grieve."

42. *With fiery quickness.* "In hot haste" (Wr.).

43. *At.* Abbott (Gr. 143) explains this as used instead of the obsolescent *a* (as in "a-cursing," ii. 2. 573 above) governing a noun, and compares *W. T.* v. 1. 140: "at friend," etc. Cf. i. 3. 2 above: "as the winds give benefit."

44. *Tend.* Attend, wait. Cf. i. 3. 83 above. For *is bent* the folio has "at bent."

47. *A cherub*, etc. "The cherubs are angels of love; they therefore of course know of such true affection as the king's for Hamlet" (M.).

53. *At foot.* At his heels (Gr. 143). Schmidt compares *A. and C.* i. 5. 44 and ii. 2. 160.

56. *Leans on.* Depends on; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 164, *T. and C.* iii. 3. 85, etc. There is a play upon the expression in *M. for M.* ii. 1. 49.

57. *Hold'st at aught.* Dost value at all. Gr. 143.

58. *As.* For so (Gr. 110). Cf. iv. 7. 157 and v. 2. 324 below.

60. *Free.* Willing, ready (Schmidt); no longer enforced by the Danish sword. Or we may say that *free awe pays homage*=awe pays free

homage. Cf. the examples of the "transposition of epithets" in Schmidt, *Appendix*, p. 1423.

61. *Coldly set.* "Regard with indifference" (Schmidt). Cf. "set me light" = esteem me lightly, in *Sonn.* 88. 1 and "sets it light" in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 293.

63. *Conjuring.* The folio reading; the quartos have "congruing," which Wr. prefers. On the accent of *conjure* in S. see *M. N. D.* p. 164.

64. *Present.* Instant. Cf. *R. of L.* 1263, 1307, *M. for M.* ii. 4. 152, iv. 2. 171, 223, etc. See on *presently*, ii. 2. 170 above.

65. *Hectic.* Wr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Hectique: Sicke of an Hectick, or continual Feauer." S. uses the word only here.

67. *Haps.* Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 105: "loving goes by haps;" *T. A.* v. 3. 202: "our heavy haps," etc. The Coll. MS. has "hopes," which was also a conjecture of Johnson's.

Begun. "Tschischwitz, having found that *gin* is used for *begin*, suggests, reads, and defends 'my joys will ne'er be *gun*'" (F.).

SCENE IV.—3. *Claims.* The folio reading; the quartos have "Craues" (Craves) which some editors prefer.

5. *If that.* For that as a "conjunctional affix," see Gr. 287.

6. *In his eye.* In his presence; especially used of the royal presence (Steevens). Cf. *A and C.* ii. 2. 212: "tended her i' the eyes," etc. Steevens quotes *The Establishment of the Household of Prince Henry*, 1610: "all such as doe service in the Prince's eye;" and *The Regulations for the Queen's Household*, 1627: "Such as doe service in the Queen's eye." F. refers to iv. 7. 45 below.

8. *Softly.* Slowly, gently; probably addressed to his soldiers. Cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 16: "Octavius, lead your battle softly on," etc. The folio has "safely."

The remainder of this scene (9-66) is omitted in the folio.

9. *Powers.* Troops. Both the singular and the plural are used in this sense (cf. *force* and *forces*). See *J. C.* p. 168, note on *Are levying powers.*

11. *How purpos'd?* Having what purpose or destination? Cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 296: "So am I purpos'd," etc.

14. *Norway.* The King of Norway. See on i. 2. 125 above.

15. *The main.* "The chief power" (Wr.); or the country as a whole (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 273: "all our main of power," etc.

17. To mend the metre Pope read "speak it" and Capell "speak, sir." "Speak on 't" and "no more addition" have also been suggested.

20. *Five ducats, five.* "A rent of five ducats, only five" (Wr.).

Farm. Take on lease. S. uses the verb only here and in *Rich. II.* i. 4. 45: "to farm our royal realm."

22. *Ranker.* Greater. See *A. Y. L.* p. 186.

25, 26. It has been plausibly suggested that these lines belong to the Captain, not to Hamlet. *Debate the question* = decide the question.

27. *Imposthume.* Inward sore or abscess. Cf. *T. and A.* 743 and *T. and C.* v. 1. 24. Caldecott quotes *1 Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 32: "the cankers of a calm world and long peace." For the origin of the word, see Wb.

34. *Market of his time.* "That for which he sells his time" (Johnson).

36. *Such large discourse*, etc. "Such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past and anticipating the future" (Johnson). Theo. remarks that *looking before and after* is "an expression purely Homeric," and refers to *Iliad*, iii. 109 and xviii. 250.

39. *Fust*. To grow mouldy or "fusty" (*T. and C.* i. 3. 161, ii. 1. 111, and *Cor.* i. 9. 7). S. uses the verb nowhere else.

41. *Of*. In consequence of. Gr. 168.

"Hamlet envies every one who has quick and determined resolution, and whose energy does not, like his own, evaporate in meditation, and pass by opportunity after opportunity for action" (M.).

Event=issue; as in 50 below.

44. *To do*. For this use of the active infinitive, see Gr. 359.

45. *Sith*. See on ii. 2. 6. Gr. 132.

46. *Gross*. Palpable, obvious. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 250: "gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

47. *Charge*. Cost, expense. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 49: "This expedition's charge," etc.

49. *Puff'd*. Inspired.

50. *Makes mouths*, etc. "Utterly scorns the dire uncertainties of the war" (M.). For *makes mouths*, cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 238 and *Lear*, iii. 2. 36.

54. *Is not*, etc. The *not* modifies *is*, as F. notes: "To stir without great argument, upon every trifling occasion, is not an attribute of greatness; . . . but it *is* the attribute of greatness to stir instantly and at a trifle when the heart is touched."

For *argument*=matter in dispute, see *Hen. V.* p. 163.

58. *My reason and my blood*. Cf. iii. 2. 64: "blood and judgment," and see note.

61. *Trick of fame*. "Point of honour" (Caldecott). Cf. *Cor.* iv. 4. 21: "Some trick [that is, trifle] not worth an egg." Delius considers that of *fame* belongs to *fantasy* also: "an illusion and a whim that promise fame." On the passage, cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 152:

"Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."

63. *Whereon*, etc. That is, not large enough to hold the armies that fight for it.

64. *Continent*. Receptacle, that which *contains*. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 92:

"Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents;"

A. and C. iv. 14. 40: "Heart, once be stronger than thy continent," etc. Reed quotes Bacon, *Adv. of L.*: "and if there be no fulness, then is the continent greater than the content."

SCENE V.—The stage-direction in the quartos is "Enter *Horatio, Gerard, and a Gentleman*;" in the folio, "Enter *Queen and Horatio*." The latter gives to Horatio the speeches of the Gentleman. "Lines 11-13, so cautiously obscure, seem better suited to an ordinary courtier than to *Horatio*" (Wr.).

2. *Distract*. See on *deject*, iii. 1. 155, or Gr. 342.

3. *Will*. See Gr. 319.

5. *There's.* See on iii. 4. 199 above.

6. *Spurns.* Kicks (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 83: "That like a football you do spurn me thus," etc.

Enviously angrily, spitefully (Nares). So *envious* often = spiteful, and *envy* = malice, spite. See *Rich.* II. p. 172.

8. *Unshaped.* Formless, confused. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 23: "This deed unshapes me quite;" that is, deranges or confuses me.

9. *To collection.* "To endeavour to collect some meaning from it" (Mason).

For *aim* the quartos have "yawne." *Aim* = guess; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 45, *T. of S.* ii. 1. 237, *2 Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 58, etc.

11-13. "The general sense of this ill-expressed sentence is more easily understood than paraphrased. The speaker is afraid of committing himself to any definite statement. If he had spoken out he would have said, 'Her words and gestures lead one to infer that some great misfortune has happened to her'" (Wr.).

14-16. The quartos give all three lines to Horatio; the folio to the queen. The arrangement in the text was suggested by Blackstone, and is adopted by Coll., St., the Camb. editors, M., and F.

On the measure of 14, see Gr. 461.

Ill-breeding = "hatching mischief" (Schmidt).

18. *Toy.* Trifle. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard," etc.

Amiss. Misfortune, disaster. Also used as a noun in *Sonn.* 35. 7 and 151. 3. Steevens quotes *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584: "Gracious forbearers of this world's amiss;" and Lyl, *Woman in the Moon*: "to witness my amiss."

19. *Jealousy.* Suspicion; as in ii. 1. 113 above. The meaning is, "Guilt is so full of suspicion that it unskilfully betrays itself in fearing to be betrayed" (Wr.).

21. Sir Joshua Reynolds says: "There is no part of the play in its representation on the stage more pathetic than this scene; which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effect. In the latter the audience supply what she wants, and with the former they sympathize." See also p. 28 above.

25. *Cockle-hat.* The cockle-shell in the hat was the badge of a pilgrim.

26. *Shoon.* As Delius remarks, this plural was archaic in the time of S. He puts it also into the mouth of Cade, *2 Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 195.

37. *Larded.* Garnished (Caldecott). Cf. v. 2. 20 below. See also *M. W.* iv. 6. 14, *T. and C.* v. i. 63, etc.

38. *Did go.* All the early eds. have "did not go;" corrected by Pope.

41. *God 'ield you!* God yield or reward you. See *Macb.* p. 175, or *A. Y. L.* p. 180.

The owl, etc. According to Douce, there is a story current in Gloucestershire that our Saviour went into a baker's shop to ask for bread. The mistress of the shop would have given him all he wanted, but was reprimanded by her daughter, who for her lack of charity was transformed into an owl.

44. *Conceit*. Imagination; as in iii. 4. 112 above.

45. *Of*. About. Gr. 174.

49. *And I*, etc. The first girl seen by a man on the morning of this day was considered his Valentine or true-love. The custom continued until the last century, and is graphically alluded to by Gay (Halliwell).

59. *This is*. Metrically equivalent to one syllable. Gr. 461.

60. *O Gertrude, Gertrude*. The quartos read "death, and now behold, o," etc. Stratmann suggests that S. first wrote "And now behold," and then substituted "O Gertrude, Gertrude."

61. *When sorrows come*, etc. That is, "misfortunes never come single."

Spies. Scouts sent in advance of the main army.

64. *Remove*. See on *avouch*, i. 1. 57; and cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 4, *A. and C.* i. 2. 203, etc.

Muddied . . . unwholesome. These refer primarily to the blood, and then to the mood of the people (Delius).

66. *Greenly*. Foolishly. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 149: "look greenly." See also i. 3. 101 above.

67. *In hugger-mugger*. Secretly and hurriedly. Steevens quotes North's *Plutarch*: "Antonius thinking good . . . that his bodie should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger." Malone cites Florio, *Ital. Dict.*: "Dinascoso, secretly, hiddenly, in hugger-mugger." Cf. also Spenser, *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 139:

"Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand."

68. *Divided*, etc. Cf. v. 2. 112 below.

72. *Feeds on his wonder*. The quartos read "Feeds on this wonder;" the folio, "Keepes on his wonder." The reading in the text is Johnson's. "The mysterious death of Polonius filled his son with doubt and amazement" (Wr.).

Keeps himself in clouds. Is reserved and mysterious in his conduct (Theo.).

73. *Buzzers*. Whisperers, tale-bearers (Schmidt); used by S. only here. Cf. the verb *buzz*=whisper, in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 26, 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 86, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 148, etc.

75. *Wherein*, etc. "Wherein (that is, in which pestilent speeches) necessity, or the obligation of an accuser to support his charge, will nothing stick," etc. (Johnson).

76. *Person*. The quarto reading; the folio has "persons." The king is speaking of himself only (D.).

78. *A murthering-piece*. A cannon loaded with case-shot. Steevens quotes Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627: "A case shot is any kinde of smal bulletts, nailes, old iron, or the like, to put into the case, to shoot out of the ordinances [see *Hen. V.* p. 161] or murderers." M. defines it as "a rude *mitrailluse* of the day, the *pétier* or *perrié*, which discharged stones so that they shattered into many fragmentes."

80. *Switzers*. "Swiss guards such as served in France, Spain, and Naples—the men whose fidelity to Louis XVI. on the terrible 10th of August is commemorated by the Lucerne lion" (M.). Reed says: "In

many of our old plays the guards attendant on kings are called *Switzers*, and that without any regard to the country where the scene lies." Malone quotes Nash, *Christ's Teares over Jerusaclm*, 1594: "Law, logieke, and the Switzers, may be hired to fight for any body."

82. *Overpeering of his list*. Rising above (literally, looking over) its boundary. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 12: "Do overpeer the petty traffickers;" *3 Hen. VI.* v. 2. 14: "Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree," etc. For *list*, cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 295: "confined within the weak list of a country's fashion;" *Oth.* iv. 1. 76: "Confine yourself but in a patient list," etc.

83. *Eats not*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 47: "He seem'd in running to devour the way."

84. *Head*. Armed force (Schmidt); as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 284: "To save our heads by raising of a head;" *Id.* iv. 4. 25: "a head Of gallant warriors," etc.

86. *As if*. Cf. iii. 4. 133 above.

87. *Forgot*. For the form, see Gr. 343; and for the construction, Gr. 376.

88. *Of every word*. "Of everything that is to serve as a watchword and shibboleth to the multitude" (Schmidt). "Ward," "weal," "work," etc., have been proposed as emendations, but none is necessary.

93. *Counter*. Hounds *run counter* when they trace the scent backwards. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, says: "When a hound hunteth backwards the same way that the chase is come, then we say he hunteth counter." Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 39 and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 102.

99. *Calmly*, etc. Johnson inserts here the stage-direction, "Laying hold on him." Cf. 105 below.

102. *Unsmirched*. Unstained, unsullied. Cf. *besmirch*, i. 3. 15 above; and *smirched* in *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 17, etc. The early eds. have "brow" or "browe."

105. *Fear*. Fear for. See on i. 3. 51 above. M. remarks: "The king is truly royal where conscience does not stand in his way."

106. *There's such divinity*, etc. Boswell quotes from Chettle's *Englandes Mourning Garment* the following anecdote of Queen Elizabeth: While her majesty was on the river near Greenwich, a shot was fired by accident which struck the royal barge, and hurt a waterman near her. "The French ambassador being amazed, and all crying Treason, Treason! yet she, with an undaunted spirit, came to the open place of the barge, and bad them never feare, for if the shot were made at her, they durst not shoote againe: such majestic had her presence, and such boldnesse her heart, that she despised all feare, and was, as all princes are or should be, so full of divine fullnesse, that guiltie mortalitie durst not beholde her but with dazed eyes."

Hedge. Caldecott refers to *Job*, i. 10 and iii. 21.

117. *Both the worlds*. This world and the next. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 16, where the expression means heaven and earth.

119. *Throughly*. Thoroughly. See *Mer.* p. 144, note on *Through-fares*.

120. *My will*. That is, only my own will (Wr.). The quartos have "worlds," and Pope "world's."

124. *Is 't writ*, etc. Wr. compares i. 2. 222 above.

125. *Swoopstake*. "Are you going to vent your rage on both friend and foe; like a gambler who insists on sweeping the stakes whether the point is in his favour or not?" (M.).

128. *Thus wide*. With appropriate gesture. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 167 (Wr.).

129. *Pelican*. The folio has "Politician." Caldecott quotes Dr. Sherwen: "By the pelican's dropping upon its breast its lower bill to enable its young to take from its capacious pouch, lined with a fine flesh-coloured skin, this appearance is, on feeding them, given." Rushton cites Lylly, *Euphues*: "the Pelicane, who stricketh bloud out of hir owne bodye to do others good." For other allusions to the same fable, see *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 126 and *Lear*, iii. 4. 77.

130. *Repast*. The verb is used by S. nowhere else.

133. *Sensibly*. The reading of the earlier quartos; the folio has "sensible," which some prefer. *Sensibly* = feelingly, as in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 114.

135. *Let her come in*. Given by the quartos to Laertes. The folio gives, as a stage-direction in the margin, "A noise within. Let her come in." As Theo. notes, Laertes could not know that it was his sister who caused the noise; nor would he command the guards to let her in, and then ask what the noise meant.

137. *Virtue*. Power. Cf. *V. and A.* 1131: "Their virtue lost" (referring to eyes); and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 348: "The virtue of your eye."

139. *By weight*. The folio reading; "with weight" in the quartos.

144-146. Omitted in the quartos. M. paraphrases the passage thus: "Nature is so spiritualized by love that it sends its most precious functions one by one after dear ones lost, as instances or samples of itself, till none remain."

149. *Rains*. The quartos have "rain'd."

154. *Wheel*. Malone explains this as the spinning-wheel, at which the singer is supposed to be occupied. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 45. Steevens makes the word = burden, or chorus, and quotes "from memory" a passage (but he cannot recollect where he saw it) in which it is thus used; but, as F. remarks, "when Steevens does not adduce line, page, and title, his illustrations are to be received with caution." No satisfactory example of the word in this sense has been found by anybody else.

The story of the *false steward* to which Ophelia alludes has not come down to our day.

156. *Matter*. Sense, meaning. Cf. ii. 2. 95 above.

157. *Rosemary*. The symbol of remembrance, particularly used at weddings and funerals (Schmidt). Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 74 and *R. and J.* iv. 5. 79. Sir Thomas More says of it: "I lett it run alle over my garden walls, not onlie because my bees love it, but because tis the herb sacred to remembrance, and therefore to friendship; whence a sprig of it hath a dumb language that maketh it the chosen emblem at our funeral wakes and in our buriall grounds." Cf. Herrick, *The Rosemarie Branch*:

"Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
Be 't for my bridall or my buriall;"

and Dekker, *Wonderful Year*: "The rosemary that was washed in sweet water to set out the bridal, is now wet in tears to furnish her burial."

158. *For thoughts.* Because the name is from the Fr. *pensée*, thought. The flower is the *love-in-idleness* of *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 168 and *T. of S.* i. 1. 156. Spenser calls it by the old name *paunce*. Cf. *F. Q.* iii. 1. 36:

"Sweet Rosemaryes
And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim;"

Id. iii. 11. 37: "The one a Paunce, the other a Sweet-breare;" and *Shep. Kal. Apr.*:

"The pretie Pawnce,
And the Chevisaunce."

Milton (*Lycidas*, 144) speaks of it as "the pansy freak'd with jet." Cf. *P. L.* ix. 1040 and *Comus*, 851.

159. *Document.* Lesson, precept; used by S. nowhere else. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 10. 19: "And heavenly documents thereout did preach."

161. *Fennel.* Malone says: "Ophelia gives her fennel and columbines to the king. In *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, the former is thus mentioned: 'Fennel is for flatterers,' etc. See also Florio, *Ital. Dict.* 1598: 'Dare finocchio, to give fennel, . . . to flatter, to dissemble.'" The plant was supposed to have many virtues, which are well stated by Longfellow in *The Goblet of Life*:

"Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
 Lost vision to restore.
It gave new strength and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their dairy food;
And he who battled and subdued
 A wreath of fennel wore."

Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 267: "and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel,"*

Columbines. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 661: "That columbine." Steevens quotes Chapman, *All Fools*, 1605:

"What's that?—a columbine?
No: that thankless flower grows not in my garden."

It was the emblem of cuckoldom on account of the horns of its nectaria. The *Caltha Poetarum*, 1590, speaks of it as "the blue cornuted columbine." It was also emblematic of forsaken lovers. Holt White quotes Browne, *Brit. Past.* i. 2:

"The columbine in tawny often taken
Is then ascribed to such as are forsaken."

162. *Rue.* This she gives to the queen. It was "the symbol of sorry remembrance" (Schmidt). Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 74 and *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 105. It was also called *herb of grace*, a name appropriate on Sunday, as Ophelia

* Our younger readers may be interested in the fact that *ferule* is derived from the Latin *ferula* the name of the giant fennel, the stalks of which were used as "birches" by the Roman schoolmaster.

says. Cf. *A. H.* iv. 5. 18. It was specially in repute as an eye-salve. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* xi. 414:

"then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see."

Ellacombe quotes the old lines of the *Schola Salerni*: "Nobilis est ruta quia lumina reddit acuta," etc.

163. *With a difference.* "The difference between the ruth and wretchedness of guilt, and the ruth and sorrows of misfortune" (Caldecott). Skeat explains the passage thus: "I offer you ruc, which has two meanings: it is sometimes called *herb of grace*, and in that sense I take some for myself; but with a slight difference of spelling it means *ruth*, and in that respect it will do for you." He adds that the explanation is Shakespeare's own, and refers to *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 105. For a different explanation, see Schmidt, s. v.

164. *Daisy.* Cf. iv. 7. 168 below; also *L. L. L.* v. 2. 904 and *R. of L.*

395. *Daisied* occurs in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 398. It was the favourite flower of Chaucer. Cf. *Legende of Goode Women*, 40:

"Now have I thame suche a condiccion,
That of al the floures in the mede,
Thame love I most these floures white and rede,
Suche as men callen daysyse in our tyme."

It does not appear to whom Ophelia gives the daisy; probably either to the king or queen (Wr.). Henley quotes Greene, who calls it "the dessembling daisie."

Violets. Malone quotes a sonnet printed in 1584: "Violet is for faithfulness." Cf. i. 3. 7 above and v. 1. 229 below.

167. The song of *Bonny Sweet Robin* is found in Anthony Holborne's *Cittharn Schoole*, 1597, in William Ballet's *Lute Book*, and in many other books and manuscripts of the time. In Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*, ii. 1, the jailer's daughter, when mad, says: "I can sing *The Broom and Bonny Robin*" (Chappell).

168. *Thought.* Anxiety, trouble. Cf. iii. 1. 85 above. *Passion* = "violent sorrow" (Schmidt); as in *T. A.* i. 1. 106: "A mother's tears in passion for her son," etc. Cf. ii. 2. 504 above.

169. *Favour.* Attractiveness. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 3. 21: "even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns . . . have grace and favour in them." See p. 28 above.

179. *God ha' mercy.* The folio has "Gramercy;" perhaps to avoid the introduction of the name of God. See on ii. 1. 76 above.

180. *Of all.* On all. See Gr. 181.

182. *Commune.* Accented on the first syllable by S., except, perhaps, in *W. T.* ii. 1. 162 (Schmidt). The folio has "common."

184. *Of whom*, etc. That is, "of your wisest friends, whom you will" (Wr.). Cf. Gr. 426.

187. *Touch'd.* That is, necessary to the deed (Schmidt).

193. *His means of death.* The means of his death (Gr. 423).

Obscure. The usual accent in S., but we have the modern one in *V.* and *A.* 237 and *2 Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 50 (Schmidt). The verb is always *obscure*. See Gr. 490 and 492.

Burial. The quartos and some modern eds. have “funeral.”

194. *Hatchment.* An armorial escutcheon used at funerals.

195. *Ostentation.* Also used of funeral pomp in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 207: “a mourning ostentation.”

197. *That.* For the omission of *so*, see Gr. 283, and cf. iv. 7. 146 below.

SCENE VI.—1. *What.* Equivalent, as often, to *who*, but only in the predicate (Schmidt). Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 85, *M. for M.* ii. 1. 62, iv. 2. 132, iv. 3. 27, v. 1. 472, etc.

10. *Let to know.* Caused or made to know (Schmidt). For the *to*, see Gr. 349.

12. *Overlooked.* Looked over, perused. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 90: “Will you overlook this pedigree?”

13. *Means.* Means of access, introduction (Caldecott).

14. *Two days old at sea.* Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 135: “one that is a prisoner nine years old;” *C. of E.* i. 1. 45: “my absence was not six months old;” *Id.* ii. 2. 150: “In Ephesus I am but two hours old,” etc.

15. *Appointment.* Equipment; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 296, etc.

16. *Compelled.* Enforced, involuntary. Cf. *R. of L.* 1708: “this compelled stain;” *M. for M.* ii. 4. 57: “our compell’d sins,” etc.

18. *Thieves of mercy.* Merciful thieves. Cf. i. 2. 4 above: “brow of woe,” etc.

19. *But they knew what they did.* This has been thought to prove that the capture of Hamlet was not accidental, but a prearranged plan of his own. Clearly, however, it does not refer to the capture, but to the “mercy” shown him afterwards, and it is explained by what follows: “I am to do a good turn for them.” Hamlet saw how he could turn the accident to account, and had persuaded the pirates to assist him in the plan. What Hamlet says in iii. 4. 202-207 has been quoted in proof of this supposed counterplot; but all that he meant there was that he would find some way to circumvent his enemies. He had no plan formed, but felt that he was a match for them in craft. “Let it work,” he says, “for it shall go hard but I will manage to countermine them.” As Snider has said, his own account (in v. 2) of the adventure with the pirates refutes the notion that it was a device of his own.

21. *As thou wouldest fly death.* That is, wouldest fly death with. For similar ellipses with *as*, see Gr. 384.

22. *Will make.* For the omission of the relative, see Gr. 244.

23. *For the bore,* etc. “For the calibre of the facts” (M.).

27. *Make.* The reading of the 4th quarto, the word being omitted in the earlier quartos; the folio has “give.”

SCENE VII.—3. *Sith.* See on ii. 2. 6 above.

4. *Which.* See Gr. 265.

7. *Crimeful.* The quartos have “criminal.” Wr. says that S. does not use *crimeful* elsewhere; but cf. *R. of L.* 970: “To make him curse this cursed crimeful night.”

8. *Safety.* Some modern eds. follow the quartos in reading “safety, greatness.”

10. *Unsinew'd*. Weak. Cf. *sinew'd* (- strengthened) in *K. John*, v. 7. 88, and *insinew'd* (= joined in sinews, allied) in 2 *Hen. IV*. iv. 1. 172.

11. *But*. The quarto reading; the folio has "And."

13. *Be it either which*. Whichever it be. See Gr. 273.

14. *Conjunctive*. Conjoined, closely united; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 374: "conjunctive in our revenge."

15. *Sphere*. Alluding to the old Ptolemaic theory that the heavenly bodies were set in crystal spheres, by the revolution of which they were carried round. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 183, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 7, 153, iii. 2. 61, *K. John*, v. 7. 74, *T. and C.* i. 3. 90, etc. See also Milton, *Hymn on Nativ.* 125 fol.: "Ring out, ye crystal spheres," etc.

17. *Count*. Account, trial. It is the same as *compt*. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 273: "when we shall meet at compt" ("count" in the 1st quarto); that is, at the judgment-day. Abbott (Gr. 460) gives it as a contraction of *account*, but we find both *compt* and *count* in this sense in prose. See on *scape*, i. 3. 38 above.

18. *General gender*. "The common race of the people" (Johnson). S. uses the word also in *Oth.* i. 3. 326: "one gender of herbs;" and in *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, 18: "thy sable gender." Cf. "the general," ii. 2. 423 above.

20. *The spring*, etc. Reed says that the allusion is to the dropping-well at Knaresborough in Yorkshire, which is described by Camden in his *Britannia*, 1590. Wr. quotes Lyly, *Euphues*: "Would I had sipped of that ryuer in Caria, which turneth those that drinke of it to stones."

21. *Convert his gyres*, etc. "Were I to put him in fetters, the bonds would only give him more general favour" (M.). Schmidt calls this "an obscure passage not yet satisfactorily explained or amended," but perhaps having the meaning just given.

22. *Loud a wind*. The quartos have "loued Arm'd" or "loued armes." Steevens quotes Ascham, *Toxophilus*: "Weake bowes, and lyghte shaftes can not stande in a rough wynde."

24. *And not where*. For the ellipsis, cf. Gr. 382.

25. *Have*. Here used in its original sense = find, as the next line shows (Gr. 425).

27. *If praises*, etc. "If I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more" (Johnson).

28. *Stood challenger*, etc. "Challenged all the age to deny her perfection" (F.). M. thinks there is an allusion to the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary, "when on the Mount of Defiance at Presburg, he unsheathes the ancient sword of state, and shaking it towards north, south, east, and west, challenges the four corners of the world to dispute his rights."

30. *Sleeps*. See on *loves*, i. 1. 173.

32. *Shook*. S. generally has *shook* for both past tense and participle but sometimes *shaked* (cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 319, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 124, etc.). *Shaken* occurs five times. Gr. 343. For *with* = *by*, see Gr. 193.

45. *Your kingly eys*. See on iv. 4. 6 above.

46. *Sudden*, etc. "Sudden, and even more strange than sudden" (Gr. 6).

48. *Should*. See Gr. 325.

49. *Abuse*. Deception, delusion. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 205: "a strange abuse ;" also the use of the verb in ii. 2. 590 above.

50. *Character*. Handwriting. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 38: "the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character," etc. For the accent, see on i. 3. 59 above.

56. *Didest*. The folio has "diddest," the quartos "didst." The 1st quarto, in the corresponding passage, reads: "That I shall lie to tell him, thus he dies." *Didest* is not found elsewhere in S.

57. *As how*, etc. We should expect "How should it *not* be so?" but S. is elsewhere inexact in repeating and omitting the negative (Delius). See *A. Y. L.* p. 156, note on *No more do yours*. Perhaps, as Wr. suggests, the first clause refers to Hamlet's return, the second to Laertes's feelings.

58. *Rul'd*. So in the folio, which makes one line of *how otherwise . . . by me?* and omits *Ay, my lord*. Walker, to fill out the measure, suggests "my good lord." Abbott (Gr. 482) makes *Ay* a dissyllable, as in ii. 1. 36 above. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 2, *Cor.* v. 3. 125, and *Lear*, ii. 1. 111.

59. *So*. Provided that. Gr. 133.

61. *Checking at*. The earlier quartos have "the King at," the later ones "liking not." To *check at* was a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game and follows some other (D.). Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 124 and iii. 1. 71.

66. *Uncharge*. "Acquit of blame, not accuse" (Schmidt). So *unbless* =not bless, neglect to bless, in *Sonn.* 3. 4.

Practice =artifice, plot; as in 137 and v. 2. 305 below. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 123: "This needs must be a practice," etc.

67-80. *My lord . . . graveness*. Omitted in the folio.

69. *Falls*. Happens. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 188: "it will fall pat as I told you," etc.

72. *Your sum of parts*. All your "qualities" or gifts. Cf. v. 2. 110 below: "the continent of what part a gentleman would see."

73. *Pluck*. A favourite word with S. For *pluck from* =draw from, cf. *Sonn.* 14. 1, *M. of V.* iv. 1. 30, *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 42, *Cor.* ii. 3. 200, etc.

75. *Siege*. Rank; literally, seat (*M. for M.* iv. 2. 101). Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 22: "From men of royal siege."

79. *Sables*. See on iii. 2. 113 above; and for *weeds* =robes, dress, see *M. N. D.* p. 149. Cf. Milton, *L'All.* 120: "In weeds of peace," etc.

80. *Health*. Malone, Wr., and others explain this as =care for health, such as characterizes elderly men; but it seems better, with Schmidt, to make it =prosperity. Cf. i. 3. 21 above and v. 2. 21 below; also *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 178, etc. F. thinks that *health* may refer to *careless livery*, and *graveness* to *sables* and *weeds*. Cf. iii. 1. 151 above and *Macb.* i. 3. 60. Warb. proposed "wealth."

83. *Can*. The folio has "ran," an obvious misprint, but followed by Rowe and Caldecott. For this absolute use of *can*, cf. v. 2. 308 below: "I can no more." See Gr. 307.

84. *Into*. The quartos and many modern eds. have "unto."

86. *As he had*. The early eds., except the quarto of 1676, have "As had he." For *as*, see Gr. 109.

Incorps'd. Made one body, "incorporate" (*C. of E.* ii. 2, 124, *M.N.D.* iii. 2, 208, etc.). Steevens quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*: "As if, Centaur-like, he had been one peece with the horse."

87. *Topp'd.* Overtopped, surpassed; as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 57: "to top Macbeth," etc.

88. *Forgery.* Invention (Schmidt). "I could not contrive so many proofs of dexterity as he could perform" (Johnson).

91. *Lamond.* The quartos have "Lamord," the folio "Lamound." Mr. C. E. Brown (quoted by F.) thinks there may be an allusion to Pietro Monte (whose name is given in English of the time as "Peter Mount"), a famous cavalier and swordsman, the instructor of Louis the Seventh's Master of Horse.

92. *Brooch.* An ornamental buckle for the hat. See *Rich.* II. p. 219.

94. *Confession.* Implying that Lamond would not willingly acknowledge the superiority of Laertes (Delius).

95. *Such a masterly report.* "Such a report of mastership, an account of your consummate skill" (Schmidt).

96. *Defence.* That is, the *science* of defence (Johnson).

99. *Scrimers.* Fencers (Fr. *escrimeur*); a word not found elsewhere. W. prints "th' escrimeurs."

101. *Sir*, etc. "Note how the king first awakens Laertes's vanity by praising the reporter, and then gratifies it by the report itself, and finally points it by these lines" (Coleridge).

110. *Love is begun*, etc. "As love begins at some given point of time, so I see by passages of experience that time also abates it" (M.); in other words, love is not innate, and experience shows that it is not immutable.

On *proof*, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 21: "'t is a common proof," etc. See also iii. 2. 152 above.

113-122. *There lives . . . the ulcer.* Omitted in the folio.

115. *A like.* A uniform, the same. *Still*=always, constantly; as in ii. 2. 42 above.

116. *Plurisy.* Plethora. "The dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulness of blood a *plurisy*, as if it came, not from πλευρά, but from *plus, pluris*" (Warb.). Cf. Massinger, *The Picture*, iv. 2: "A plurisy of ill blood you must let out;" and *Unnatural Combat*, iv. 1: "Thy plurisy of goodness is thy ill," etc.

117. *Too-much.* Schmidt compares *Lear*, v. 3. 206: "To amplify too-much would make much more." On compounds in S. see Gr. 429 fol.

118. On *should* and *would*, see Gr. 323, 329.

121. *Spendthrift sigh.* The reading of the quarto of 1676; the earlier quartos have "spendthrifts sigh" and "spend-thrifts sigh." It probably means a wasting sigh, alluding to the old notion that every sigh caused the loss of a drop of blood from the heart. Cf. *M.N.D.* iii. 2. 97: "With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear;" and see note in our ed. p. 163. M. explains the passage thus: "he who vainly acknowledges that he 'should' have done a thing is like a spendthrift sighing for his squandered estate."

122. *To the quick.* Cf. ii. 2. 584 above.

126. *Sanctuarize*. Be a sanctuary to, or protect from punishment (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 94:

"he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands."

For similar allusions, see 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 4. 31, *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 66, iii. 1. 28, 42, iv. 1. 94, etc.

130. *Put on those shall*, etc. For *put on*=instigate, cf. v. 2. 371 below: "deaths put on by cunning," etc.; and for the omission of the relative, Gr. 244.

133. *Remiss*. Careless. As Wr. notes, the word is "seldom if ever used now except with reference to some particular act of negligence." Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 3. 29: "while remiss traitors sleep."

134. *Contriving*. In a bad sense=plotting; as in *J. C.* ii. 3. 16, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 189, *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 171, etc.

135. *Peruse*. Examine closely. Cf. *perusal*, ii. 1. 90 above.

137. *Unbated*. Not blunted, as foils are by a button fixed to the end (Malone). In *M. of V.* ii. 6. 11, it means unabated. For *bate*=to blunt, see *L. L. L.* i. 1. 6; and for *bateless*=not to be blunted, *R. of L.* 9. Steevens quotes North's *Plutarch*: "the cruel fight of tencers at unbated swords." Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 60: "rebate and blunt his natural edge." So *abate*=blunt, in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 117 and *Rich. III.* v. 5. 35.

A pass of practice. A treacherous thrust; or, possibly, a pass in which you are well practised. For *practice* in the former sense, cf. 66 above.

138. *I will do't*, etc. "Laertes shows by his horrid suggestion of the poison how little need there was for the king to prepare the temptation as carefully as he had done" (M.).

140. *Mountebank*. Quack (Schmidt). Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 61: "medicines bought of mountebanks," etc. Wr. quotes Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 10. 2: "Nay, we see the weakness and credulity of men is such, as they will often prefer a mountebank or witch before a learned physician;" and Cotgrave, *Fr. Diet.* (under *charlatan*): "A Mountebanke, a couesening drug-seller, a pratling quack-saluer."

141. *Mortal*. Deadly; as often. See *Rich. II.* p. 189 or *Macb.* p. 171.

143. *simples*. Herbs (as the ingredients of a compound). Cf. *R. of L.* 530, *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 16, *R. and J.* v. 1. 40, etc.

144. *Under the moon*. Probably=on the earth. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 26, *A. and C.* iv. 15. 68, etc. J. H. explains it: "plants that have magic virtue when gathered by moonlight."

146. *Contagion*. Poison; the abstract for the concrete, like *unction*=ointment (Wr.). *That*=so that, as in iv. 5. 197 above.

149. *May fit us*, etc. May enable us to act our part (Johnson).

150. *And that*. And if. Gr. 285. So *and that*—and when, in 158 below. *Look through*=show itself through, appear through.

152. *A back*. "A support in reserve" (Schmidt).

153. *If this*, etc. "A metaphor taken from the trying or proving of fire-arms or cannon, which blast or burst in the proof" (Steevens).

154. *Your cunning*. Your respective skill. Cf. ii. 2. 427, 577 above. The folio has "commings," which Caldecott (followed by K.) explains

as – bouts at fence. Cotgrave has “Venuē, f. A comming; also, a venie in fencing.”

157. *As.* For so. See on iv. 3. 58 above.

158. *Prepar'd.* The quartos have “prefard” or “preferd.”

159. *For the nonce.* For the occasion; a corruption of *for then once* (Wb.). Cf. 1 Hen. IV. i. 2. 201: “cases of buckram for the nonce,” etc.

160. *Stuck.* Thrust; “more properly stock, an abbreviation of *stoccata*” (D.). Cf. T. N. iii. 4. 303: “he gives me the stuck.”

162. *One woe*, etc. Cf. iv. 5. 61 above: “When sorrows come,” etc. Wr. quotes *Per.* i. 4. 63; and Ritson cites *Loerine* (one of the plays that have been ascribed to S.), v. 5, where Sabren drowns herself and Queen Gwendoline exclaims: “One mischief follows [on] another’s neck.”

165. *There is*, etc. Wr. considers this speech, with its enumeration of flowers, “unworthy of its author and the occasion.” F. quotes Campbell (see p. 21, foot-note), *Blackwood’s Mag.*: “The queen was affected after a fashion by the picturesque mode of Ophelia’s death, and takes more pleasure in describing it than any one would who really had a heart. Gertrude was a gossip,—and she is gross even in her grief.”

Aslant. Beisley says: “This willow, the *Salix alba*, grows on the banks of most of our small streams, particularly the Avon, near Stratford, and from the looseness of the soil the trees partly lose their hold, and bend ‘aslant’ the stream.”

166. *Hoar.* “Willow leaves are green on the upper side, but silvery-grey, or *hoary*, on the under side, which it shows in the glassy stream” (Clarke). Cf. Lowell, *Among My Books*, p. 185 (though he misquotes the passage).

167. *Come.* The quartos have “make,” and the 2d and 3d quartos “Therewith.”

168. *Crow-flowers.* According to Beisley, the crowfoot (*Ranunculus bulbosus* and *acris*); but Ellacombe says that in the time of S. the name was applied to the “Ragged Robin” (*Lychnis flosculi*).

Long purples. “The *early purple orchis* (*Orchis mascula*) which blossoms in April and May” (Beisley). According to the same authority, the name *dead-men’s-fingers* was given to other species having palmated roots (*Orchis maculata* and *latifolia*).

169. *Liberal.* Free-spoken; as in Rich. II. ii. 1. 229: “a liberal tongue;” and Oth. v. 2. 220: “No, I will speak as liberal as the north.” Elsewhere, it means wanton, licentious; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 93, *M. of V.* ii. 2. 194, etc. It may have that sense here. The old *Herbals* give more than one “grosser name” for the flower.

170. *Cold.* Chaste; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 66: “To make cold nymphs chaste crowns,” etc.

172. *Sliver.* Here = a small branch. See *Mach.* p. 229.

176. *Which time.* For the omission of the preposition, see Gr. 202. For *tunes* the quartos have “laudes” or “lauds” (=psalms).

177. *Incapable.* Insensible. See on iii. 4. 125 above.

178. *Native.* Cf. i. 2. 47 above. *Indued* = fitted, suited. Cf. Oth. iii. 4. 146:

"For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain;"

that is, imparts to them the feeling of the same pain. In *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 139, "best indued" = best endowed.

181. *Poor wretch.* Cf. ii. 2. 168 above.

186. *Trick.* Habit. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 75: "Is 't not your trick?"

2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 240: "the trick of our English nation," etc.

188. *The woman.* Steevens quotes *Hen. V.* iv. 6. 31:

"But I had not so much of man in me,
And all the mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears."

Wr. adds *T. V.* ii. 1. 41. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 431: "to play the woman."

190. *Douts.* That is, *does out*, extinguishes. The quartos and later folios have "drownes" or "drowns;" the 1st folio "doubts," as in the only other passage in which S. uses the word, *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 11: "And dout them with superfluous courage." Cf. note on i. 4. 36, 37 above.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—4. *Straight.* Probably—immediately; as in ii. 2. 418 above. Johnson says: "Make her grave from east to west, in a direct line, parallel with the church; not from north to south, athwart the regular line;" and M.: "Not the mere hole in which a person should be buried on whom a *felo de se* verdict has been found."

9. *Offendendo.* The clown's blunder for *defendendo*; as *argal* in 12 is his corruption of *ergo*. J. H. thinks he uses it intentionally: "by offending herself; that is, it cannot be in defence of herself, but by offence to herself."

13. *Delver.* "Hence it would appear that the Second Clown is not a grave-digger" (Walker).

16. *Nill.* Will not. Cf. *P. P.* 188: "In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether;" and *Per.* iii. prol. 55: "I nill relate." J. H. quotes Latimer, *Sermons*: "Such men should be witnesses—will they nill they," and Edwards, *Damon and Pythias*: "Will I or nill I, it must be done."

21. *Crowner's quest law.* Sir John Hawkins suspects that S. here meant to ridicule a case reported by Plowden. Sir James Hales had drowned himself in a fit of insanity, and the legal question was whether his lease was thereby forfeited to the Crown. Much subtlety was expended in finding out whether Sir James was the *agent* or the *patient*, that is, whether *he went to the water or the water came to him*. The following is part of the argument: "Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning; and who drowned him? Sir James Hales; and when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales being alive caused Sir James Hales to die, and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man who

committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive when the punishment comes after death?" etc., etc.

25. *Say'st.* That is, well, or to the purpose (Schmidt). Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 29: "You have said, sir." See also *T. N.* iii. 1. 12, *Oth.* iv. 2. 204, and *A. and C.* ii. 6. 113.

27. *Even-Christian.* Fellow-Christian. The quartos have "theyr euen Christen;" and Capell and F. read "their even-Christen." Steevens quotes Chaucer, *Persones Tale*: "his neighebour, that is to say, of his even Christen" (Morris prints "evencristen"). Nares cites Sir Thomas More: "to fighte against their even Christen." Caldecott and Wr. add other examples of this and similar expressions; as "euen-seruant" (fellow-servant), "euene-caytif" (fellow-prisoner), etc.

29. *Hold up.* Follow up, continue (Schmidt). Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 239: "hold the sweet jest up;" *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 48: "And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up," etc.

30. *A gentleman.* Douce says that Gerard Leigh, one of the oldest writers on heraldry, speaks of "Jesus Christ, a gentleman of great lineage, and King of the Jews;" and again: "the second man that was born was a gentleman, whose name was Abell. I say a gentleman both of virtue and lignage, with whose sacrifice God was much pleased. His brother Cain was ungentle, for he offered God the worst of his fruities." Adam's spade is mentioned in some of the books of heraldry as the most ancient form of escutcheon.

39. *Go to.* Come! a common phrase of exhortation or reproof. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 297, etc.

40. *What.* Who. See on iv. 6. 1 above.

51. *Unyoke.* That is, your day's work is done (Caldecott). J. H. sees an allusion to *Judges*, xiv. 18.

54. *Mass.* "By the mass" (ii. 1. 50 above).

58. *Yaugham.* The folio reading (in italics, as if a proper name); the quartos have "get thee in." The word is apparently meant as the name of an alehouse-keeper, and has been suspected to be a corruption of *Johan*, the Danish *John*. Mr. C. E. Browne (quoted by F.) says that it is a common Welsh name, and may have been that of some Welsh tavern-keeper near the theatre.

59. *Stoup.* A drinking-cup. Cf. v. 2. 255 below; also *T. N.* ii. 3. 14, 129, and *Oth.* ii. 3. 30.

60. *In youth*, etc. The clown sings some disjointed lines of a song by Lord Vaux, entitled "The aged lover renounceth love." It was printed in a collection of "Songs and Sonnettes," published by Tottel in 1557. The following are the stanzas that are of interest here:

"I lothe that I did loue,
In yOUTH that I thought swete:
As time requires for my behoue
Me thinkes they are not mete.

For age with stelyng steppes,
Hath clawed me with his cowche [crownch],
And lusty life away she leapes,
As there had bene none such.

A pikeax and a spade
And eke a shrowdyng shete,
A house of clave for to be made,
For such a gest most mete.

For beauty with her bande
These crooked caues hath wrought:
And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought."

62. The *O!* and *ah!* form no part of the song, but are "only the breath forced out by the strokes of the mattock" (Jennens).

66. *Easiness*. "Freedom from emotion, unconcernedness" (Schmidt). Perhaps *property of easiness* is simply = an easy property, an easy thing for him. Cf. iv. 6. 19 above: "thieves of mercy."

69. *Daintier*. Nicer, more delicate. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 339, etc.

72. *Intil*. Into. Wr. quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 2064: "Ther saugh I Dyane turned intil a tree."

75. *Jowl*s. Knocks. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 58: "They may jowl horns together." Clarke remarks here: "If proof were wanted of the exquisite propriety and force of effect with which S. uses words, and words of even homely fashion, there could hardly be a more pointed instance than the verb *jowl's* here. What strength it gives to the impression of the head and cheek-bone smiting against the earth! and how it makes the imagination feel the bruise in sympathy!"

77. *Politician*. "A plotter, a schemer for his own advantage; as in *I Hen. IV.* i. 3. 241, and *T. N.* iii. 2. 34" (St.).

O'er-reaches. Apparently = has the better of. The folio has "o're Offices," and some modern eds. read "o'er-offices" = is higher in office.

82. *That praised*, etc. Steevens compares *T. of A.* i. 2. 216 fol.

86. *Mazzard*. The head (contemptuous). Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 155: "I'll knock you over the mazzard."

87. *Revolution*. Change of fortune. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 129:

"the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself."

Trick = "knack, faculty" (Caldecott).

88. *Loggats*. A game in which *loggats*, or small logs, are thrown at a mark. We have seen a similar game played in some parts of New England under the name of "loggerheads." Wr. quotes B. J., *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 6:

"Now are they tossing of his legs and arms
Like loggats at a pear-tree."

Halliwell gives the following from a poem of 1611:

"To wrastle, play at stooleball, or to runne,
To pitch the Barre, or to shooe off a Gunne,
To play at Loggets, Nine-holes, or Ten-pinnes:
To try it out at Foot-ball by the shinnes."

91. *For and*. Equivalent to "And eke" in the song as given above. D. quotes B. and F., *Knt. of Burning Pestle*, ii. 3:

"and with him comes the lady
For and the Squire of Damsels," etc.

92. *For to.* See on iii. 1. 167 above.

95. *Quiddits.* The folio reading; the quartos have "quiddities," of which *quiddit*s is a contraction. It was applied to the subtleties or nice distinctions of logic and law. Overbury, in his *Characters*, speaks of the petitfogger who "makes his will in form of a law-case, full of quiddits." *Quilletts* means much the same. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 288: "Some tricks, some quilletts, how to cheat the devil;" *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 17: "these nice sharp quilletts of the law," etc.

On the law terms which follow, Lord Campbell remarks that they are "all used seemingly with a full knowledge of their import; and it would puzzle some practising barristers . . . to go over the whole *seriatim*, and to define each of them satisfactorily."

101. *The fine of his fines.* The end of all his fines; a play upon the word. We have *fine*=end in ii. 2. 69 and iv. 7. 132 above.

104. *A pair of indentures.* "Indentures were agreements made out in duplicate, of which each party kept one. Both were written on the same sheet, which was cut in two in a crooked or *indented* line, in order that the fitting of the two parts might prove the genuineness of both in case of dispute" (Wr.).

106. *Box.* Alluding to the boxes in which attorneys keep their deeds (Rushton).

Inheritor here=owner, possessor; as in *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 5 and *Rich. III.* iv. 3. 34 (Schmidt).

110. *Assurance.* Safety, security; with a play on the legal sense of "conveyance of lands by deed."

116. *Thine.* "Note that throughout this dialogue Hamlet addresses the Clown in the second person singular, while the Clown replies in the second person plural" (F.). See Gr. 231, 232.

120. *Quick.* Opposed to *dead*, as in 240 below. Cf. *Acts*, x. 42, etc. See *Hen. V.* p. 156.

130. *Absolute.* Positive, certain; as in *Macb.* iii. 6. 40, *Cor.* iii. 1. 90, iii. 2. 39, etc.

Speak by the card. That is, with the utmost precision. The *card* is probably the *chart* of the navigator, though some take it to be the *compass-card*. St. thinks the allusion is to the *card* and *calendar* of etiquette, or *book of manners*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 198, and cf. v. 2. 109 below.

133. *Picked.* "Refined" (Schmidt); "smart, sharp" (Hanmer). Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 14: "He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd;" and *K. John*, i. 1. 193: "My picked man of countries."

134. *Kibe.* Chilblain. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 276, *M. W.* i. 3. 35, and *Lear*, i. 5. 9.

136. *Of all the days, etc.* Wr. quotes *R. and J.* i. 3. 16:

"Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen."

140. *Hamlet was born.* This, in connection with what follows, makes Hamlet thirty years old, which Blackstone thought to be inconsistent with his going back to Wittenberg (i. 2. 113). Tschischwitz replies that this is now no unusual age for a student at a German university; but, according to Minto and others, it would have been unusual in the time

of S., when young men generally left the university at the age of seventeen or eighteen. Besides, many other things in the early part of the play seem to show that Hamlet was "neare twenty than thirty." Dowden, on the other hand, argues that these allusions to youth are not inconsistent with the theory that Hamlet was thirty. The age at which S. conceives "that boyhood is blooming into adult strength and beauty" is "from twenty-one to twenty-five." Henry V. when he ascended the throne was twenty-six, yet the Bishop of Ely speaks of him as "in the very May-morn of his youth." "The stolen sons of Cymbeline, boys just ready to be men, are aged twenty-three and twenty-two," etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 141: "all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty." The grave-digger himself speaks of "young Hamlet." On the whole, we may make Hamlet at least twenty-five, even if we hesitate to call him thirty. Perhaps, as Furnivall suggests, "when S. began the play he conceived Hamlet as quite a young man; but as the play grew, as greater weight of reflection, of insight into character, of knowledge of life, etc. were wanted, he necessarily and naturally made Hamlet a formed man; and by the time that he got to the grave-diggers' scene, told us the Prince was thirty—the right age for him then." For a résumé of the interesting discussion on this subject, see F. vol. i. pp. 391-394, and cf. preface, pp. xiv.-xvii.

146. *There the men*, etc. Wr. quotes Marston, *Malcontent*, iii. 1: "Your lordship shall ever finde . . . amongst a hundred Englishmen fourscore and ten madmen."

158. *You. See on me*, ii. 2. 421 above, or Gr. 220.

Eight year. See on a thousand pound, iii. 2. 266 above.

171. *Yorick*. Perhaps the Danish *Jörg* (George). F. notes that "Jerrick" is the name of a "Dutch Bowr" in Chapman's *Alphonsus*.

178. *It is*. That is, this skull which is all that is left of him. W. says: "What he abhors, what his gorge rises at, is *his imagination that here hung the lips that he has kissed*." *Gorge* = throat, swallow, stomach (Schmidt). Cf. *V. and A.* 58, *W. T.* ii. 1. 44, *Oth.* ii. 1. 236, etc.

181. *On a roar. For on*, see Gr. 180.

184. *Favour*. Look, appearance; as often. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 34: "Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look," etc. See also *M. N. D.* p. 130.

195. *Curiously*. Fancifully, ingeniously. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 144: "the sleeves curiously cut." Horatio anticipates some fanciful or far-fetched reasoning here, to which Hamlet replies that he will "follow him thither with *modesty* enough and *likehood*," that is, not overstepping "the modesty of nature" (in. 2. 18) and probability—naturally, not sophistically.

199. *Loam*. The word seems to mean *clay*, or something more tenacious than what we call *loam*; and so in the three other instances in which S. uses the word: *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 70, v. 1. 162, and *Rich. II.* i. 1. 179.

202-205. These lines are marked in the Coll. MS. as a quotation; but probably, as Clarke remarks, "Hamlet is merely putting into rhyming form the fancy that for the moment passes through his mind." On this "tendency to doggerelize when he is speaking lightly or excitedly," cf. iii. 2. 272, etc.

Imperious is the quarto reading, the folio has "Imperiall." Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 172: "most imperious Agamemnon;" *T. A.* iv. 4. 81: "be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name" (cf. *Id.* v. 1. 6), etc.

Flaw. Gust. D. quotes Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627: "A flaw of wind is a gust, which is very violent upon a sudden, but quickly endeth." It is still used by sailors in the same sense; and so *flawy*=gusty. Cf. *V. and A.* 456, *Cor.* v. 3. 74, etc.

M. remarks that "the passage of the living body into the state of inanimate beings has often been seriously illustrated in a somewhat similar way;" and he quotes Wordsworth:

"No motion has she now, no force—
She neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Still more similar is *In Memoriam*, iv. "Shall man," the poet asks,

"Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the true, the just,
Be blown about the desert dust.
Or sealed within the iron hills?"

208. Maimed. Imperfect, defective; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 99, etc. By the English law, a suicide was formerly buried at the meeting of cross-roads with a stake driven through his body and without any form of burial service (Wr.).

210. Fordo. See on ii. 1. 103 above; and for *it*=*its*, on i. 2. 216. *Estate.* Rank. Cf. *R. of L.* 92, *M. of V.* ii. 9. 41, etc.

211. Couch. Hide; perhaps, literally, lie down. Cf. *M. W.* v. 2. 1, etc.

216. Warrantise. The folio has "warrantis," the quartos "warrantie." For *warrantise*, cf. *Sonn.* 150. 7 and *1 Hen. VI.* i. 3. 13.

Doubtful. "Only so far as that she was a lunatic, and had died by her own act; the presumption in such a case being held to be that the act was wilful, and there being always a *doubt* whether Christian burial could then be demanded; although, as Burn's *Ecclesiastical Law* states, there is no record of its having been actually refused in any instance" (M.). The queen has said that the death was accidental (iv. 7. 171 fol.). The context implies that a kind of "maimed" burial-service had been secured for Ophelia by the "great command" of the king.

217. Order. That is, the course which ecclesiastical rules prescribe (Caldecott).

219. For. Instead of. See *Gr.* 148.

220. Shards. Potsherds, fragments of pottery. In the only other instance of the word in S. it means the wing-cases of beetles. See *A. and C.* iii. 2. 20, and cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 42 and *Cymb.* iii. 3. 20.

221. Crants. The quarto reading; the folio has "rites," which Rowe, K., W., H., and some others prefer. D. and Schmidt define *crants* as "garland" (German *Kranz*). According to Jamieson's *Scottish Dict.*, *crance* is used in Lowland Scotch in the same sense. Nares says that no other example of *crants* has been found in English; but Elze has discovered *corance*, which is evidently the same word, in a stage-direction of Chapman's *Alphonsus*: "with Corances on their heads;" and again

in a line of the same play: "When thou hast stolen her dainty rose-corange." Johnson suggests that S. wrote *orants*, and then finding that the word was provincial, and perhaps not understood, changed it to *rites*, "a term more intelligible, but less proper."

222. *Strewments*. Not used elsewhere by S., but we have *strewings* in the same sense in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 285: "strewings fit for graves." For the custom, Wr. refers to *R. and J.* iv. 5. 79, 89, v. 3. 281, *W. T.* iv. 4. 128, and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 218.

Bringing home. "As the bride was brought home to her husband's house with bell and festivity, so the dead maiden is brought to her last home with bell and burial" (Wr.).

223. *Of. With.* Gr. 193.

227. *Peace-parted*. Having parted in peace. For *part*—depart or die, cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 12, *Mar.* v. 8. 52, etc. So *timey-parted*—having died in time, or by a natural death, in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 161.

229. *May violets spring*. Steevens quotes Persius, *Sat.* i. :

"e tumulo fortunataque favilla
Nascentur violae?"

and M. compares Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xviii. :

"T is well: 't is something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land."

233, 234. For *shouldist have been* and to *have deck'd*, now commonly considered ungrammatical when used as here, see Gr. 360.

237. *Ingenious sense*. Keen intellect. Wr. compares *Lear*, iv. 6. 287.

242. *Skyish*. "Sky-aspiring" (*Rich. II.* i. 3. 130).

245. *Wandering stars*. Wr. explains this as—planets, but it may mean simply the stars moving through the heavens.

246. *Wonder-wounded*. Wonderstruck.

249. *Thou pray'st not well*. "A litotes marking the perfect self-possession of Hamlet at first, and his real love for Laertes" (M.).

251. *Splenitive*. Passionate. Cf. *spleeny* in *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 99, and *spleenful* in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 128 and *T. A.* ii. 3. 191. So *spleen* often = passion, impetuosity; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 68, 448, iv. 3. 97, v. 7. 50, *Rich. III.* v. 3. 50, etc. See also *M. N. D.* p. 129, note on *Spleen*.

253. *Wisdom*. The folio has "wisenesse," and is followed by K., St., M., and others.

257. *Wag*. Move. Cf. iii. 4. 39 above; also *M. of V.* iv. 1. 76, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 173, etc. As Wr. remarks, the word had not then the grotesque signification which it now has.

260. *Quantity*. See on iii. 4. 75 above.

264. *'Swounds*. See on ii. 2. 562 above.

265. *Woo't*. A provincial contraction for *wouldst thou* or *wilt thou*, perhaps used here contemptuously. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 2. 7 and iv. 15. 59, where it "denotes affectionate familiarity" (Wr.).

266. *Eisel*. "With the exception of the *dram of eale*, no word or phrase in this tragedy has occasioned more discussion than this *Eisel*. [in the quartos] or *Eisil* [in the folio], which, as it stands, represents nothing

in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth" (F.). Theo. suggested that the word either represents the name of a river (as the *Yssel*) or is an old word meaning vinegar. The latter is the more probable, as the A. S. *aisil*=vinegar. Cf. also *Sonn.* III. 10:

"I will drink

Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;"

vinegar being esteemed a protection against contagion. Wr. finds "vynegre or aysel" in a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. There is, however, something to be said in favour of the river, for which, as well as for other explanations, see F. vol. i. pp. 405-409.

Eat a crocodile. Referring, as some suppose, to the dried or pickled crocodile of the apothecary (cf. *R.* and *J.* v. 1. 43); or more probably, as others believe, to the toughness of the creature's hide.

268. *In.* Equivalent to *into*, as often. See Gr. 159. *

273. *Mouth.* Brag, rant. Cf. iii. 2. 2 above.

277. *When that.* See Gr. 287, and cf. iv. 4. 5 above.

Golden couplets. The pigeon generally sits on two eggs, and her young when first disclosed, or hatched (see on iii. 1. 166 above), are covered with a yellow down.

282. *The cat will mew*, etc. That is, things have their appointed course, nor have we power to divert it (Caldecott). "Bay" has been proposed instead of *day*, but the expression was a common one. The Princess Elizabeth, in a letter to her sister, Queen Mary, says: "As a doge hathe a day, so may I." Mr. Daniel quotes *New Custom*, 1573: "Well if it chaunce that a dogge hath a day;" and B. J. *Tale of a Tub*, ii. 1: "A man hath his hour, and a dog his day."

284. *Strengthen your patience.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 248: "Fearing to strengthen that impatience," etc. *In*=in the thought of (Gr. 162).

285. *We'll put*, etc. "Let us push on the matter immediately" (Schmidt); we will go to work at once. For *present*, see on iv. 3. 64 above; and for *push*, cf. *W. T.* v. 3. 129.

287. *A living monument.* A lasting one (Schmidt). M. makes it="a statue like life itself." Wr. suggests that the expression may be used in a double sense: that of enduring, as the queen would understand; and the deeper meaning, which Laertes would see, by which the life of Hamlet is menaced.

288. *Shortly.* The folio reading; the 2d quarto has "thirtie," the later ones "thereby."

SCENE II.—6. *Mutines.* See on iii. 4. 83 above.

Bilboes. A kind of fetters by which mutinous sailors were linked together; so called from Bilboa, in Spain, which was famous from Roman times for manufactures of iron and steel. The sword known as the *bilbo* (see *M. W.* i. 1. 165 and iii. 5. 112) gets its name from the same place. As the prisoners in the bilboes were fastened close together, every motion of the one must disturb the sleep of the other.

Rashly. Hastily; as in *Rich.* III. iii. 5. 43 (Schmidt). Hamlet begins the account of his escape, "and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness of human wisdom. I rashly—praised be rashness for it—let us

not think these events casual, but let us know, that is, take notice and remember, that we sometimes succeed by indiscretion when we fail by deep plots, and infer the perpetual superintendence and agency of the Divinity" (Johnson).

9. *Deep*. The folio has "deare," and is followed by Rowe, K., St., and others. *Few* is Pope's emendation for the "fall" of the later quartos. The folio has "paule" and the 2d quarto "pall." For *teach* the quartos have "learne," which S. uses in the same sense; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 365, etc.

10. *Shapes our ends*, etc. Steevens says: "Dr. Farmer informed me that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*, lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only assist him in making them:—'he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*.' Whoever recollects the profession of Shakespeare's father [see *Mer.* p. 9] will admit that his son might be no stranger to such terms. I have frequently seen packages of wool pinned up with *skewers*." *Rough-hew*, however, is not limited to skewer-making, but is a general word in carpentry (and metaphorically in other connections) for such work as the word naturally suggests—the first rough hewing-cut of the material, which a common workman can do, as distinguished from the subsequent shaping and finishing, which require a master hand. Hunter quotes Palsgrave, *Table of Verbs*, 1530: "I rough-hewe a pece of tymber to make an ymage of;" and Florio, *Ital. Dict.* 1598: "Abbozzare, to rough hew any first draught, to bungle ill-favouredly."

11. *That is most certain*. "Horatio for once expresses a slight impatience, which cuts short Hamlet's generalization" (M.).

13. *Sea-gown*. Sr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Esclavine, . . . a sea-gowne; or a course high-collered, and short-sleeued gowne, reaching downe to the mid-leg, and vsed most by sea-men, and Sailors." *Scarf'd* = "put on loosely like a scarf" (Schmidt).

14. *Find out them*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 134: "To find out you;" and see Gr. 240.

15. *Finger'd*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 44: "The king was shily finger'd from the deck."

17. *To unseal*. For the omission of *as*, see Gr. 281. Cf. *Mach.* ii. 3. 55, etc.

20. *Larded*. See on iv. 5. 37 above.

Several. Separate, different. Cf. *L. C.* 206: "I have received from many a several fair," etc. For *reasons* the folio has "reason."

21. *Importing*. Concerning. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 57: "This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;" and *Oth.* i. 3. 284: "As doth import you" (where the quarto has "concern"). For other meanings of *import*, see i. 2. 23, iv. 3. 62, and iv. 7. 80 above.

22. *Bugs*. Bugbears. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 211: "Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs;" 3 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 2: "For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all," etc. In both passages *fear* frighten. Wr. quotes Coverdale's translation of the *Psalms* (xcii. 5): "thou shalt not nede to be afraied for eny bugges by night ner for arowe that flyeth by daye."

23. *On the supervise*. That is, at sight, on the *looking-over* or reading

of the document. So the verb=look over, inspect, in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 124 Gr. 451. *Bated*=excepted, allowed.

24. *Stay*. Stay for, wait for; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 221, etc. Cf. the intransitive use in iii. 3. 95 above.

29. *Be-netted*. For verbs compounded with *be-*, see Gr. 438.

Villanies. The quartos have "villaines," the folio "Villaines;" but the sense and the measure both require *villanies*, and Walker shows that the two words have been several times confounded in the folio.

30. *Ere I could make*, etc. "Before I formed my real plan, my brains had done the work." This line should be carefully remarked. Hamlet writes the commission under a strong impulse rather of imagination than will, the ingenuity of the trick captivating him. Then the encounter with the pirate puts an end to the chance of undoing it; and thus he is driven, somewhat uneasily, to justify his action to Horatio. As the latter receives his narrative with something like surprise, and even with a touch of compassion, we may conclude with safety that Hamlet's kindly nature would have cancelled the letters but for the accident which hindered his doing so" (M.).

31. *Sat me down*. For the reflexive use, cf. iii. 4. 18 above; also 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 56, 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 14, etc. We find it sometimes in modern writers; as in Goldsmith, *Traveller*, 32: "I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;" Tennyson, *Lotos-Eaters*: "They sat them down upon the yellow sand," etc.

33. *Statists*. Statesmen; as in *Cymb.* ii. 4. 16: "Statist though I am none." Wr. quotes Milton, *P. R.* iv. 354: "statists indeed, And lovers of their country." Blackstone says: "Most of the great men of Shakespeare's time, whose autographs have been preserved, wrote very bad hands; their secretaries very neat ones."

36. *Yeoman's service*. The ancient yeomen were famous for their military valour (Steevens). Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 25 and *Rich. III.* v. 3. 338.

42. *A comma*. "So as to separate them as little as possible" (M.). Schmidt says, "keep their amities from falling together by the ears." Hammer, followed by W. and H., reads "cement." For the many other attempts at emendation, see F.

43. *As's*. A quibble is intended between *as* and *ass* (Johnson). Malone remarks that in the midland counties the *s* in *as* is usually pronounced as in *us*. *Charge*=load, weight; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 261, *R. and J.* v. 2. 18, etc.

44. *Knowing*. The folio has "know," which many eds. follow. Cf. Gr. 451. For *knowing* as a noun, cf. *T. of A.* iii. 2. 74, *Macb.* ii. 4. 4, *Cymb.* i. 4. 30 and ii. 3. 102.

45. *Debatement*. Debate, consideration; as in *M. for M.* v. 1. 99: "after much debatement."

47. *Shriving-time*. "A term in common use for any short period" (Hunter).

48. *Ordinant*. Ordaining, ruling. The folio has "ordinate."

50. *Model*. Copy, counterpart. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 28, iii. 2. 153, etc.

51. *Writ*. Commission, mandate. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 7. 1: "the emperor's writ."

53. *Changeling*. Alluding to fairy changelings. See *M. N. D.* p. 138.

54. *Sequent*. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 2, 50: "Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping," etc. The folio misprints "sement."

57. *Make love to*. Court, seek. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 124: "I to your assistance do make love," etc.

58. *Near my conscience*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 68: "near the heart;" *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 71: "so near mine honour," etc. For *deseat* the folio misprints "debate." See on ii. 2, 556 above.

59. *Insinuation*. Meddling; *insinuating* themselves into the business. So *insinuate*=intermeddle in *W. T.* iv. 4. 760, etc.

61. *Pass*. Thrust; as in 159 below. Cf. the stage-direction at iii. 4. 23 above.

62. *Opposites*. Opponents. See on iii. 2, 203 above.

63. *Thinks't thee*. That is, *thinks it thee*=seems it to thee. In *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 63, the folio has "Where it think'st best unto your Royall selfe;" the 1st and 2d quartos "seems best." This *think* is the same verb that we have in *methinks* (=it seems to me), from the A. S. *thincan*, to seem, not from *thencan*, to think. See Gr. 297 (cf. 212). The folio has "meethink'st" in *L. L. L.* ii. 3, 269.

Stand me now upon. Be incumbent on me. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3, 138; "It stands your grace upon to do him right;" and *A. and C.* ii. 1. 50:

"It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands."

See Gr. 204.

66. *Angle*. Angling-line; used literally in *A. and C.* ii. 5. 10; and again figuratively, as here, in *W. T.* iv. 2. 52. On *proper*, cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "their proper selves," etc.

67. *Is't not perfect conscience*. That is, perfectly consistent with a good conscience. We should not use such an expression now, nor "Made it no conscience to destroy a prince" (*K. John*, iv. 2. 229). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 67.

68. *Quit*. Requite; as in 257 below. See *Rich. II.* p. 208. Lines 68-80 are omitted in the quartos.

70. *In*. Into; as in v. 1. 268 above. *Come in further evil*=commit further crimes (M.).

73. *It will be short*, etc. "You never suspect the errand Hamlet is on until you happen to hear that little word, 'the interim is mine!'" It means more mischief than all the monologues! No threats, no imprecations, no more mention of smiling, damned villain; no more self-accusal; but solely and briefly, "*It will be short*; the interim is mine!" Then, for the first time, we recognize the extent of the change that has been wrought in Hamlet; then, for the first time, we perfectly comprehend his quiet jesting with the Clown, his tranquil musings with Horatio. The man is transformed by a great resolve; *his mind is made up!* The return of the vessel from England will be the signal for his own execution, and therefore the moral problem is solved: the only chance of saving his life from a lawless murderer is to slay him; it has become an act of self-defence; he can do it with perfect conscience. He has calculated the return voyage; he has allowed the longest duration to his own existence and the

king's. At the very moment he encounters the Clown in the churchyard he is on his death-march to the palace at Elsinore" (Miles).

78. *Court*. The folio has "count;" corrected by Rowe. "Count" has, however, been defended as = make account of, reckon up, value.

79. *Bravery*. Bravado (D.). Cf. *J.C.* v. 1. 10: "With fearful bravery;" and see note in our ed. p. 175.

83. *Water-fly*. "A water-fly skips up and down upon the surface of the water without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler" (Johnson). Cf. *T. and C.* v. 1. 38: "how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature!"

85. *Gracious*. Cf. i. 1. 164 above.

88. *Chough*. See *Macb.* p. 221, or *Temp.* p. 127. F. favours Caldecott's suggestion that the word here is — *chuff*, a wealthy boor or clown. Cf. Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Franc-gontier. A substantiall yonker, wealthie chuffe;" and again: "Maschefouyn. A chuffe, boore, lobcocke, lozell; one that is fitter to feed with cattell, then to conuerse with men." See also Massinger, *Duke of Milan*, iii. 1:

"To see these chuffs, that every day may spend
A soldier's entertainment for a year,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins."

90. *Sweet*. A common form of address in the Elizabethan court language (Mommesen *apud* F.). Cf. iii. 2. 48 above.

91. *Bonnet*. Cap. See *Rich. II.* p. 169.

94. *Lordship*. The folio has "friendship," which K. adopts.

97. *Indifferent*. See on iii. 1. 122 above. On the dialogue here, cf. iii. 2. 351 fol.

98. *For my*, etc. The quartos have "or my complexion." (or "complexion."), and some modern eds. read "or my complexion—" Cf. i. 4. 27 above.

104. *I beseech you, remember*—. The full expression is found in *L.L.L.* v. 1. 103: "I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head." Malone thought it should read "remember *not* thy courtesy;" but St. shows that the old text is right. He cites *Lusty Juventus*: "I pray you be remembred, and cover your head;" and *Every Man in His Humour*, i. 1: "Pray you, remember your courts'y . . . Nay, pray you be cover'd." No one has explained the phrase; but probably, as W. suggests, *remember* is used in some peculiar and perhaps elliptical way. It is curious that "leave your courtesy" is used in the same sense in *M.N.D.* iv. 1. 21.

105. *For mine ease*. Farmer quotes Marston, *Malcontent*, ind. :

"Cun. I beseech you, sir, be coverd.
Sly. No, in good faith, for mine ease."

Malone adds from Massinger, *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, ii. 3:

"Is 't for your ease
You keep your hat off?"

and from Florio, *Second Frutes*:

"Why do you stand bareheded? . . .
Pardon me, good sir, I doe it for mine ease."

106-130. *Sir, here . . . unfellowed.* This is omitted in the folio, which has only "Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellency *Laertes* is at his weapon."

106. *Absolute.* Complete, perfect. See *Hen. V.* p. 170.

107. *Excellent differences.* "Different excellencies," as Schmidt explains it (p. 1416), adding many similar examples; as "murderous shame" (*Sonn.* 9. 14)=shameful murder; "aged honour" (*A. W.* i. 3. 216)—honourable age; "expert allowance" (*Oth.* ii. 1. 49)—allowed or acknowledged expertness; "negligent danger" (*A. and C.* iii. 6. 81)—dangerous negligence, etc. Caldecott makes it—"every nice punctilio of good breeding;" and W., "distinctions marking him out from the rest of men."

108. *Feelingly.* So as to hit it exactly (Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* i. 2. 36: "Do I speak feelingly now?" See also *T. N.* ii. 3. 172.

109. *Card or calendar of gentry.* "The general preceptor of elegance; the card [see on v. 1. 131 above] by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the calendar by which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable" (Johnson). *Gentry*=courtesy, gentlemanliness. Cf. ii. 2. 22 above.

110. *The continent,* etc. The sum total of all gentlemanly qualities. See on iv. 4. 64 and iv. 7. 72 above.

111. *Définition.* Definition, description. The sense of this affected jargon seems to be: You describe him justly; though to do it minutely and thoroughly would overtask one's memory and yet not come up to his deserts. Verily, he is a man of manifold virtues, and of so rare a nature that none but himself can be his parallel, while those who would imitate him are at best only his shadow.

113. *Yaw.* A vessel *yaws* when she falls off for the moment from her true course. The term is still in use among sailors; we have heard it often. D. quotes Coles, *Dict.*: "To yaw (as a ship), *huc illuc vacillare, capite nutare.*" The noun occurs in Massinger, *Very Woman*, iii. 5: "(1, the yaws that she will make!)" where Gifford remarks: "A *yaw* is that unsteady motion which a ship makes in a great swell, when, in steering, she inclines to the right or left of her course."

115. *Of great article.* That is, of many items.

Infusion. Endowments, qualities (Schmidt). *Dearth*=high value (Johnson and Schmidt).

116. *Semblable.* Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 22: "His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains," etc.

117. *Trace.* Follow. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 153: "That trace him in his line," etc.

Umbrage. Shadow; used by S. only here.

120. *The concernancy, sir?* The meaning, sir? What does this mean?

121. *More rawer.* See on ii. 1. 11 above.

123. *Is't not possible,* etc. "The meaning may be, 'Can't you understand your own absurd language on another man's tongue? Use your wits, sir, and you'll soon be at the bottom of it'" (M.).

125. *Nomination.* Naming, mentioning by name. Cf. *I. L. L.* iv. 2. 138.

132. *Approve*. Make approved, commend (Schmidt).

135. *Compare with*. Assume to rival.

138. *Imputation*. Reputation, opinion. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 13, *T. and C.* i. 3. 339, etc.

139. *Meed*. Merit. Cf. *3 Hen. VI.* iv. 8. 38: "my meed hath got me fame," etc.

144. *Imponed*. Staked (Schmidt). The quartos have "hee has im- paund ;" the folio has "he impon'd." The text is due to Theo.

145. *Assigns*. Appendages; an "affected expression" (Schmidt).

146. *Hangers*. The straps by which the sword was hung to the belt, Steevens quotes Chapman, *Iliad*, xi. 27: "The scaberd was of silver plate, with golden hangers grac'd."

148. *Liberall conceit*. Tasteful design. Cf. *R. of L.* 1423: "For much imaginary work was there ; Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind," etc.

150. *Edified by the margent*. Instructed by the explanation in the margin; a very common thing in old books. See *M.N.D.* p. 142. This speech of Horatio is omitted in the folio.

153. *Germane*. Akin, pertinent. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 802 and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 344.

161. *Twelve for nine*. Johnson says: "This wager I do not understand. In a dozen passes one must exceed the other more or less than three hits. Nor can I comprehend how in a dozen there can be twelve for nine." Various attempts have been made to "figure it out," but they are not very satisfactory. We venture to suggest that S. wrote the "three hits" at random, and added the "twelve for nine" without stopping to think whether subtracting the three from twelve made the arithmetic all right. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 57 fol., where he subtracts 426 from 805 and gets a remainder of 421. The error is copied from Holinshed, but the fact that S. did not see and correct it shows his carelessness in regard to such matters.

162. *Answer*. Acceptance of the challenge. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 332: "And wake him to the answer" (referring to the challenge of Hector).

167. *Breathing time*. Time for exercise (Schmidt). Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 17: "For breathing and exploit ;" *Id.* ii. 3. 271: "thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee ;" *Per.* ii. 1. 101: "Here is a lady that wants breathing too" (where the exercise is dancing), etc.

168. *Hoid*. Changed by Capell to "holding." For similar "confusion of two constructions," see Gr. 411 fol.

169. *Will gain*. For the *will*, see Gr. 319.

171. *Re-deliver*. Report (Schmidt). Cf. *iii. 1.* 94, where it is used in a less affected way.

177. *This lapwing*, etc. Steevens quotes Greene, *Never too Late*: "Are you no sooner hatched, with the lapwing, but you will run away with the shell on your head?" Malone adds from Meres, *Wit's Treasury*: "As the lapwing runneth away with the shell on her head as soon as she is hatched." So Webster, *White Devil*, ii.: "Forward lapwing, he flies with the shell on 's head." Hence the bird was the symbol of a forward fellow; and also of insincerity, from its habit of alluring intruders from

its nest by crying far away from it (Wr.). Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 32 and *C. of E.* iv. 2. 27.

179. *Comply.* Use compliment, play the courtier. Cf. ii. 2. 363 above. *Bezy.* The folio has "Beauy," the quartos "breede" or "breed."

181. *Outward haunt*, etc. "Exterior politeness of address" (Henley). *Yesty.* Frothy. The quartos have "histy" or "misty." Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 53: "the yesty waves."

183. *Fond and winnowed.* The folio reading; the quartos have "prophane (or "protane") and tremmowed" (or "tremmowned"). "Fanned" and "profound" have been suggested in place of *fond*. If any change is called for, the former is very plausible; but *fond and winnowed* may be foolish and over-refined (cf. *fucked* in v. 1. 133 above).

185-197. *Enter a Lord . . . instructs me.* Omitted in the folio.

186. *Commended him.* Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 1. 73: "Commends himself most affectionately to you;" *M. of V.* iii. 2. 235: "Antonio commends him to you," etc.

189. *Or that.* Or if. Cf. iv. 7. 61, 150, and 158 above. Gr. 285.

191. *Fitness.* Convenience (Schmidt).

194. *In happy time.* Just in time; "like the Fr. *à la bonne heure*" (Wr.). Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 90, *A. W.* v. 1. 6, *J. C.* ii. 2. 60, etc.

195. *Gentle entertainment.* "Conciliating behaviour" (Caldecott).

200. *At the odds.* "With the advantage that I am allowed" (Malone).

201. *But thou wouldest not think*, etc. Coleridge remarks: "Shakespeare seems to mean all Hamlet's character to be brought together before his final disappearance from the scene: his meditative excess in the grave-digging, his yielding to passion with Laertes, his love for Ophelia blazing out, his tendency to generalize on all occasions in the dialogue with Horatio, his fine gentlemanly manners with Osric, and his and Shakespeare's own fondness for presentiment."

204. *Gain-giving.* Misgiving. Cf. *gainsay* (*gain*=against, A. S. *geán*). So *gainstand*=withstand, *gainstrike*=strike against (Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 4. 14: "Who him gainstriving nought at all prevaild"), etc.

207. *Repair.* Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 1. 43, *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 240, and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 20. *Fit*=ready; as in *Cor.* i. 3. 47: "We are fit to bid her welcome," etc.

211. *Since no man*, etc. The quartos have "since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be;" the folio, "since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is 't to leaue betimes?" Warb., followed by Coll., Sr. Halliwell, H., and others, reads, "Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes?" Rowe, Pope, Theo., K., D., St., W., and others, have "Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't," etc. The reading in the text was suggested by Johnson, who assumed that the "knows" of the quartos was right, but was misprinted "ha's" in the revised form of the passage in the folio. Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "Since no man knowes aught of the state of life which he leaves, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of leaving life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness or an interception of calamity: I despise the

superstition of augury and omens, which has no ground in reason or piety; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of Providence." Caldecott explains the re-pointed folio reading as follows: "Since no man has (that is, has any secure hold, or can properly be denominated the possessor, of) any portion of that which he leaves, or must leave, behind him, of what moment is it that this leave-taking, or parting with a possession so frail, should be made thus early?" Clarke and F. prefer the quarto reading, as we do, on the ground that "it is more characteristic of Hamlet to think little of leaving life, because he cannot solve its many mysteries, than because he cannot carry with him life's goods."

214. *Give me your pardon*, etc. Johnson says: "I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a brave or a good man to shelter himself in falsehood." Seymour believes that the passage from *This presence to enemy* in 227 below is an interpolation, as "the falsehood contained in it is too ignoble."

216. *This presence*. The abstract for the concrete (Wr.). Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 102, *K. John*, ii. 1. 196, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 34, etc.

219. *Exception*. Disapprobation, objection. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 34: "modest in exception," etc.

228. *Sir, in this audience*. Omitted in the quartos.

232. *Brother*. The folio has "Mother."

In nature. "A piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though *nature* is satisfied, yet he will ask advice of older men of the sword whether artificial honour ought to be contented with Hamlet's submission" (Steevens).

238. *Ungor'd*. Unwounded, unhurt. The folio has "ungorg'd." Wr. quotes *T. and C.* iii. 3. 228: "My fame is shrewdly gor'd."

245. *Stick fiery off*. Be brilliantly set off, "stand in brilliant relief" (Wr.).

249. *Your grace*, etc. "I understand that your grace has taken care that points shall be given me; but for all that I fear that I shall be the weaker. No, replies the king, I have seen you both, and the points given will counterbalance his Paris improvement" (M.). According to Jennings, the *odds* are those that were laid in the wager, namely, the greater value of the king's stake as compared with that of Laertes (Ritson computes the values as twenty to one), and not to the number of hits, which is what the king refers to in his reply.

251. *Since he is better'd*. "Since he has perfected himself in his art" (Schmidt). The quartos have "better."

253. *Likes*. Pleases, suits. See on ii. 2. 80 above. *A*=one (Gr. 81).

257. *Quit*, etc. Pay him off in meeting him at the third encounter (Wr.). Cf. 68 above.

258. *Ordnance*. The folio has "Ordinance." See *Hen. V.* p. 161.

260. *Union*. A fine pearl. Malone quotes Florio, *Ital. Dict.*: "Vnione, . . . a faire, great, orient pearle." Steevens cites Holland's *Pliny*: "our dainties and delicates here at Rome, haue devised this name for them, and call them Vnions; as a man would say, Singular, and by themselves alone."

263. *Kettle*. That is, kettle-drum. Cf. i. 11 above

270. *This pearl*, etc. "Under pretence of throwing a pearl into the cup, the king may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet seems to suspect this, when he afterwards discovers the effects of the poison, and tauntingly asks him, 'Is thy union here?'" (Steevens).

275. *He's fat*, etc. Coll. has shown that Richard Burbadge was the original Hamlet, and that these words were inserted because he was corpulent. This is evident from an elegy upon the actor, which says:

"No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
Shall cry 'Revenge!' for his dear father's death."

276. *Napkin*. Handkerchief; the only meaning of the word in S. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190; or cf. *L. C.* 15, *Oth.* iii. 3. 290, 306, etc.

277. *Carouses*. Drinks a health. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 55:

"Now my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep," etc.

284. *And yet*, etc. "This symptom of relenting is not only a redeeming touch in the character of Laertes (and Shakespeare, in his large tolerance and true knowledge of human nature, is fond of giving these redeeming touches even to his worst characters), but it forms a judiciously interposed link between the young man's previous determination to take the Prince's life treacherously and his subsequent revealment of the treachery. From the deliberate malice of becoming the agent in such a plot, to the remorseful candour which confesses it, would have been too violent and too abrupt a moral change, had not the dramatist, with his usual skill, introduced this connecting point of half compunction" (Clarke).

287. *Afard*. Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid*. See *M. N. D.* p. 156 or *Mach.* p. 163.

Make a wanton of me. "Trifle with me as if you were playing with a child" (Ritson). Cf. *Rich.* II. iii. 3. 164. Schmidt makes it = treat me like an effeminate boy. Cf. *K. John*, v. 1. 70 and *Rich.* II. v. 3. 10. H. remarks here: "This is a quiet but very significant stroke of delineation. Laertes is not playing his best, and it is the conscience of what is at the point of his foil that keeps him from doing so; and the effects are perceptible to Hamlet, though he dreams not of the reason."

290. Much has been written on the *change of rapiers* in the stage-direction, for an abstract of which, and also for the practice of celebrated actors, see F.

294. *As a woodcock*. F. quotes a writer in *Notes and Queries* (Aug. 8, 1874) who says: "This bird is trained to decoy other birds, and sometimes, while strutting inadvertently too near the springe, it becomes itself entangled." Cf. i. 3. 115 above.

296. *How does the queen?* That is, what is the matter with the queen? *Swoons*. The quartos and 1st and 2d folios have "swoons," the later folios "swounds" (=swoons), a pet word with Mrs. Browning.

305. *Unbated*. See on iv. 7. 137 above; and for *practice*, iv. 7. 66, 137.

309. *Envenom'd too*. That is, envenomed as well as unbated.

314. *Is thy union here?* See on 270 above.

316. *Temper'd.* Mixed, compounded (Schmidt). Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5 98 and *Cymb.* v. 5. 250.

319. Laertes, who was not wounded till after Hamlet, dies first of the poison; but possibly, as F. suggests, Hamlet gave Laertes a mortal thrust in return for the "scratch," which was all that Laertes was aiming at,—so that Laertes dies of the wound, Hamlet of the poison.

323. *Mutes.* "That are either auditors of this catastrophe, or at most only mute performers, that fill the stage without any part in the action" (Johnson).

324. *As.* See Gr. 110, and cf. iv. 3. 58 above.

Sergeant. Ritson, Schmidt, and others explain this as = "bailiff, or sheriff's officer;" but Mr. J. F. Marsh, in *Notes and Queries* (March 16, 1878), says that a sheriff's officer was *not* called a sergeant, and that the allusion is probably to the sergeants-at-arms, the executive officers of the two Houses of Parliament and the High Court of Chancery. Malone quotes Sylvester's *Du Bartas*: "And Death, drad Seriant of th' eternall Judge." Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 56, 61, iv. 3. 30, 40, and *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 198.

329. *Antique.* For the accent, cf. ii. 2. 455 above, and see *Macb.* p. 234. Wr. quotes here *A. and C.* iv. 15. 87.

332. *O God!* The quartos have "O god *Horatio*," or "O God *Horatio?*" The folio has "Oh good *Horatio*," which is followed by many modern eds.

333. *Live behind.* St. quotes *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 110: "No glory lives behind the back of such." For *live* the quartos have "I leave;" and W. reads "leave."

335. *Felicity.* The joys of heaven (Delius).

341. *O'er-crows.* "As a victorious cock crows over his defeated antagonist" (Jennens). Steevens quotes Chapman, *Odyssey*:

"and told his foe
It was not fair nor equal t' overcrown
The poorest guest;"

and Malone adds from the epistle prefixed to Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "and overcrown me with comparative terms."

345. *Occurrents.* Occurrences, incidents. Steevens quotes Drayton, *Barons' Wars*, i. 12: "As our occurrents happen in degree;" and Wr. adds from Holland's *Pliny*, xxv. 2: "This occurrent fell out in Lacetania."

346. *Which have solicited.* "Which have induced me to act as I have done" (M.). Cf. *Rich.* II. i. 2. 2.

The rest is silence. "To Hamlet silence would come as the most welcome and most gracious of friends, as relief to the action-wearied soul, freedom from conflicting motives, leisure for searching out all problems, release from the toil of finding words for thought; as the one sole language of immortality, the only true utterance of the infinite" (M.).

347. *Cracks.* Breaks. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 301: "My heart is ready to crack;" *K. John*, v. 7. 52: "The tackle of my heart is crack'd;" *Cor.* v. 3. 9: "with a crack'd heart," etc.

352. *This quarry cries on havoc.* "This heap of dead proclaims an indiscriminate slaughter" (W.). *Quarry* = the game killed; as in *Macb.*

iv. 3. 206, etc. Johnson makes *cries on* = exclains against ; but it is rather, as Schmidt gives it, —cries out. Cf. *Oth.* v. 1. 48 : "whose noise is this that cries on murther?" For *havoc*, see *J. C.* p. 160.

353. *Toward*. See on i. 1. 77 above, and cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 75 : "Four feasts are toward." For *eternal*, see on i. 5. 21 above.

360. *His mouth*. That is, the king's (Warb.). Theo. strangely referred it to Hamlet.

363. *Jump*. See on i. 1. 65 above.

369. *Carnal*. Sensual (Schmidt); as in *Oth.* i. 3. 335. The allusion is to the murder of the elder Hamlet by Claudius previous to his incestuous union with Gertrude (Malone).

370. This line refers to Polonius, and the next to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, whose deaths were forced on Hamlet (Delius).

371. *Put on*. See on iv. 7. 130 above.

372. *Upshot*. Conclusion, final issue. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 76. "In archery the *upshot* was the final shot, which decided the match" (Wr.). For *mistook*, see Gr. 343.

374. *Deliver*. Report, relate. See on i. 2. 193 above.

377. *Rights of memory*. Rights which are remembered (Malone).

380. *Will draw on more*. Will be seconded by others (Theo.).

383. *On*. In consequence of (Gr. 180).

385. *Put on*. Put to the proof, tried (Caldecott).

386. *Passage*. Departure, death ; as in iii. 3. 86 above.

391. "Hamlet has gained the haven for which he longed so often ; yet without bringing guilt on himself by his death : no fear that his sleep should have bad dreams in it *now*. Those whom he loved, his mother, Laertes, Ophelia, have all died guiltless or forgiven. Late, and under the strong compulsion of approaching death, he has done, and well done, the inevitable task from which his gentle nature shrank. Why then any further thought, in the awful presence of death, of crimes, conspiracies, vengeance? Think that he has been slain in battle, like his Sea-King forefathers ; and let the booming cannon be his mourners" (M.).

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 214) as follows :

"The time of the Play is seven days represented on the stage—or eight if the reader prefers to assign a separate day to the last scene—with two intervals.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i. to iii.

" 2. Act I. sc. iv. and v.

An interval of rather more than two months.

" 3. Act II. sc. i. and ii.

" 4. Act III. sc. i. to iv., Act IV. sc. i. to iii.

" 5. Act IV. sc. iv.

An interval—a week?

" 6. Act IV. sc. v. to vii.

" 7. Act V. sc. i. and ii."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

King : i. 2(93) ; ii. 2(39) ; iii. 1(40), 2(7), 3(50) ; iv. 1(34), 3(44), 5(67), 7(141) ; v. 1(9), 2(27). Whole no. 551.

Hamlet : i. 2(103), 4(68), 5(99) ; ii. 2(302) ; iii. 1(84), 2(245), 3(24), 4(176) ; iv. 2(23), 3(26), 4(47) ; v. 1(142), 2(230). Whole no. 1560.

Polonius : i. 2(4), 3(68) ; ii. 1(87), 2(146) ; iii. 1(23), 2(13), 3(9), 4(7). Whole no. 357.

Horatio : i. 1(100), 2(50), 4(26), 5(17) ; iii. 2(9) ; iv. 5(2), 6(28) ; v. 1(12), 2(54). Whole no. 298.

Laertes : i. 2(7), 3(53) ; iv. 5(48), 7(47) ; v. 1(18), 2(35). Whole no. 208.

Voltimand : i. 2(1) ; ii. 2(21). Whole no. 22.

Cornelius : i. 2(1). Whole no. 1.

Rosencrantz : ii. 2(50) ; iii. 1(12), 2(15), 3(14) ; iv. 2(9), 3(4), 4(1). Whole no. 105.

Guildenstern : ii. 2(21) ; iii. 1(5), 2(24), 3(5) ; iv. 2(2). Whole no. 57.

Osric : v. 2(56). Whole no. 56.

1st Gentleman : iv. 5(12). Whole no. 12.

2d Gentleman : iv. 5(11). Whole no. 11.

1st Priest : v. 1(13). Whole no. 13.

Marcellus : i. 1(46), 2(6), 4(7), 5(8). Whole no. 67.

Bernardo : i. 1(34), 2(4). Whole no. 38.

Francisco : i. 1(10). Whole no. 10.

Reynaldo : ii. 1(15). Whole no. 15.

1st Player : ii. 2(48) ; iii. 2(3). Whole no. 51.

Player King : iii. 2(44). Whole no. 44.

Lucianus : iii. 2(6). Whole no. 6.

Fortinbras : iv. 4(8) ; v. 2(19). Whole no. 27.

Captain : iv. 4(12). Whole no. 12.

1st Sailor : iv. 6(5). Whole no. 5.

1st Clown : v. 1(107). Whole no. 107.

2d Clown : v. 1(19). Whole no. 19.

1st Ambassador : v. 2(6). Whole no. 6.

Lord : v. 2(10). Whole no. 10.

Servant : iv. 6(1). Whole no. 1.

Messenger : iv. 7(5). Whole no. 5.

Ghost : i. 5(89) ; iii. 4(6). Whole no. 95.

Queen : i. 2(10) ; ii. 2(20) ; iii. 1(9), 2(4), 4(47) ; iv. 1(12), 5(16), 7(21) ; v. 1(12), 2(7). Whole no. 158.

Ophelia : i. 3(20) ; ii. 1(28) ; iii. 1(33), 2(18) ; iv. 5(76). Whole no. 175.

Player Queen : iii. 2(30). Whole no. 30.

“*Prologue*” : iii. 2(3). Whole no. 3.

“*All*” : i. 2(1) ; iii. 2(1) ; iv. 5(3) ; v. 1(1), 2(1). Whole no. 7.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(175), 2(258), 3(136), 4(91), 5(191); ii. 1(119), 2(633); iii. 1(196), 2(417), 3(98), 4(217); iv. 1(45), 2(33), 3(70), 4(66), 5(220), 6(34), 7(195); v. 1(322), 2(414). Whole number in the play, 3930.

Hamlet is the longest of the plays. *Richard II.* comes next, with 3615 lines; then *Twelfth and Crescent*, with 3496; 2 *Henry IV.*, with 3446; *Coriolanus*, with 3410; and *Henry V.* with 3380. The *Comedy of Errors* is the shortest, with 1778 lines; next, *The Tempest*, with 2065; and *Macbeth*, with 2100 (much the shortest of the great tragedies).

Hamlet speaks more lines (1569) than any other character in any one play. Richard III. comes next, with 1161 lines; then Iago, with 1117, and Henry V. with 1063. Of the characters who appear in more than one play, Henry V., as prince and king, has the most lines (including 616 in *1 Henry IV.* and 308 in *2 Henry IV.*), or 1987 in all. Falstaff comes next with 1895 in all (719 in *1 Henry IV.*, 688 in *2 Henry IV.*, and 488 in the *Merry Wives*).



THE AVON, NEAR LUDDINGTON.



RICHARD BURBADGE (D. 275).

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THE INFANT SHAKESPEARE.



Ay, at Philippi (iv. 3 252).

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY
OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

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THE TIBER.



CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

INTRODUCTION
TO
J U L I U S CÆS A R.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

“The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar”* was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 109-130 in the division of “Tragedies.” It was printed with remarkable accuracy, and no play of Shakespeare’s presents fewer textual difficulties.

The date at which the drama was written has been variously fixed by the critics. According to Malone, it “could not have appeared before 1607.” Collier argues that it must

* This is the title at the beginning of the play and at the head of each page, but in the Table of Contents (or, as it is called, “A CATALOGUE of the severall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume”) it is given as “The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar.”

have been acted before 1603. Knight believes it to be "one of the latest works of Shakespeare." Craik* comes to the conclusion that it "can hardly be assigned to a later date than the year 1607, but there is nothing to prove that it may not be of considerably earlier date." White infers from the style that "it was probably brought out between 1605 and 1608." Gervinus (in his *Shakespeare Commentaries*) decides that it "was composed before 1603, about the same time as *Hamlet*," and he adds that this is "confirmed not only by the frequent external references to Cæsar which we find in *Hamlet*, but still more by the inner relations of the two plays." More recently (in his folio edition of Shakespeare, 1865), Halliwell has shown that it was written "in or before the year 1601." This appears "from the following lines in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in that year—lines which unquestionably are to be traced to a recollection of Shakespeare's drama, not to that of the history as given by Plutarch:

"The many-headed multitude were drawne
 By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious ;
 When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
 His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

It appears from Peck's "Collection of divers curious historical pieces, etc." (appended to his *Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell*), that a Latin play on this subject, entitled "Epilogus Cæsaris interficti," had been written as early as 1582, by Dr. Richard Eedes, and acted at Christ Church College, Oxford. This was very likely the drama referred to in *Hamlet* (iii. 2):

"Hamlet. My lord, you play'd once i' th' university, you say?
 Polonius. That did I, my lord ; and was accounted a good actor.
 Hamlet. What did you enact ?
 Polonius. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was kill'd i' th' Capitol ;
 Brutus kill'd me."

* *English of Shakespeare*, Rolfe's ed., pp. 44-49.



THE ROMAN FORUM BEFORE THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS.

Stephen Gosson also, in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play entitled “The History of Cæsar and Pompey ;” and there were doubtless other early English plays based on the story of Cæsar. But the only source from which Shakespeare appears to have derived his materials was Sir Thomas North’s version of *Plutarch’s Lives* (translated from the French of Amyot), first published in 1579. He has followed his authority closely, not only in the main incidents, but often in the minutest details of the action. This has been well stated

by Gervinus in his *Shakespeare Commentaries*.* “The component parts of the drama are borrowed from the biographies of Brutus and Cæsar in such a manner that not only the historical action in its ordinary course, but also the single characteristic traits in incidents and speeches, nay, even single expressions and words, are taken from Plutarch ; even such as are not anecdotal or of an epigrammatic nature, even such as one unacquainted with Plutarch would consider in form and manner to be quite Shakespearian, and which have not unfrequently been quoted as his peculiar property, testifying to the poet’s deep knowledge of human nature. From the triumph over Pompey (or rather over his sons), the silencing of the two tribunes, and the crown offered at the Lupercalian feast, until Cæsar’s murder, and from thence to the battle of Philippi and the closing words of Antony, which are in part exactly as they were delivered, all in this play is essentially Plutarch. The omens of Cæsar’s death, the warnings of the augur and of Artemidorus, the absence of the heart in the animal sacrificed, Calphurnia’s dream ; the peculiar traits of Cæsar’s character, his superstition regarding the touch of barren women in the course, his remarks about thin people like Cassius ; all the circumstances about the conspiracy where no oath was taken, the character of Ligarius, the withdrawal of Cicero ; the whole relation of Portia to Brutus, her words, his reply, her subsequent anxiety and death ; the circumstances of Cæsar’s death, the very arts and means of Decius Brutus to induce him to leave home, all the minutest particulars of his murder, the behaviour of Antony and its result, the murder of the poet Cinna ; further on, the contention between the republican friends respecting Lucius Pella and the refusal of the money, the dissension of the two concerning the decisive battle, their conversation about suicide, the appearance of Brutus’s evil genius, the mistakes in the

* Bunnett’s Translation, London, 1863. This passage immediately precedes the one quoted in the “Critical Comments on the Play” below.

battle, its double issue, its repetition, the suicide of both friends, and Cassius's death by the same sword with which he killed Cæsar—all is taken from Plutarch's narrative, from which the poet had only to omit whatever destroyed the unity of the action."

The period of the action of the play extends from the feast of the *Lupercalia*, in February of the year 44 B.C., to the battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.



MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."]

Shakespear has in this play and elsewhere shown the same penetration into political character and the springs of public events as into those of every-day life. For instance, the whole design of the conspirators to liberate their country fails from the generous temper and overweening confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause and the assistance of others. Thus it has always been. Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security. That humanity and honesty which dispose men to resist injustice and tyranny render them unfit to cope with the cunning and

power of those who are opposed to them. The friends of liberty trust to the professions of others because they are themselves sincere, and endeavour to reconcile the public good with the least possible hurt to its enemies, who have no regard to anything but their own unprincipled ends, and stick at nothing to accomplish them. Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator. His heart prompted his head. His watchful jealousy made him fear the worst that might happen, and his irritability of temper added to his inveteracy of purpose, and sharpened his patriotism. The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men. The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny and servility are to be dealt with after their own fashion ; otherwise they will triumph over those who spare them, and finally pronounce their funeral panegyric, as Anthony did that of Brutus :

"All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them."

The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is managed in a masterly way. The dramatic fluctuation of passion, the calmness of Brutus, the heat of Cassius, are admirably described ; and the exclamation of Cassius on hearing of the death of Portia, which he does not learn till after their reconciliation, " How scap'd I killing wher I cross'd you so ? " gives double force to all that has gone before. The scene between Brutus and Portia, where she endeavours to extort the secret of the conspiracy from him, is conceived in the most heroical spirit, and the burst of tenderness in Brutus—

" You are my true and honourable wife :
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart"—

is justified by her whole behaviour. Portia's breathless impatience to learn the event of the conspiracy, in the dialogue

with Lucius, is full of passion. The interest which Portia takes in Brutus, and that which Calphurnia takes in the fate of Cæsar, are discriminated with the nicest precision. Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and artifice in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good.

The entrance of the conspirators to the house of Brutus is rendered very impressive. In the midst of this scene we meet with one of those careless and natural digressions which occur so frequently and beautifully in Shakespear. After Cassius has introduced his friends one by one, Brutus says,

“They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word? [Brutus and Cassius whisper.]

Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.”

We cannot help thinking this graceful familiarity better than all the fustian in the world.

The truth of history in *Julius Cæsar* is very ably worked up with dramatic effect. The councils of generals, the doubtful turns of battles, are represented to the life. The death of Brutus is worthy of him: it has the dignity of the Roman senator with the firmness of the Stoic philosopher. But what is perhaps better than either is the little incident of his boy Lucius falling asleep over his instrument, as he is playing to his master in his tent, the night before the battle. Nature had played him the same forgetful trick once before, on the

night of the conspiracy. The humanity of Brutus is the same on both occasions.

“ It is no matter :
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber.
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men,
Therefore thou sleep’st so sound.”

[From Knight’s “ Pictorial Shakspere.”*]

Nothing can be more interesting, we think, than to follow Shakespeare with Plutarch in hand. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvas ; the outlines are distinct, the colours are strong ; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian’s picture. We turn to the poet. We recognize the same figures, but they appear to live ; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they move ; we have at once the reality of nature and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Compare the dialogue in the first act between Cassius and Brutus, and the same dialogue as reported by Plutarch, for an example of the power by which the poet elevates all he touches, without destroying its identity. When we arrive at the stirring scenes of the third act, this power is still more manifest. The assassination scene is as literal as may be ; but it offers an example apt enough of Shakespeare’s mode of dramatizing a fact. When Metellus Cimber makes suit for his brother, and the conspirators appear as intercessors, the historian says, “ Cæsar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties ; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him.” The poet enters into the mind of Cæsar, and clothes this rejection of the suit in characteristic words. Hazlitt, after noticing the profound knowledge of character displayed by Shakespeare in this play, says : “ If there be any exception to this

* *Tragedies*, vol. ii. p. 349 foll.

remark, it is in the hero of the piece himself. We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Cæsar, nor do we think it answers the portrait given of him in his *Commentaries*. He makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far the fault of the character is the fault of the plot." The echoes of this opinion are many, and smaller critics wax bold upon the occasion. Boswell says: "There cannot be a stronger proof of Shakespeare's deficiency in classical knowledge than the boastful language he has put in the mouth of the most accomplished man of all antiquity, who was not more admirable for his achievements than for the dignified simplicity with which he has recorded them." Courtenay had hazarded, in his notice of *Henry VIII.*, the somewhat bold assertion that "Shakespeare used very little artifice, and, in truth, had very little design, in the construction of the greater number of his historical characters." Upon the character of Julius Cæsar, he says that Plutarch's having been supposed to pass over this character somewhat slightly is "a corroboration of my remark upon the slight attention which Shakespeare paid to his historical characters. The conversation with Antony about fat men, and with Calphurnia about her dreams, came conveniently into his plan; and some lofty expressions could hardly be avoided in portraying one who was known to the whole world as a great conqueror. Beyond this our poet gave himself no trouble." This is certainly an easy way of disposing of a complicated question. Did Shakespeare give himself no trouble about the characterization of Brutus and Cassius? In them did he indicate no points of character but what he found in Plutarch? Is not his characterization of Cæsar himself a considerable expansion of what he found set down by the historian? At the exact period of the action of this drama, Cæsar, possessing the reality of power, was haunted by the weakness of passionately desiring the title of king. Plutarch says:

“The chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king.” This is the pivot upon which the whole action of Shakespeare’s tragedy turns. There might have been another method of treating the subject. The death of Julius Cæsar might have been the catastrophe. The republican and monarchical principles might have been exhibited in conflict. The republican principle would have triumphed in the fall of Cæsar ; and the poet would have previously held the balance between the two principles, or have claimed, indeed, our largest sympathies for the principles of Cæsar and his friends, by a true exhibition of Cæsar’s greatness and Cæsar’s virtues. The poet chose another course. And are we, then, to talk, with ready flippancy, of ignorance and carelessness—that he wanted classical knowledge—that he gave himself no trouble? “The fault of the character is the fault of the plot,” says Hazlitt. It would have been nearer the truth had he said, the character is determined by the plot. While Cæsar is upon the scene, it was for the poet, largely interpreting the historian, to show the inward workings of “the covetous desire he had to be called king,” and most admirably, according to our notions of characterization, has he shown them. Cæsar is “in all but name a king.” He is surrounded by all the external attributes of power ; yet he is not satisfied :

“The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar’s brow.”

He is suspicious—he fears. But he has acquired the policy of greatness—to seem what it is not. To his intimate friend he is an actor :

“I rather tell thee what is to be fear’d
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.”

When Calphurnia has recounted the terrible portents of the night—when the augurers would not that Cæsar should stir forth—he exclaims :

“ The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.”

But to whom does he utter this, the “ boastful language” which so offends Boswell? To the servant who has brought the message from the augurers; before *him* he could show no fear. But the very inflation of his language shows that he did fear; and an instant after, when the servant no doubt is intended to have left the scene, he says to his wife,

“ Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.”

Read Plutarch’s account of the scene between Decius and Cæsar, when Decius prevails against Calphurnia, and Cæsar decides to go. In the historian we have not a hint of the splendid characterization of Cæsar struggling between his fear and his pride. Wherever Shakespeare found a minute touch in the historian that could harmonize with his general plan, he embodied it in his character of Cæsar. Who does not remember the magnificent lines which the poet puts into the mouth of Cæsar?

“ Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.”

A very slight passage in Plutarch, with reference to other events of Cæsar’s life, suggested this: “ When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death.” . . . The tone of his last speech is indeed boastful :

“ I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion ; and that I am he
Let me a little show it."

That Cæsar knew his power, and made others know it, who can doubt? He was not one who, in his desire to be king, would put on the robe of humility. Altogether, then, we profess to receive Shakespeare's characterization of Cæsar with a perfect confidence that he produced that character upon fixed principles of art. It is true to the narrative upon which Shakespeare founded it ; but, what is of more importance, it is true to every natural conception of what Cæsar must have been at the exact moment of his fall.

[From Utrici's "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art."*]

The want of unity of interest is the common objection that has been most frequently brought against *Julius Cæsar*. And as long as this particular unity is confounded with the true ideal unity of art, defective composition, or a want of true organic unity, is the greatest censure that can be passed upon a work of art. Now if the unity of interest ought to centre entirely in one *personage* of the drama, then no doubt the objection is just, for it is divided between Cæsar, Brutus and Cassius, and Antony and Octavius. But we cannot for a moment concede that poetical interest is invariably personal ; we believe that it attaches as frequently to an idea. In the *historical* drama, the interest must indeed be one, but one *historically*, and then it will be one in a poetical sense also. But in a certain sense history does not at all trouble itself about persons ; its chief interest is in *facts*, and their effects and influences. Now in *Julius Cæsar* this interest is one throughout, and possesses a true and organic unity. One and the same thought is reflected in the fall of Cæsar, in the defeat and death of Brutus and Cassius, and also in the vic-

* English Translation, London, 1847, p. 534 fol. We have made a few verbal changes, and have corrected some palpable errors : as "sworn friend" for "sworn enemy" (geschworenen Feinde).

tory of Antony and Octavius. No man, even though he be as great as Cæsar, or as noble as Brutus, is powerful enough to drag at will history in leading-strings ; every one in his vocation may contribute his stone to building up the grand whole, but no one must presume to think that he may with impunity try experiments with it. The great Julius was but trying an experiment when he allowed the crown to be offered which he thrice rejected against his will. He could not tame his wild ambition—a fault which history perhaps might have pardoned ; but he understood her not ; he wished and attempted what she was not ready for : by this self-condemned error, by this arrogance, he precipitated his fate. But Brutus and Cassius erred no less in thinking that Rome could be saved by re-establishing the republic ; as if the prosperity of a state depended on its form, and as if the individual could restore the lost morality of the nation by a magic word. As Cæsar thought life unendurable without the outward dignity of a crown, so they could not bear to live without the honour of external liberty, which they mistook for true intrinsic freedom of mind. They also were trying their own experiments with history. The avaricious and ambitious Cassius, as well as the noble-minded and disinterested Brutus, arrogantly thought themselves strong enough to control the course of events. Thus, in their case also, was error associated with presumption, and they doubly deserved the retribution that overtook them. Antony, on the other hand, with Octavius and Lepidus, the talented spendthrift with the clever actor and the good-hearted simpleton—neither half so able nor so noble-minded as their adversaries—nevertheless prevailed in the struggle, because they consented to follow the course of history and the spirit of their age, and understood how to use it. In *Julius Cæsar*, therefore, we discern throughout the same ground-idea, and a well-distributed organic unity of historical interest in all the characters, whether leading or subordinate. It shines forth even in Portia's death, as well as

in the fall of Cato, Cicero, and the other conspirators ; Portia and Cato fell with Brutus, and the rest with Cassius, because they did not understand the progress of events, and thought to control it arbitrarily for themselves, or no less wantonly to put their hands into their bosoms, and “speak Greek.” History, accordingly, here appears under one of its principal aspects—that of its despotic power and energy of development, by which, although worked out by individual minds, it yet rules the greatest of them, and reaches far beyond their widest calculations.

But what can justify apparitions and spirits in an *historical* drama ? And in any case, why is it that the ghost of Cæsar appears to Brutus, whose designs, apparently at least, are pure and noble, rather than to Cassius, his sworn enemy ? Because, though they appear to be such, they are not so in reality ; the design is not really *pure* which has for its first step so arrogant a violation of right. Moreover, Cæsar had been more deeply wronged by Brutus than by Cassius. Brutus, like Coriolanus, had trampled under foot the tenderest and noblest affections of humanity for the sake of the phantom honour of free citizenship. Brutus, lastly, was the very soul of the conspiracy ; if his mental energies should be paralyzed, and his strong courage unnerved, the whole enterprise must fail. And so, in truth, it went to pieces, because it was against the will of history—that is, against the eternal counsels of God. It was to signify this great lesson that Shakespeare introduced the ghost upon the stage. Only once, and with a few pregnant words, does the spirit appear ; but he is constantly hovering in the background, like a dark thunder-cloud, and is, as it were, the offended and threatening spirit of history itself. It is with the same purpose that Shakespeare has introduced spectral apparitions into another of his historical pieces—*Richard III.* Both dramas belong to the same historical grade ; they both represent important turning-points in the history of the world—the close of an

old, and the commencement of a new state of things—and in such times the guiding finger of God is more obviously apparent than at others.

[*From Gorcius's "Shakespeare Commentaries."* *]

The fidelity of Shakespeare to his source [Plutarch] justifies us in saying that he has but copied the historical text. It is at the same time wonderful with what hidden and almost undiscoverable power he has converted the text into a drama, and made one of the most effective plays possible. Nowhere else has Shakespeare executed his task with such simple skill, combining his dependence on history with the greatest freedom of a poetic plan, and making the truest history at once the freest drama. The parts seem to be only put together with the utmost ease, a few links taken out of the great chain of historical events, and the remainder united with a closer and more compact unity; but let any one, following this model work, attempt to take any other subject out of Plutarch, and arrange only a dramatic sketch from it, and he will become fully aware of the difficulty of this apparently most easy task. He will become aware what it is to concentrate his mind on one theme strictly adhered to, as is here the case; to refer persons and actions to one idea; to seek this idea out of the most general truths laid down in history; to employ, moreover, for the dramatic representation of this idea none but the actual historical personages; and so at length to arrange this for the stage with that practised skill or innate ability, that with an apparently artless transcript of history, such an ingenious independent theatrical effect can be obtained as that which this play has at no time failed to produce. Indeed, Leonard Digges informs us with what applause *Julius Cæsar* was acted in Shakespeare's time, whilst

* Bunnett's Translation, London, 1863, vol. ii. p. 322 fol. (by permission). As this translation was made "under the author's superintendence," we have quoted it *verbatim*, without collation with the original.

the tedious *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, which Ben Jonson had worked at with such diligence and labour, were coldly received. Immediately on its appearance the play roused the emulation of all the theatres ; the renowned poets Munday, Drayton, Webster, and Middleton wrote a rival piece, *Cæsar's Fall*, in 1602, Lord Stirling a *Julius Cæsar* in 1604, and a *Cæsar and Pompey* appeared in 1607. At the period of the Restoration, *Julius Cæsar* was one of the few works of Shakespeare that were sought out, represented, and criticised. In our own day, in Germany, we have seen it performed, seldom well, but always with applause. Separate scenes, like that between Casca and Cassius during the storm, produce an effect which can scarcely be imagined from merely reading them ; the speech of Antony, heightened by the effect of external arrangement and the artifices of conversation, by proper pauses and interruptions, even with inferior acting, carries away the spectator as well as the populace represented ; the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is a trial-piece for great actors, which, according to Leonard Digges, created even in his time the most rapturous applause ; and even the last act, which has been often objected to, is capable of exciting the liveliest emotion when well managed and acted with spirit.

* * * * *

The character of Cæsar in our play has been much blamed. He is declared to be unlike the idea conceived of him from his *Commentaries* ; it is said that he does nothing, and only utters a few pompous, thrasonical, grandiloquent words, and it has been asked whether this be the Cæsar that “ did awe the world ? ” The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Cæsar ; it was necessary to keep him in the background, and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. According even to Plutarch, whose biography of Cæsar is acknowledged to be very imperfect, Cæsar's character altered much for the worse

shortly before his death, and Shakespeare has represented him according to this suggestion. With what reverence Shakespeare viewed his character as a whole we learn from several passages of his works, and even in this play from the way in which he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead. In the descriptions of Cassius we look back upon the time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion ; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right ; he desires heirs to the throne, he hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess ; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this in his paroxysms of epilepsy ; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife as a prince ; the senate allow themselves to be called *his* senate ; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house ; even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power ; and he maintains everywhere the proud, strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues. If one of the changes at which Plutarch hints lay in this pride, this haughtiness, another lay in his superstition. In the suspicion and apprehension before the final step, he was seized, contrary to his usual nature and habit, with misgivings and superstitious fears, which affected likewise the hitherto free-minded Calphurnia. These conflicting feelings divide him, his forebodings excite him, his pride and his defiance of danger struggle against them, and restore his former confidence, which was natural to him, and which causes his ruin ; just as a like confidence, springing from another source, ruined Brutus. The actor must make his high-sounding language appear as the result of this discord of feeling. Sometimes they are only incidental words

intended to characterize the hero in the shortest way. Generally they appear in the cases where Cæsar has to combat with his superstition, where he uses effort to take a higher stand in his words than at the moment he actually feels. He speaks so much of having no fear that by this very thing he betrays his fear. Even in the places where his words sound most boastful, where he compares himself with the north star, there is more arrogance and ill-concealed pride at work than real boastfulness. It is intended there with a few words to show him at that point when his behaviour could most excite those free spirits against him. It was fully intended that he should take but a small part in the action ; we must not, therefore, say with Scottowe that he was merely brought upon the stage to be killed. The poet has handled this historical piece like his English historical plays. He had in his eye the whole context of the Roman civil wars for this single drama, not as yet thinking of its continuation in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

[*From Craik's "English of Shakespeare."***]

It is evident that the character and history of Julius Cæsar had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination. There is perhaps no other historical character who is so repeatedly alluded to throughout his plays.

"There was never anything so sudden," says the disguised Rosalind in *As You Like It* (v. 2), to Orlando, speaking of the manner in which his brother Oliver and her cousin (or sister, as she calls her) Celia had fallen in love with one another, "but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of I came, saw, and overcame : for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd ; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd ; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd ;" etc.

"O ! such a day," exclaims Lord Bardolph in the *Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* (i. 1) to old Northumberland,

* Rolfe's edition, p. 49 fol.

in his misannouncement of the issue of the field of Shrewsbury,

“ So fought, so follow’d, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times
Since Cæsar’s fortunes.”

And afterwards (in iv. 3) we have Falstaff’s magnificent gasconade: “ I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility. I have founder’d nine score and odd posts ; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that ? He saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say, with the hook-nos’d fellow of Rome, *I came, saw, and overcame.*”

“ But now behold,” says the Chorus in the Fifth Act of *King Henry the Fifth*, describing the triumphant return of the English monarch from the conquest of France,

“ In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of th’ antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in.”

In the three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, which are so thickly scattered with classical allusions of all kinds, there are several to the great Roman dictator. “ Henry the Fifth ! thy ghost I invocate ;” the Duke of Bedford apostrophizes his deceased brother in the *First Part* (i. 1) :

“ Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—”

In the next scene the Maid, setting out to raise the siege of Orleans, and deliver her king and country, compares herself to

“that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.”

In the *Second Part* (iv. 1) we have Suffolk, when hurried away to execution by the seamen who had captured him, consoling himself with—

“Great men oft die by vile bezonians :
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder’d sweet Tully ; Brutus’ bastard hand
Stabb’d Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders
Pompey the Great ; and Suffolk dies by pirates.”

And afterwards (iv. 7) we have Lord Say, in somewhat similar circumstances, thus appealing to Cade and his mob of men of Kent :

“Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term’d the civil’st place of all this isle ;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches ;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy ;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.”

“O traitors ! murderers !” Queen Margaret in the *Third Part* (v. 5) shrieks out in her agony and rage when the prince her son is butchered before her eyes :

“They that stabb’d Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it :
He was a man ; this, in respect, a child ;
And men ne’er spend their fury on a child.”

In *King Richard the Third* (iii. 1) is a passage of great pregnancy. “Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?” the young prince asks Buckingham, when it is proposed that he shall retire for a day or two to the Tower before his coronation. And when informed in reply that the mighty Roman at least began the building, he further inquires,

“Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?”

“Upon record, my gracious lord,” answers Buckingham. On which the wise royal boy rejoins,

“But say, my lord, it were not register’d,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As’t were retail’d to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.”

And then, after a “What say you, uncle?” he explains the great thought that was working in his mind in these striking words :

“That Julius Cæsar was a famous man :
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,*
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.”

Far away from anything Roman as the fable and locality of *Hamlet* are, various passages testify how much Cæsar was in the mind of Shakespeare while writing that play. First, we have the famous passage (i. 1) so closely resembling one in the Second Scene of the Second Act of *Julius Cæsar*:

“In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets ;
As † stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun ; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune’s empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.”‡

Then there is (iii. 2) the conversation between Hamlet and Polonius, touching the histrionic exploits of the latter in his university days : “I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i’

* “*This* conqueror” is the reading of all the folios. “*This*” was restored by Theobald from the quarto of 1597, and has been adopted by Malone and most modern editors.

† Something is evidently wrong here ; but even Mr. Collier’s annotator gives us no help.

‡ This passage, however, is found only in the quartos, and is omitted in all the folios.

th' Capitol ; Brutus kill'd me." " It was a *brut* part of him to kill so *capital* a calf there" (surely, by-the-by, to be spoken *aside*, though not so marked). Lastly, there is the prince's rhyming moralization (v. 1) :

" Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!"

Many notices of Cæsar occur, as might be expected, in *Cymbeline*. Such are the boast of Posthumus to his friend Philario (ii. 4) of the valour of the Britons :

" Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at."

Various passages in the First Scene of the Third Act :

" When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle
(Famous in Cæsar's praises no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it)," etc.

" There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius."

" A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast twice beaten ; and his shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O giglot Fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage."

" Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars ; other of them may have crook'd noses ; but to owe such straight arms, none."

“ Cæsar’s ambition
 (Which swell’d so much that it did almost stretch
 The sides o’ th’ world) against all colour here
 Did put the yoke upon ’s ; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be.”

Lastly, we have a few references in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Broad-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch” (i. 5).

“ Julius Cæsar,
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted” (ii. 6).

“ What was it
 That mov’d pale Cassius to conspire ? And what
 Made the all-honour’d, honest, Roman Brutus,
 With the arm’d rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
 To drench the Capitol, but that they would
 Have one man but a man ?” (ii. 6.)

“ Your fine Egyptian cookery
 Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
 Grew fat with feasting there” (ii. 6).

“ When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
 He cried almost to roaring ; and he wept
 When at Philippi he found Brutus slain” (iii. 2).

“ *Thyreus*. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleopatra. Your Cæsar’s father oft,
 When he hath mus’d of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow’d his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it rain’d kisses” (iii. 11).

These passages, taken all together, and some of them more particularly, will probably be thought to afford a considerably more comprehensive representation of “ the mighty Julius” than the Play which bears his name. We cannot be sure that that Play was so entitled by Shakespeare. “ The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar,” or “ The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar,” would describe no more than the half of it. Cæsar’s part terminates with the opening of the Third Act ; after that, on to the end, we have nothing more of him but his dead

body, his ghost, and his memory. The Play might more fitly be called after Brutus than after Cæsar. And still more remarkable is the partial delineation that we have of the man. We have a distinct exhibition of little else beyond his vanity and arrogance, relieved and set off by his good nature or affability. He is brought before us only as “the spoilt child of victory.” All the grandeur and predominance of his character is kept in the background, or in the shade—to be inferred, at most, from what is said by the other *dramatis personæ*—by Cassius on the one hand and by Antony on the other in the expression of their own diametrically opposite natures and aims, and in a very few words by the calmer, milder, and juster Brutus—nowhere manifested by himself. It might almost be suspected that the complete and full-length Cæsar had been carefully reserved for another drama. Even Antony is only half delineated here, to be brought forward again on another scene: Cæsar needed such reproduction much more, and was as well entitled to a stage which he should tread without an equal. He is only a subordinate character in the present Play; his death is but an incident in the progress of the plot. The first figures, standing conspicuously out from all the rest, are Brutus and Cassius.

Some of the passages that have been collected are further curious and interesting as being other renderings of conceptions that are also found in the present Play, and as consequently furnishing data both for the problem of the chronological arrangement of the Plays, and for the general history of the mind and artistic genius of the writer. After all the commentatorship and criticism of which the works of Shakespeare have been the subject, they still remain to be studied in their totality with a special reference to himself. The man Shakespeare, as read in his works—Shakespeare as there revealed, not only in his genius and intellectual powers, but in his character, disposition, temper, opinions, tastes, prejudices—is a book yet to be written.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."*]

Almost every one knows by heart Lady Percy's celebrated address to her husband, beginning,

“O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?”*

and that of Portia to Brutus, in *Julius Cæsar*,

. . . . “ You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stol'n from my bed.”

The situation is exactly similar, the topics of remonstrance are nearly the same ; the sentiments and the style as opposite as are the characters of the two women. Lady Percy is evidently accustomed to win more from her fiery lord by caresses than by reason : he loves her in his rough way, “as Harry Percy's wife,” but she has no real influence over him ; he has no confidence in her.

“Lady Percy. . . . In faith,
I 'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About this title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise ; but if you go—
Hotspur. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love !”

The whole scene is admirable, but unnecessary here, because it illustrates no point of character in her. Lady Percy has no *character*, properly so called, whereas that of Portia is very distinctly and faithfully drawn from the outline furnished by Plutarch. Lady Percy's fond upbraidings, and her half-playful, half-pouting entreaties, scarcely gain her husband's attention. Portia, with true matronly dignity and tenderness. pleads her right to share her husband's thoughts, and proves it too.

“I grant, I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife ;
I grant, I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.

* *I Henry IV. ii. 3.*

Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife :
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart!"

Portia, as Shakespeare has truly felt and represented the character, is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus : in him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy : a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman "so fathered and so husbanded." The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her own fortitude is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition. Plutarch relates that on the day on which Cæsar was assassinated, Portia appeared overcome with terror, and even swooned away, but did not in her emotion utter a word which could affect the conspirators. Shakespeare has rendered this circumstance literally.

"*Portia.* I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay ?

Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.

O constancy ! be strong upon my side :
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
. Ay me ! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O, I grow faint," etc.

There is another beautiful incident related by Plutarch which could not well be dramatized. When Brutus and Portia parted for the last time in the island of Nisida, she re-

strained all expression of grief that she might not shake *his* fortitude ; but afterwards, in passing through a chamber in which there hung a picture of Hector and Andromache, she stopped, gazed upon it for a time with a settled sorrow, and at length burst into a passion of tears.*

If Portia had been a Christian, and lived in later times, she might have been another Lady Russel ; but she made a poor stoic. No factitious or external control was sufficient to restrain such an exuberance of sensibility and fancy ; and those who praise the *philosophy* of Portia and the *heroism* of her death, certainly mistook the character altogether. It is evident, from the manner of her death, that it was not deliberate self-destruction, "after the high Roman fashion," but took place in a paroxysm of madness, caused by overwrought and suppressed feeling, grief, terror, and suspense. Shakespeare has thus represented it :—

"*Brutus*. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs !

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cassius. Ha!—Portia?

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

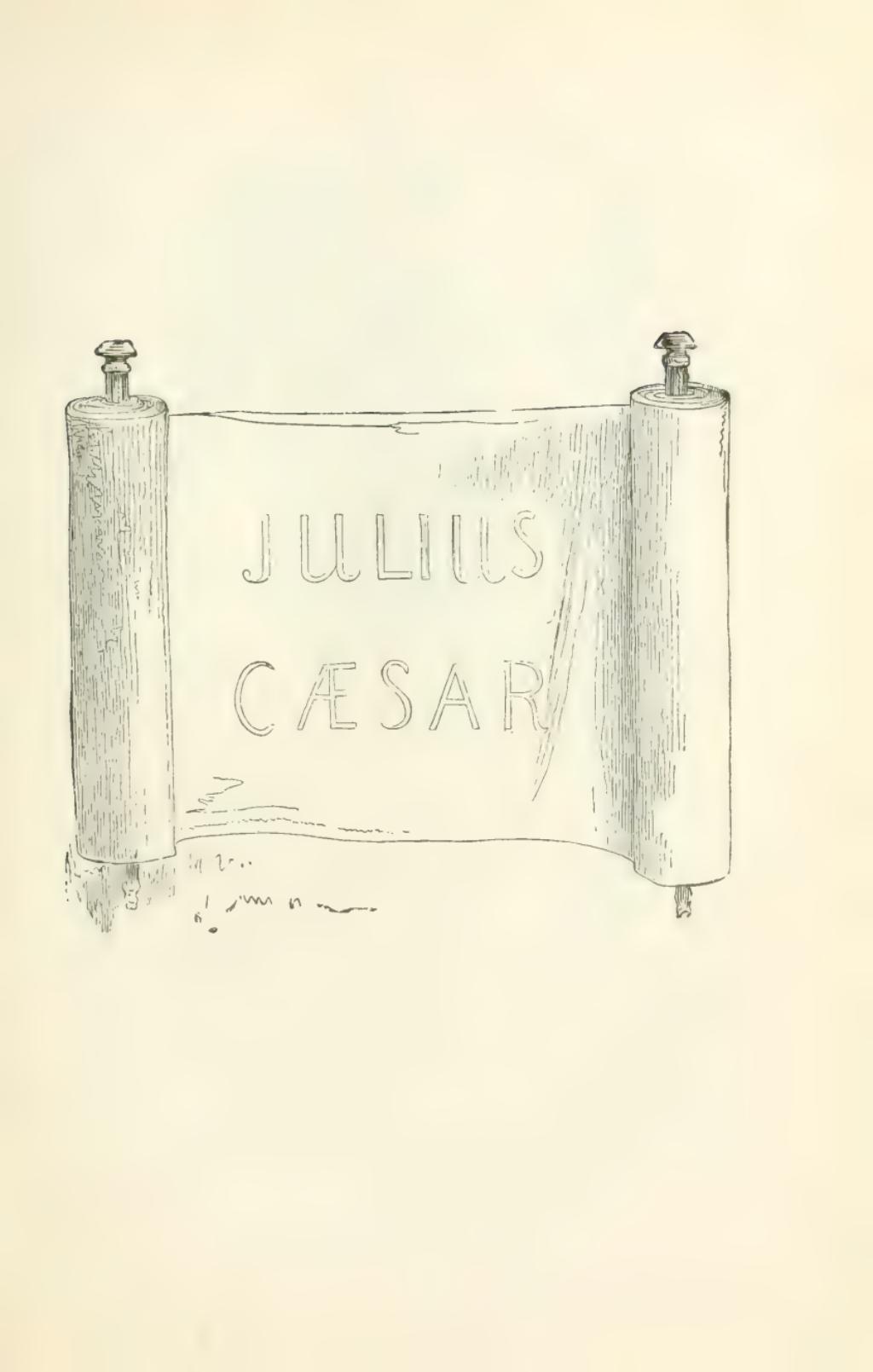
Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Had made themselves so strong ;—for with her death
These tidings came.—*With this she fell distract,*
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.”

So much for woman's philosophy!

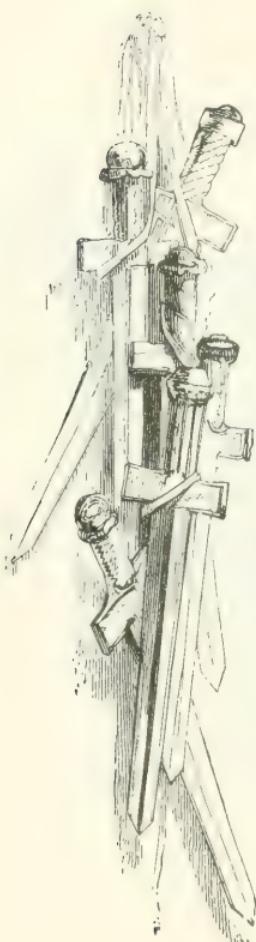
* When at Naples, I have often stood upon the rock at the extreme point of Posilippo, and looked down upon the little island of Nisida, and thought of this scene till I forgot the Lazaretto which now deforms it: deforms it, however, to the fancy only, for the building itself, as it rises from amid the vines, the cypresses, and fig-trees which embosom it, looks beautiful at a distance.



CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.



JULIUS
CÆSAR



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs. after the death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, } Senators.

POPILIIUS LENAS, MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA,

FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, } Tribunes

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,

MESSALA, Young CATO,

VOLUMNIUS, VARRO,

CLITUS, CLAUDIUS,

STRATO, LUCIUS,

DARDANIUS, PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.



ROMAN VICTORY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flavius. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Citizen. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 Citizen. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 Citizen. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Citizen. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Citizen. Why, sir; cobble you.

20

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Citizen. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters: but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Citizen. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

31

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,

40

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 Made in her concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
 Be gone !
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

50

Flavius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
 Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.— [*Exeunt Citizens.*
 See whether their basest metal be not mov'd !
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
 This way will I. Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

61

Marullus. May we do so ?
 You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flavius. It is no matter ; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets ;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

70

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæsar. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [Music ceases.]

Cæsar. Calpurnia!

Calpurnia. Here, my lord.

Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

Antony. Cæsar, my lord!

Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Antony. I shall remember;
When Cæsar says 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæsar. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

10 [Music.]

Soothsayer. Cæsar!

Cæsar. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again!

11 [Music ceases.]

Cæsar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. What man is that?

Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. Set him before me; let me see his face.

12

Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—pass.

[*Sennet.* *Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :

I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have ;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

30

Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd ; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours ;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

40

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Brutus. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection by some other things.

Cassius. 'T is just ;

50

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself 60
For that which is not in me?

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear ;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and s*

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently ;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life, but, for my single self,

90

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you ;

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, ' Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point ? ' Upon the word,

100

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow ; so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

Cæsar cried, ' Help me, Cassius, or I sink. '

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber

110

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man

Is now become a god ; and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And when the fit was on him I did mark

How he did shake : 't is true, this god did shake ;

His coward lips did from their colour fly,

And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world

Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan ;

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

120

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl.—Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*]

Brutus. Another general shout!
 I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

130

Cassius. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates ;
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
 'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.'

[*Shout.*]

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd !
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
 When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king !

150

Brutus. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim ;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider ; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us. 160
170

Cassius. I am glad
 That my weak words have struck but thus much show
 Of fire from Brutus.

Enter CÆSAR and his train.

Brutus. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cassius. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Brutus. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train ;
 Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators. 180

Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæsar. Antonius !

Antony. Cæsar ?

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat,
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

190

Antony. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he 's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were fatter !—But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

200

210

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and his train. Casca remains.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak with
me ?

Brutus. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him ; and, being
offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ;
and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

220

Cassius. They shouted thrice ; what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cassius. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca. 229

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it ; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again ; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by ; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft, I pray you. What ! did Cæsar swoon ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless. 246

Brutus. 'T is very like ; he hath the falling sickness.

Cassius. No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. 253

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself ?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had

been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, ‘Alas, good soul !’—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there’s no heed to be taken of them ; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 265

Brutus. And after that he came thus sad away ?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing ?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect ? 270

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads ; but, for my own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar’s images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow ? 280

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassius. Good ; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both.

[*Exit Casca.*]

Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be !

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite. 290

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you :
 To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
 I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
 Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassius. I will do so ;—till then, think of the world.—

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
 Thy honourable metal may be wrought
 From that it is dispos'd : therefore it is meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
 For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
 Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus ;
 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
 He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at ;
 And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
 For we will shake him or worse days endure. 300

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, **CASCA**, with his sword drawn, and **CICERO**.

Cicero. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home ?
 Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
 Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
 But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

10

Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I have not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me ; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—they are natural ;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

20

30

Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time ;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cicero. Good night, then, Casca ; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

39

Casca.

Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. Who's there?

Casca.

A Roman.

Cassius.

Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods by tokens send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,

60

To see the strange impatience of the heavens;

But if you would consider the true cause

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,

Why old men fool and children calculate,

Why all these things change from their ordinance,

Their natures and pre-formed faculties,

To monstrous quality, why, you shall find

That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warning

70

Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,

Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
 'That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol ;
 A man no mightier than thyself or me
 In personal action, yet prodigious grown
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. "T is Cæsar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?

Cassius. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors, 80
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
 In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger, then ;
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ; 90
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I ;
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

100

Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then ?
 Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep ;
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
 Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief! 130
 Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
 Before a willing bondman; then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand;
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far
 As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made. 120
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
 To undergo with me an enterprise
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know by this they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets,
 And the complexion of the element
 In favour's like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste. 130

Cassius. 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
 He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cassius. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
 To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are.—

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party!

140

Cassius. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

150

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.—

[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of him 16c
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]



COIN OF CÆSAR.



ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. What, Lucius ! ho !—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when ? Awake, I say ! What, Lucius !

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord ?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius ;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Brutus. It must be by his death ; and, for my part,

10

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd ;—
 How that might change his nature, there 's the question.
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—that ;—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
 Remorse from power ; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 't is a common proof
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
 But when he once attains the upmost round
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus : that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these and these extremities ;
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed. [*Gives him the letter.*]

Brutus. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir.

| *Exit.*

Brutus. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

‘*Brutus, thou sleep’st; awake, and see thyself.*

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!’—

‘*Brutus, thou sleep’st; awake!*’

Such instigations have been often dropp’d

Where I have took them up.

50

‘*Shall Rome, etc.*’ Thus must I piece it out :

Shall Rome stand under one man’s awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call’d a king.

‘*Speak, strike, redress!*’ Am I entreated

To speak and strike?—O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Brutus. ’T is good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.—

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar

61

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council, and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, ’t is your brother Cassius at the door,

70

Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus.

Is he alone?

Lucius. No, sir; there are moe with him.

Brutus.

Do you know them?

Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears, And half their faces buried in their cloaks, That by no means I may discover them By any mark of favour.

Brutus.

Let 'em enter.—

[*Exit Lucius.*]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,
and TREBONIUS.*

Cassius. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good Morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus. He is welcome too.

Cassius. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Brutus. They are all welcome.—

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

99

Cassius. Shall I entreat a word? *[They whisper.]*

Decius. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire, and the high east

110

Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

120

To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour

The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,

What need we any spur but our own cause

To prick us to redress? what other bond

Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,

And will not palter? and what other oath

Than honesty to honesty engag'd

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests and cowards and men cautious,

Old feeble carriions and such suffering souls

130

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or our performance
 Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

140

Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna. No, by no means.

Metellus. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Brutus. O, name him not; let us not break with him, 150
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cassius. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
 Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far
 As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160
 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
 To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood ;
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas, 170
 Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
 Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
 Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary and not envious ;
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murtherers. 180
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cassius. Yet I fear him,
 For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar ;
 And that were much he should, for he is given
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ; 190
 For he will live and laugh at this hereafter. [Clock strikes.]

Brutus. Peace ! count the clock.

Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius. 'T is time to part.

Cassius. But it is doubtful yet
 Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no ;
 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

200

Decius. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work ;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

210

Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brutus. By the eighth hour ; is that the uttermost ?

Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.

220

Cassius. The morning comes upon 's ; we 'll leave you,
Brutus.—

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you every one.—

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :

230

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Portia.

Brutus, my lord !

Brutus. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Portia. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed ; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

240

250

260

Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours

Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which by the right and virtue of my place
 I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

27c

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

280

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife,
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

290

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 I grant I am a woman, but withal
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
 I grant I am a woman, but withal
 A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,

Being so father'd and so husbanded ?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em :
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
 Here in the thigh ; can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets ?

Brutus. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife !— [Knocking within.
 Hark, hark ! one knocks. Portia, go in a while ;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows.
 Leave me with haste.— [Exit Portia.

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that knocks ?
Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 310
Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
 Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good Morrow from a feeble tongue.
Brutus. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
 To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !
Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
 I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome !
 Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins !
 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
 My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
 And I will strive with things impossible,
 Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do ?

Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Ligarius. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee as we are going
To whom it must be done. 330

Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what ; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me, then. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his night-gown.

Cæsar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night ;
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho ! they murther Cæsar !'—Who 's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord ?

Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Enter CALPURNIA.

Calpurnia. What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk
forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished. 11

Calpurnia. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;

And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead ;
 Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
 Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
 O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
 Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Calpurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. 31

Cæsar. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.—

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice ;
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
 We are two lions litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible ;
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calpurnia. Alas ! my lord,
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
 Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
 We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
 And he shall say you are not well to-day ;
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

50

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius. Cæsar, all hail ! Good Morrow, worthy Cæsar ;
 I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time
 To bear my greeting to the senators,
 And tell them that I will not come to-day.
 Cannot is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
 I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

60

Calpurnia. Say he is sick.

Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afear'd to tell greybeards the truth ?—
 Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
 Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

70

Cæsar. The cause is in my will ; I will not come :
 That is enough to satisfy the senate.
 But, for your private satisfaction,
 Because I love you, I will let you know.
 Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
 She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,
 Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it ;

And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, reliques, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

90

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid' ?

100

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæsar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia !
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go.—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good Morrow, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too ?—

110

Good Morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that sameague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?

Brutus. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæsar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good Morrow, Antony.

Antony. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæsar. Bid them prepare within.—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna.—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius!

120

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius. Cæsar, I will.—[*Aside*] And so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæsar. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brutus. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Artemidorus. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cas-
sius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not
Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves
thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but
one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If
thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way
to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.—
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live ;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay ?

Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side !
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—
Art thou here yet ?

Lucius. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth ; and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Portia. Prithee, listen well ;
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Portia. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?
Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.

Portia. What is 't o'clock?

Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Soothsayer. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
 To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar
 To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
 I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Portia. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards
 him?

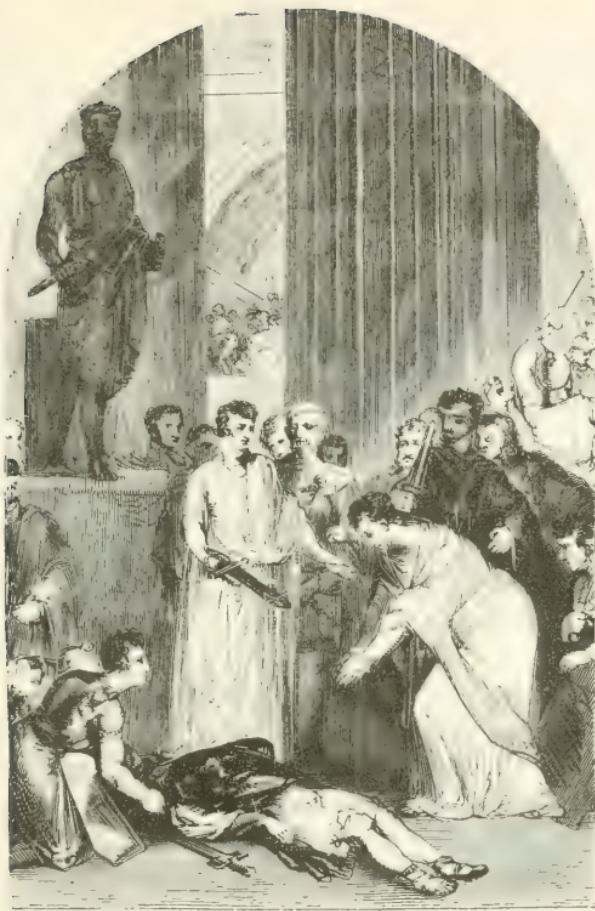
Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I fear
 may chance.

Good Morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow;
 The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
 Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
 Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
 I 'll get me to a place more void, and there
 Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Portia. I must go in.—Ay me, how weak a thing
 The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
 Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,
 That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—
 Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
 Say I am merry: come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

40

[Exeunt.]



ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæsar. The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus. O, Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæsar. What ! is the fellow mad ?

Publius. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cassius. What ! urge you your petitions in the street ?
Come to the Capitol.

*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the
Senators rise.*

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Popilius. Fare you well. [Advances to Cæsar.]

Brutus. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar ; mark him.

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.— 20
Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant :
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Sena-
tors take their seats.*]

Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brutus. He is address'd ; press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 39

Casca. Are we all ready ?

Cæsar. What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress ?

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart.—

[Kneeling.]

Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools,—I mean sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished ;

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

50

For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

Brutus. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæsar. What, Brutus !

Cassius. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæsar. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :

But I am constant as the northern star,

60

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks ;
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
 But there 's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So in the world ; 't is furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this,—
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

70

Cinna. O Cæsar !—*Cæsar.* Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?*Decius.* Great Cæsar,—*Cæsar.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæsar. Et tu, Brute !—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cinna. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, 80

‘Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement !’

Brutus. People, and senators ! be not affrighted ;

Fly not ; stand still :—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.*Decius.* And Cassius too.*Brutus.* Where 's Publius ?*Cinna.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.*Metellus.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Brutus. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so ;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS.

Cassius. Where is Antony ?

Trebонius. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Brutus. Fates ! we will know your pleasures :
That we shall die, we know ; 't is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit ;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords ;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

Brutus. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust !

Cassius. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius. What ! shall we forth ?

Cassius. Ay, every man away ; 120

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honour him ;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him. 130
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse. 140
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit *Servant.*]

Brutus. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius. I wish we may ; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, 150

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 160

I shall not find myself so apt to die;

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Cæsar and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony! beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands and this our present act,

You see we do, yet see you but our hands

And this the bleeding business they have done.

Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;

And pity to the general wrong of Rome—

As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;

Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand :
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;—
 Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
 Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.—
 That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true !

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.—
 O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer strucken by many princes
 Dost thou here lie !

Cassius. Mark Antony,—

Antony. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :

180

190

200

210

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Antony. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar. 226.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony. That 's all I seek ;
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, 230
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.—
[Aside] You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Brutus. By your pardon ;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death ;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission, 240
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body. You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar, And say you do 't by our permission ; Else shall you not have any hand at all About his funeral. And you shall speak In the same pulpit whereto I am going, After my speech is ended.

250

Antony. Be it so ; I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Excunt all but Antony.*]

Antony. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, That I am meek and gentle with these butchers ! Thou art the ruins of the noblest man That ever lived in the tide of times. Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood ! Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue : A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ; Domestic fury and fierce civil strife Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ; Blood and destruction shall be so in use, And dreadful objects so familiar, That mothers shall but smile when they behold Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war, All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ; And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge, With Ate by his side come hot from hell, Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice Cry 'Havoc !' and let slip the dogs of war ; That this foul deed shall smell above the earth With carrion men groaning for burial.—

260

270

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters and is coming, 280
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth—

O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*]

Antony. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ; 290
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Citizen.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Citizen.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons.
When severally we hear them rendered.

10

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.* Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

3 *Citizen.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

32

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

38

Enter ANTONY and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

44

All. Live, Brutus, live ! live !

1 *Citizen.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Citizen.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Citizen.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Citizen.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Citizen.* We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

50

Brutus. My countrymen,—

2 *Citizen.* Peace ! silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Citizen.* Peace, ho !

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony ; Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony By our permission is allow'd to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[Exit.

1 *Citizen.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

60

3 *Citizen.* Let him go up into the public chair ;

We 'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Citizen.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Citizen.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Citizen.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Citizen.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

— 3 Citizen.

Nay, that 's certain ;

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 Citizen. Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

69

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man,

80

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransom did the general coffers fill ;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

90

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;

100

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Citizen.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Citizen.* Has he, masters?
 I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Citizen.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
 crown;

Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Citizen.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Citizen.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Citizen.* There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Citizen.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
 I found it in his closet; 't is his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament,—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,

110

120

130

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Citizen.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

140

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs ;

For if you should, O, what would come of it ?

4 *Citizen.* Read the will ! we'll hear it, Antony !
You shall read us the will ! Cæsar's will !

Antony. Will you be patient ? Will you stay awhile ?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

150

4 *Citizen.* They were traitors ! Honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

2 *Citizen.* They were villains, murtherers ! The will ! Read the will !

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

159

2 *Citizen.* Descend. [He comes down from the pulpit.]

3 *Citizen.* You shall have leave.

4 *Citizen.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Citizen.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Citizen.* Room for Antony !—most noble Antony !

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

All. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii. 170

Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through ,
 See what a rent the envious Casca made ;
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him ! 180

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

Then I, and you, and all of us ²fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. 190

O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what ! weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Citizen. O, piteous spectacle !

2 Citizen. O, noble Cæsar !

3 Citizen. O, woful day !

4 Citizen. O, traitors, villains !

1 Citizen. O, most bloody sight !

2 Citizen. We will be reveng'd !

All. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill !

Slay ! Let not a traitor live !

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1 Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

2 Citizen. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable.

210

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not, That made them do it; they are wise and honourable, And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man, That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

220

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths, And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

1 Citizen. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

220

3 Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not!—I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will!—let 's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
 To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

240

2 Citizen. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 Citizen. O, royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

250

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 Citizen. Never, never!—Come, away, away!
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
 Take up the body.

2 Citizen. Go, fetch fire.

3 Citizen. Pluck down benches.

4 Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
 Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

260

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Servant. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
 Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,
 How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *A Street.**Enter CINNA the Poet.*

Cinna. I dream'd to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
 And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,
 Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.**1 Citizen.* What is your name?*2 Citizen.* Whither are you going?*3 Citizen.* Where do you dwell?*4 Citizen.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?*2 Citizen.* Answer every man directly.*1 Citizen.* Ay, and briefly.*4 Citizen.* Ay, and wisely.*3 Citizen.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 Citizen. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry;—you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.*1 Citizen.* As a friend, or an enemy?*Cinna.* As a friend.*2 Citizen.* That matter is answered directly.*4 Citizen.* For your dwelling,—briefly.*Cinna.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.*3 Citizen.* Your name, sir, truly.*Cinna.* Truly, my name is Cinna.*1 Citizen.* Tear him to pieces, he 's a conspirator.*Cinna.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Citizen.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad
verses.

31

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Citizen.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna ; pluck but his
name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Citizen.* Tear him, tear him ! Come, brands, ho ! fire-
brands ! To Brutus', to Cassius' ; burn all. Some to Decius'
house, and some to Casca's ; some to Ligarius' : away ! go !

[*Excunt.*





ROMAN SOLDIERS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in Antony's House.* ANTONY, OCTAVIUS,
and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Antony. These many, then, shall die ; their names are
prick'd.

Octavius. Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lep-
idus ?

Lepidus. I do consent.

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn him.
 But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;
 Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
 How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lepidus. What, shall I find you here ?

Octavius. Or here or at the Capitol. [Exit Lepidus.]

Antony. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
 Meet to be sent on errands ; is it fit,
 The three-fold world divided, he should stand
 One of the three to share it ?

Octavius. So you thought him,
 And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
 In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
 And though we lay these honours on this man,
 To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
 To groan and sweat under the business,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load and turn him off,
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
 And graze in commons.

Octavius. You may do your will ;
 But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Antony. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
 I do appoint him store of provender.
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so :
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth ;
 A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations
 Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,

20.

30.

Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
 But as a property.—And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers ; we must straight make head :
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Octavius. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies ;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs.

50 [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Before the Tent of Brutus, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and Soldiers ;
 PINDARUS meeting them ; LUCIUS at a distance.

Brutus. Stand, ho !

Lucilius. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Brutus. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Lucilius. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

[Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.]

Brutus. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own change, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done undone ; but if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pindarus. I do not doubt
 But that my noble master will appear
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Brutus. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius :
 How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucilius. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay 30
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd ;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*. [March within.

Brutus. Hark, he is arriv'd.— 3a
March gently on to meet him.

Enter *CASSIUS* and Soldiers.

Cassius. Stand, ho !

Brutus. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

1 *Soldier.* Stand.

2 *Soldier.* Stand.

3 *Soldier.* Stand.

Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs. 40
And when you do them—

Brutus. Cassius, be content ;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us.

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cassius.

Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Brutus. Lucius, do you the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of Brutus.*

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement !

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember !
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,

50

10

20

That struck the foremost man of all this world
 But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me ;
 I 'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I, 30
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man !

Cassius. Is 't possible ?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ? 40

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Brutus. All this ? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart
 break ;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
 Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you ; for from this day forth
 I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this ? 50

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier :

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say better ?

Brutus. . . . If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Brutus. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not ?

60

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Brutus. . . . For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—

70

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection.—I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

80

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces !

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not ; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart ;
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear 90
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius !

For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart 100
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheathe your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark 110
And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Brutus. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius.

O Brutus!—

Brutus.

What's the matter?

Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth, 120
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Noise within.]

Poet. [Within] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not meet
They be alone.

Lucilius. [Within] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Cassius. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye. 130

Cassius. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!

Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

Brutus. I'll know his humour when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools!—
Companion, hence!

Cassius. Away, away! be gone! [Exit Poet.]

Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.]

Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine. 140

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs !

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cassius. Ha ! Portia ?

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—
O, insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness ?

Brutus. Impatient of my absence, 150
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her death
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cassius. And died so ?

Brutus. Even so.

Cassius. O ye immortal gods !

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Brutus. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine.—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ; 150
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.]

Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Brutus. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cassius. Portia, art thou gone ?

Brutus. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Messala. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Brutus. With what addition?

Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cassius. Cicero one?

Messala. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus. No, Messala.

Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Brutus. Nothing, Messala.

Messala. That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Messala. No, my lord.

Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cassius. I do not think it good.

Brutus. Your reason?

Cassius. This it is:
'T is better that the enemy seek us;

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence, whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

200

Brutus. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection,
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassius. Hear me, good brother. 210

Brutus. Under your pardon.—You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. 220

Cassius. Then, with your will, go on ;
We 'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cassius. No more. Good night !
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Brutus. Lucius, my gown.—[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good
Messala !—

Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose!

Cassius. O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Brutus. Every thing is well.

Cassius. Good night, my lord!

Brutus. Good night, good brother!

Titinius, Messala. Good night, lord Brutus!

Brutus. Farewell, every one!—

[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here, in the tent.

Brutus. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men; 240
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?

Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Varro. So please you, we will stand and watch your
pleasure.

Brutus. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; 250
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]
Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Brutus. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Brutus. It does, my boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

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Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee.— [Music and a song.

This is a sleepy tune.—O murtherous slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music!—Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:

I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.— 270

Let me see, let me see,—is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. | *He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of my eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why com'st thou? 28c

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy ! Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !—
Claudius !

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake !

290

Lucius. My lord !

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out ?

Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing ?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius !
Fellow thou ! awake !

Varro. My lord !

Claudius. My lord !

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

300

Varro, Claudius. Did we, my lord ?

Brutus. Ay ; saw you any thing ?

Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius. Nor I, my lord.

Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius ;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Varro, Claudius. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]





SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Octavius. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Antony. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places, and come down

With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 't is not so.

10

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Octavius. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [March.

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Brutus. They stand and would have parley.

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius ; we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Antony. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows ; is it so, countrymen ?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words . Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

31

Crying, 'Long live ! Hail, Cæsar !'

Cassius. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Antony. Not stingless too.

Brutus. O, yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar : 40
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cassius. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself ;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octavius. Come, come, the cause ; if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators ; 50
When think you that the sword goes up again ?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller. 61

Antony. Old Cassius still !

Octavius. Come, Antony ; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*]

Cassius. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark !
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius ! hark, a word with you.

Lucilius. My lord ! [Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.]

Cassius. Messala !

Messala. What says my general ?

Cassius. Messala,

This is my birthday ; as this very day

70

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala ;

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion ; now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

80

Who to Philippi here consorted us :

This morning are they fled away and gone,

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala. Believe not so.

Cassius. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

90

Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.

Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together ;
What are you then determined to do ?

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life,—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

200

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
'Thorough the streets of Rome?

Brutus. No, Cassius, no ! think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take ;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

210

Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed ;
If not, 't is true, this parting was well made.

220

Brutus. Why, then lead on.—O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away ! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, tide, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [Loud alarum.
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

H

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala ; let them all come down.

[*Excunt.*]SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.**Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off !
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off !

10

Cassius. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius ;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Pindarus goes up.*]

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pindarus. [Above] O my lord !

Cassius. What news ?

Pindarus. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur ;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him. 30

Now, Titinius !—

Now some light.—O, he lights too.—He 's ta'en ;— and, hark !

They shout for joy. [Shout.]

Cassius. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !—

PINDARUS comes down.

Come hither, sirrah !
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath ! 40
Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;
And when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pindarus. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run, 49
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.]

Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Messala. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala. Where did you leave him ?

Titinius. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

Titinius. He lies not like the living. O, my heart !

Messala. Is not that he ?

Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun ! 60
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.—
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child !
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Titinius. What, Pindarus ! Where art thou, Pindarus ?

Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears ;—I may say, thrusting it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.— [Exit *Messala*.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ? 80
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their shouts ?
Alas ! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods : —this is a Roman's part ;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. 89 [Dies.]

Alarum. Enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Messala. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brutus. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius !

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these ?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible that ever Rome

100

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe moe tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body ;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—

And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.—

’T is three o’clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night

109

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
 I will proclaim my name about the field.—
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*]

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
 Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.*]

Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
 Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
 And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius. Only I yield to die:
 There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
 [*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Soldier. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 Soldier. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Soldier. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony. Where is he?

Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
 I dare assure thee that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;
 The gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him, or alive or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness; I had rather have
 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
 And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back ; he is or ta'en or slain.

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispering.

Clitus. What ! I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Brutus. Peace then ! no words.

Clitus. I 'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius ! [Whispers him.

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed ?

Clitus. O Dardanius !

Dardanius. O Clitus !

10

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord ?

Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night ; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord.

20

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit : [Low alarums.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

Volumnius. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord ! there is no tarrying here. 30

Brutus. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, *Volumnius*.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history. 40
Night hangs upon my eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum.* *Cry within,* ‘ Fly, fly, fly !’]

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly !

Brutus. Hence, I will follow.—

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Strato. Give me your hand first ; fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still ; 50
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

Alarum. *Retreat.* *Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,*
LUCILIUS, and the Army.

Octavius. What man is that ?

Messala. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus, That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.— Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How died my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.

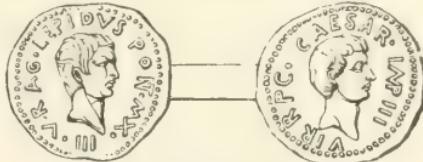
Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all. All the conspirators, save only he, Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70 He only, in a general honest thought And common good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle, and the elements So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him, With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie, Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—

So, call the field to rest, and let's away, 80 To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]



COIN OF THE TRIUMVIRS.



ROMAN MATRON.

N O T E S.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
Craik, Craik's *English of Shakespeare* (Rolfe's edition).
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
N., North's *Plutarch*.
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
Rich., Richardson's Dictionary (London, 1828).
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).
Wr., W. A. Wright's "Clarendon Press" ed. of *J. C.* (Oxford, 1878).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V.* and *A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



PLEBEIANS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—In the folio of 1623 the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes, and there is no list of *dramatis persona*. The heading of Act I. is as follows: “*Actus Primus. Scena Prima. Enter Flaunus, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.*” The spelling *Murellus* is found throughout the play, except in one instance (i. 2. 278), where we find “*Murrelius and Flaunus, for pulling Scarfes off Cæsar’s Images, are put to silence.*” The name in N. is *Marullus*, and Theo. corrected it here.

3. *Being mechanical.* “Cobblers, tapsters, or such like base mechanical people” (N.). S. uses both *mechanic* and *mechanical* as noun and as adjective. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 9: “rude mechanicals;” *2 Hen. IV.* v. 5. 38: “by most mechanical and dirty hand;” *Cor.* v. 3. 83: “Rome’s mechanics;” *A. and C.* v. 2. 209: “mechanic slaves.”

Ought not walk. On the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349.

4. *A labouring day.* As Craik remarks, *labouring* here is not the participle, but the verbal noun (or gerund) used as an adjective. Cf. the expressions *a walking-stick*, *a writing-desk*, etc. The participle in *-ing* is *active*, and it remains so when used as an adjective; as in *a labouring man*, etc. When used as a noun, which rarely occurs in English, it denotes the *agent*. Thus “the erring” means *those who err*, as *amans* in Latin means a *lover*. The verbal noun in *-ing*, on the other hand, denotes the *act* (as “labouring is wearisome”), like the Latin gerund *amandi*, etc. This verbal noun is commonly called a “participial noun” in the grammars, but it has no etymological connection with the participle. In early English (as in A. S.) the two had different forms. The ending of the participle was *anisc* (*and*), *ende* (*end*), or *inde*, and that of the verbal noun was *ing* or *ung*; but the former went out of use, and the latter came to do service for both. This change began before the year 1300, but in the time of Chaucer the old participial ending was still occasionally used, and it is found in Scotch writers even to the end of the sixteenth century.

The following are examples of the participle and the verbal noun used with their appropriate endings in the same sentence :

“Hors, or hund, or othir thing

That war plesand to their liking.”—*Barbour* (1357).

“Full low inclinand to their queen full clear

Whom for their noble nourishing they thank.”—*Dunbar* (*Ellis's Spec.*).

5. *What trade art thou?* Either *trade* is equivalent to *tradesman* (as Craik makes it), or *of* is understood. Cf. Gr. 202. On the use of *thou* and *you* in S., see Gr. 232.

6. 1 *Citizen.* The folio has “*Car.*” (that is, *Carpenter*), and for 2 *Citizen* either “*Cobl.*” or “*Coh.*” (*Cobbler*).

12. *Answer me directly.* That is, explicitly, without ambiguity. Cf. iii. 3. 9 below. It is hardly necessary to say that *cobbler* meant not only a mender of shoes, but a clumsy workman at any trade; and the latter sense is not wholly unknown even now.

14. *A mender of bad soles.* For the quibble, cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 123: “Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew.” Malone quotes Fletcher's *Woman Pleased*:

“If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;
Every man shall have a special care of his own *soul*,
And carry in his pocket his two confessors.”

15. *What trade, thou knave?* The folio gives this speech to *Flavius*, but the “*Mend me, thou saucy fellow?*” shows that it belongs to *Marullus*.

16. *Be not out with me*, etc. The play upon *out with* and *out* (at the toes) is obvious.

24. *But withal*, etc. This is the folio reading, and may well enough be retained. “What the cobbler means to say is, that although he meddles not with tradesmen's matters or women's matters, he is withal (making at the same time his little pun) a surgeon to old shoes” (W.). K. and Coll. print “but with all. I am,” etc. D., the Camb. ed., and H. have “but with awl. I am,” etc.

25. *As proper men*, etc. See *M. of V.* p. 132 (note on *A proper man's picture*), and cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 62: "as proper a man as ever went on four legs;" and *Id.* ii. 2. 73: "any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather."

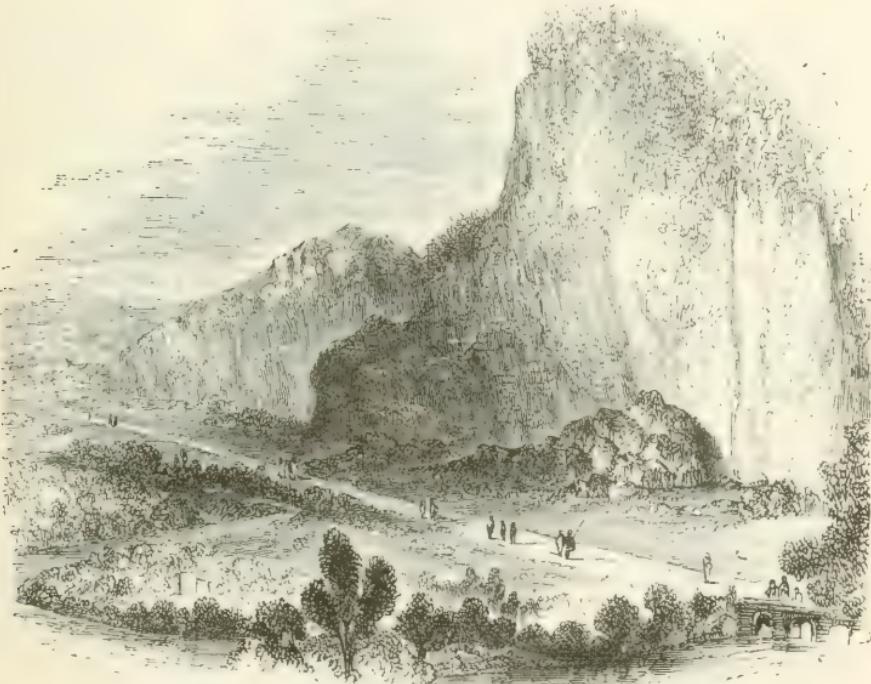
31. *His triumph*. This was in honour of his successes in Spain, whence he had returned late in the preceding September, after defeating the sons of Pompey at the battle of Munda (March 17th, B.C. 45). It was Cæsar's fifth and last triumph.

37. *Many a time*. Trench (*English Past and Present*) explains "many a man" as a corruption of "many of men;" but Abbott (Gr. 85) shows that the "many" is probably used as an adverb. Cf. the German *mancher* (adj.) *Mann* with *manch* (adv.) *ein Mann*, etc. In A. S. the idiom was *many man*, not *many a man*. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 135.

42. *Pass the streets*. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 3. 24: "the ways are dangerous to pass." See Gr. 198.

43. *And when you saw his chariot but appear*. That is, saw but his chariot appear. See Gr. 129 and 420.

45. *That Tiber trembled*, etc. On this common ellipsis of *so* before *that*, see Gr. 283. The river is here personified as feminine; as in i. 2. 101 below (see note there). Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iii. 359:



ROMAN HIGHWAY ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.

"the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream."

51. *Replication of.* Reply to, echo of.

52. *Be gone!* On these brief "interjectional lines," see Gr. 512.

58. *Tiber banks.* This use of proper names as adjectives is common in S. Cf. v. 5. 19 below: "Here in Philippi fields." See Gr. 22.

61. *Whether.* The folio prints "where" here, as in v. 4. 30 below, but it often has *whether* when the word is a monosyllable (see on ii. 1. 194 below). Cf. Gr. 466. Some modern eds. read "whe'r" or "whê'r."

Metal. Used interchangeably with *mettle* in the early eds. See *A. John*, p. 148.

65. *Deck'd with ceremonies.* This is the reading of the folio, and is retained by all the editors except W. and H., who have "ceremony." *Ceremonies* may mean "honorary ornaments" (Malone), or what are afterwards called "Cæsar's trophies," and described as "scarfs" hung on his images. Wr. compares *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 109: "his ceremonies laid by," etc.

67. *The feast of Lupercal.* The Lupercal was a cavern in the Palatine Hill, sacred to Lupercus, the old Italian god of fertility, who came to be identified with Pan. Thus Virgil (*A. En.* viii. 344) speaks of the place as

"sub rupe Lupercal
Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycaeui."

Here the feast of the *Lupercalia* was held every year, in the month of February. After certain sacrifices and other rites, the *Luperci* (or priests of Lupercus) ran through the city wearing only a cincture of goatskin, and striking with leather thongs all whom they met. This performance was a symbolic purification of the land and the people. The festal day was called *dies februa* (from *februare*, to purify), the month in which it occurred *Febrarius*, and the god himself *Febrinus*.

73. *Pitch.* A technical term for the height to which a falcon soars. See *Rich. II.* p. 153.

SCENE II.—The heading in the folio is, "Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flautus." *Calphurnia* is the name of Cæsar's wife throughout the play, and also in N. (eds. of 1579 and 1612*), though Craik and W. say that it is *Calpurnia* in the latter authority. *Calpurnia* was the classical form of the name.

Decius. His true name was *Decimus Brutus*. "The error, however, is as old as the edition of Plutarch's Greek text produced by Henry Stephens in 1572; and it occurs likewise in the accompanying Latin translation, and both in Amyot's and Dacier's French, as well as in North's English. It is also found in Philemon Holland's translation of *Suetonius*, published in 1606. Lord Stirling, in his *Julius Cæsar*, probably misled in like manner by North, has fallen into the same mistake" (Craik). It may be noted, also, that it was this *Decimus Brutus* who had been the special favourite of Cæsar, and not *Marcus Junius Brutus*, as represented in the play.

* In some later editions (as in that of 1676) the name is changed to *Calpurnia*.

3. *In Antonius' way.* The folio has "in Antonio's way;" and in other names ending in *-ius* it often gives the Italian form in *-io*, which was more familiar to the actors of the time.

Antony was the head or chief of a third "college" of *Luperci* that had been added to the original two in honour of Cæsar.

4. *When he doth run his course.* Cf. N.* (*Life of Cæsar*): "At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of Shepherds or Herdmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lycæans in Arcadia. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noble men's sons, young men (and some of them Magistrates themselves that govern them), which run naked through the City, striking in sport them they meet in their way with Leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noble Women and Gentlewomen also, go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as Scholars hold them out to their Schoolmaster, to be stricken with the ferula; perswading themselves that, being with Child, they shall have good delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with Child. . . . Antonius, who was Consull at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course."

11. *Set on.* Set out, proceed. Cf. v. 2. 3 below; and see *Hen. VIII.* p. 180.

15. *Press.* Crowd. Cf. *R. of L.* 1301, 1408, etc.; also *Mark*, ii. 4.

17. *Ides of March.* In the Roman calendar the Ides fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October, and the 13th of the other months.

18. *A soothsayer bids.* Some put a comma after *soothsayer*, as if there were an ellipsis of *who* (Gr. 244). On the measure, see Gr. 460.

23. *Sennet.* A particular set of notes on a trumpet. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 176.

27. *Quick.* Lively, sprightly; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 399, v. 2. 11, etc.

30. *That gentleness . . . as.* See Gr. 280, and cf. 170 below.

36. *Merely upon myself.* Altogether upon myself. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 1. 4: "narrations which are merely and sincerely natural;" *Id.* ii. 25. 9: "which do make men merely aliens and disincorporate from the Church of God;" *Essay 27*: "it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends."

37. *Passions of some difference.* "With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires" (Johnson).

38. *Proper to myself.* Peculiar to myself; my own. See Gr. 16, and cf. *Temp.* p. 133, note on *Their proper selves*.

39. *Behaviours.* For the plural, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 9, 100, *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 234, etc.

45. *Mistook your passion.* See *M. of U.* p. 141 (note on *Not undertook*) or Gr. 343. On *passion*=feeling, see *M. of V.* p. 157.

47. *Cogitations.* Thoughts. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. introd.: "I may excite your princely cogitations to visit the excellent treasure of your own mind," etc. See also *Dan.* vii. 28.

49. *The eye sees not itself.* Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 106:

* All our quotations from North's *Plutarch* are from the edition of 1676.

“nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself.”

Steevens quotes Sir John Davies, *Nosce Teipsum* (1599):

—“the mind is like the eye,
* * * * *
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees.”

50. *But by reflection by some other things.* This is the folio reading, retained by K. and Wr. Pope reads “from some other things;” D. and H. have “from some other thing;” and W., “by some other thing.” If *by* is what S. wrote, it is probably equivalent to “by means of” or “from.” Cf. the peculiar uses of *by* noted in Gr. 146. Even now we may say “being reflected by some other thing.”

52. *Mirrors.* Walker, D., and H. read “mirror.”

55. *The best respect.* The highest respectability or estimation. Cf. v. 5. 45 below.

62. *Therefore, good Brutus, etc.* “The eager, impatient temper of Cassius, absorbed in his own idea, is vividly expressed by his thus continuing his argument as if without appearing to have even heard Brutus’s interrupting question; for such is the only interpretation which his *therefore* would seem to admit of” (Craik).

67. *Jealous on me.* Distrustful or suspicious of me. See *M. of V.* p. 143 (note on *Glad on’t*), or Gr. 180.

68. *A common laugher.* The folio has “common laughter.” Pope substituted *laugher*, which has been adopted by all the more recent editors. Wr., however, thinks “laughter” may be right (=laughing-stock). As Craik remarks, “neither word seems to be perfectly satisfactory.” A friend suggests “lover” as being in harmony with the context.

69. *To stale with ordinary oaths, etc.* Johnson (followed by W.) explains this, “to invite every new protester to my affection by the stale, or allurement, of customary oaths.” On this sense of *stale*, see *Temp.* p. 137. But here (as Craik suggests) the word doubtless means “to make stale,” or common. Cf. iv. 1. 38 below: “stal’d by other men;” *A. and C.* ii. 2. 240: “Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety,” etc.

72. *Scandal.* Defame, traduce. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 44: “Scandal’d the suppliants for the people,” etc. See also *Temp.* p. 136. On the adverbial *after*, see Gr. 26.

73. *Profess myself.* “Make protestations of friendship” (Schmidt).

81. *Toward.* Wr. believes that the word, when a dissyllable, is always accented by S. on the first syllable; not only here, but in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 92, *M. of V.* v. 1. 5, and *A. and C.* iii. 10. 31.

82. *Set honour in one eye, etc.* Johnson explains this as follows: “When Brutus first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*, but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above life.” Coleridge says: “Warburton would read *death* for *both*; but I prefer the old text. There are here three things—the public good, the individual Brutus’s honour, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay—the thought growing—that honour had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted

with Brutus." Craik remarks: "It does not seem to be necessary to suppose any such change or growth either of the image or the sentiment. What Brutus means by saying that he will look upon honour and death indifferently, if they present themselves together, is merely that, for the sake of the honour, he will not mind the death, or the risk of death, by which it may be accompanied; he will look as fearlessly and steadily upon the one as upon the other. He will think the honour to be cheaply purchased even by the loss of life; that price will never make him falter or hesitate in clutching at such a prize. He must be understood to set honour above life from the first; that he should ever have felt otherwise for a moment would have been the height of the unheroic."

On *indifferently*, cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. introd. : "I for my part shall be indifferently glad either to perform myself, or accept from another, that duty of humanity." See also *Cor.* ii. 2. 19.

84. *Speed.* Prosper; as in ii. 4. 41 below.

87. *Your outward favour.* Your face, or personal appearance. Cf. ii. 1. 76 below; and Bacon, *Ess.* 27 (ed. of 1625): "For, as S. James saith, they are as Men, that looke sometimes into a Glasse, and presently forget their own Shape, & Favour." See also *Proverbs*, xxxi. 30.

97. *The troubled Tiber chafing*, etc. See Gr. 376. *Chafe* (the Latin *calefacere*, through the Fr. *échauffer* and *chauffer*) meant, first, to warm; then, to warm by rubbing; and then simply to rub—either literally, as here, or in a figurative sense = to irritate; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 123: "What, are you chaf'd?" Cf. 2 *Sam.* xvii. 8.

Here, as in i. 1. 45 above, some editors have changed *her* to "his," because *Tiber* is masculine in Latin; but, as Craik remarks, "this is to give us both language and a conception different from Shakespeare's." It was not the Roman river-god that he had in mind in these personifications of the stream.



THE RIVER-GOD TIBER.

104. *With lusty sinews.* With vigorous sinews. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 119: "in lusty stroke," etc. *Lusty* is "from the Saxon *lust* in its primary sense of eager desire, or intense longing, indicating a corresponding intensity of bodily vigour" (*Bible Word-Book*). See *Judges*, iii. 29.

105. *Hearts of controversy.* "With courage that opposed and contend-ed with the violence of the stream" (Wr.).

106. *Arrive.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 8: "have arriv'd our coast;" Milton, *P. L.* ii. 409: "Ere he arrive The happy isle." See Gr. 198.

118. *His coward lips*, etc. "There can, I think, be no question that Warburton is right in holding that we have here a pointed allusion to a soldier flying from his colours. . . . The figure is quite in Shakespeare's manner and spirit" (Craik).

119. *And that same eye whose bend*, etc. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 13: "wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks." *Bend* occurs elsewhere only in *A. and C.* ii. 2. 213 (see our ed. p. 183).

120. *His lustre.* That is, its lustre. See Gr. 228.

125. *Of such a feeble temper.* That is, "temperament, constitution" (D.). Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 20: "a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree," etc.

131. *Man.* "Cassius grows more familiar as Brutus is more moved" (Wr.).

138. *What should be in that Cæsar?* On *should*, see Gr. 325.

139. *More than yours.* In the folio, "more then yours;" and *then* is the invariable form in that edition, as in Bacon, Hooker, etc. Usage had varied. Wyclif has *than* for both *than* and *then*, while Tyndale has *then* for both. Milton has *than* for *then* in the *Hymn on the Nativity*, 88:

"Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below."

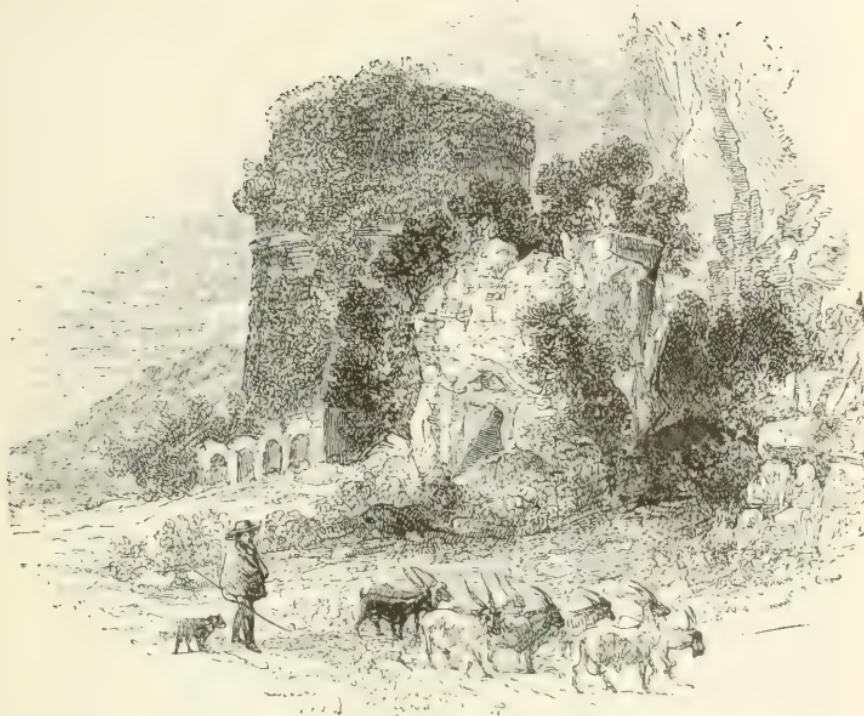
147. *Noble bloods.* Cf. iv. 3. 260 below: "young bloods;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 278: "As many and as well-born bloods," etc.

148. *The great flood.* The deluge of Deucalion. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 442 and *Cor.* ii. 1. 102.

149. *Fam'd with.* Famed for, or made famous by. Cf. Gr. 193, 194.

151. *Wide walls.* The folio has "wide Walkes," which K. and St. retain. Coll., D., W., Wr., and H. adopt Rowe's correction of "walls."

152. *Rome indeed and room enough.* "Evidence this that 'Rome' was pronounced *room*, or 'room' *rome*" (W.). Cf. below, iii. 1. 290: "No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;" *K. John*, iii. 1. 180: "I have room with Rome to curse a while." St. quotes Prime, *Commentary on Galatians* (1587): "Rome is too narrow a Room for the Church of God." In 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 51, the Bishop of Winchester says, "Rome shall remedy this," and Warwick replies, "Roam thither then." W. infers from this play upon *Rome* and *room* (together with the fact that *room* was often spelled *rome*) that all three words were pronounced with the long sound of *o*; but it is not impossible that *oa* was sometimes pronounced *oo*. In our day *loom* is the rustic pronunciation of *loam*. It is more probable, however, that Craik and Earle (*Philology of English Tongue*, 1871) are right in assuming that in the time of S. the modern pronunciation of *Rome* was beginning to be heard, although the other was more common.



OLD WALLS OF ROME.

153. *But one only man.* Cf. Hooker, *Eccl. Pol.* i. 25: "one only God;" i. 10. 14: "one only family," etc. Gr. 130.

155. *There was a Brutus once.* Lucius Junius Brutus, who brought about the expulsion of Tarquinius Superbus. Cf. i. 3. 145 below.

156. *The eternal devil.* Johnson thought that S. wrote "infernal devil." Steevens explains thus: "L. J. Brutus (says Cassius) would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a demon as to the lasting government of a king." Abbott (Gr. p. 16) considers it one of the exceptions to the exactness with which the poet used words that were "the recent inventions of the age." Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 130: "eternal villain;" *Ham.* v. 2. 376: "eternal cell." Wr. compares the Yankee "tarnal."

Keep his state. Maintain his dignity; or, perhaps, keep his throne. Cf. *Macb.* p. 214, note on *Her state*.

158. *Nothing jealous.* Nowise doubtful. Cf. 67 above; and see also *T. of S.* iv. 5. 76: "For our first merriment hath made thee jealous," etc.

159. *I have some aim.* I can partly guess, or conjecture. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 28: "fearing lest my jealous aim might err," etc.

162. *So with love.* On *so* (=if, provided that), see Gr. 133.

167. *Chew upon this.* "We have lost the Saxon word in this application, but we retain the metaphor, only translating *chew* into the Latin equivalent, *ruminate*" (Craik).

168. *Brutus had rather be*, etc. See *M. of V.* p. 132, note on 43. The superlative *rathest* is found in Bacon, *Colours of Good and Evil*, i. : "whome next themselves they would rathest commend."

169. *Than to repute.* See *Temp.* p. 131 (note on 62), or Gr. 350.

177. *What hath proceeded worthy note.* What hath happened. On the ellipsis, see Gr. 198a.

178. *Cassius.* Here a trisyllable, as in several other instances. See Gr. 479.

182. *Such ferret and such fiery eyes.* The ferret has red eyes.

183. *As we have seen him.* That is, seen him look with. See Gr. 384.

184. *Cross'd in conference.* Opposed in debate. D. and H. read "senator."

188. *Let me have men about me*, etc. Cf. N. (*Life of Cæsar*): "Cæsar also had *Cassius* in great jealousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said upon a time to his friends, what will *Cassius* do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when *Cæsars* friends complained unto him of *Antonius* and *Dolabella*, that they pretended some mischief towards him: he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale visaged and carrion lean People, I fear them most, meaning *Brutus* and *Cassius*." So also, in *Life of Brutus*: "For, intelligence being brought him one day that *Antonius* and *Dolabella* did conspire against him: he answered, That these fat long haired men made him not afraid, but the lean and whitely faced fellows, meaning that by *Brutus* and *Cassius*."

189. *O' nights.* The folio has "a-nights." See Gr. 182, and cf. 176 and 24.

190. *Yond.* Often printed "Yond'," but not a contraction of *yonder*. See *Temp.* p. 121, note on 407.

193. *Well given.* Well disposed. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 72: "too well given," etc. In 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3, we have both "virtuously given" (16) and "given to virtue" (38).

195. *Liable to fear.* Liable to the imputation of fear.

200. *He hears no music.* Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 83: "The man that hath not music in himself," etc.

201. *Seldom he smiles.* He seldom smiles. Cf. just below, "for always I am Cæsar," and see Gr. 421.

204. *Such men as he be never at heart's ease.* On *be*, see *M. of V.* p. 134 (note on 19), and Gr. 300. On *at*, see Gr. 144. We still say *at ease*.

205. *Whiles.* See *M. of V.* p. 133, or Gr. 137.

212. *Tell us what hath chanc'd.* W. says that the folio has "had chanc'd," but he must have been looking at the next speech of Brutus. Here the folio reading is, "I Caska, tell vs what hath chanc'd to-day;" there, "I should not then aske Caska what had chanc'd."

213. *Sul.* Grave, serious. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 141, note on 179.

220. *Why, there was a crown*, etc. The editors generally quote here Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*, but it seems to us that the account given in the *Life of Antonius* is more in keeping with Casca's way of telling the story: "When he [Antony] was come to *Cæsar*, he made his fellow Runners with him lift him up, and so he did put his Lawrell Crown upon his head, signifying thereby that he had deserved to be King. But *Cæsar* making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The People were so rejoiced at it, that they all clapped their hands for joy. *Antonius* again did put it on his head: *Cæsar* again refused it; and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as *Antonius* did put this Lawrell Crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it: and as oft also as *Cæsar* refused it, all the People together clapped their hands. . . . *Cæsar* in a rage arose out of his Seat, and plucking down the choller of his Gown from his neck, he shewed it naked, bidding any man strike off his head that would. This Lawrell Crown was afterwards put upon the head of one of *Cæsar's* Statues or Images, the which one of the Tribunes pluckt off. The People liked his doing therein so well, that they waited on him home to his house, with great clapping of hands. Howbeit *Cæsar* did turn them out of their offices for it." According to the *Life of Cæsar*, his "tearing open his Doublet Coller," and offering his throat to be cut, was among his friends *in his own house*, and on a different occasion, namely, when "the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole Assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the Market-place, where he was set by the Pulpit for Orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence," and he offended them by "sitting still in his Majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in." The historian adds that, "afterwards to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling-Evill, when standing on their feet they speak to the common People, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their Body, and a suddain dimness and giddiness." The Lupercalia and the offering of the crown are then described as occurring *after* this insult to "the Magistrates of the Commonwealth."

224. *Ay, marry, was't*. On *marry* (= *Mary*), see *M. of V.* p. 138.

225. *Than other*: Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 86: "Both one and the other," etc. Gr. 12.

238. *The rabblement shouted*. The folio has "howted," which is doubtless a misprint for "showted," as the word is spelled just above in "mine honest neighbours showted." Johnson and K. have "hooted," which is not consistent with the context, as it expresses "insult, not applause."

241. *He swooned*. The folio has "hee swoonded," and below, "what, did *Cæsar* swound?" Cf. *R. of L.* 1486 (see our ed. p. 195).

247. *'T is very like*, etc. *Like for likelv*, as very often. The folio reads, "'T is very like he hath the Falling sicknesse," and Coll. adheres to that pointing. But Brutus knew that *Cæsar* was subject to these epileptic attacks. Cf. N.: "For, concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft skinned, and often subject to head-ach, and other while to the falling-sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in CORDUBA, a City of SPAIN), but yet therefore yielded not to the disease

of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withall, but contrarily, took the pains of War, as a Medicine to cure his sick body, fighting alwaies with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the Field."

251. *Tag-rag.* Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 248; "Will you hence, before the tag return?" Coll. quotes John Partridge, 1566:

"To walles they goe, both tagge and ragge,
Their citie to defende."

253. *No true man.* No honest man. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 46: "Every true man's apparel fits your thief;" *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 187: "a true man or a thief;" *Cymb.* ii. 3. 77: "hangs both thief and true man," etc.

256. *Pluck'd me ope his doublet.* On *me*, see *M. of V.* p. 135 (note on *Pill'd me*) and *Gr.* 220. On *ope*, see *Gr.* 343, 290.

As Wr. remarks, "no doubt on the stage Julius Cæsar appeared in doublet and hose like an Englishman of Shakespeare's time."

257. *An I had.* The folio has "and I had." See *Gr.* 101 fol.

258. *A man of any occupation.* "A mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat" (Johnson). Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 97: "the voice of occupation and The breath of garlic-eaters." W. suggests that it may mean "a man of action, a busy man." As Wr. says, both senses may be combined.

259. *At a word.* At his word. Elsewhere the phrase =*in a word*. Cf. *Cor.* i. 3. 122: "No, at a word, madam;" *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 118: "At a word, I am not." See also *M. W.* i. 1. 109, *2 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 319, etc. Wr. makes the phrase here = "at the least hint, quickly."

273. *All Greek to me.* Casca is joking here, if we may take Plutarch's testimony concerning his knowledge of Greek. See *N.*, p. 156 below.

279. *I am promised forth.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 11: "I am bid forth to supper," and "I have no mind of feasting forth to-night." See *Gr.* 41.

286. *He was quick mettle.* The Coll. MS. has "mettled." Walker suggests "metal," referring to *blunt*. See on i. 1. 61 above.

290. *This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit*, etc. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 102:

"This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness."

300. *From that it is dispos'd.* From that to which it is disposed. Cf. iii. 2. 250 below; and see *Gr.* 244 (cf. 394).

302. *Sō firm that cannot.* See *Gr.* 279.

303. *Doth bear me hard.* "Does not like me, bears me a grudge" (Craik); like the Latin *aegre ferre* (Wr.). Cf. ii. 1. 215: "Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard;" and iii. 1. 158: "if you bear me hard." The expression occurs nowhere else in S. Hales quotes B. J., *Catiline*, iv. 5: "Ay, though he bear me hard," etc.

305. *He should not humour me.* "He (that is, Brutus) should not cajole me as 'I do him'" (Warb.). "'Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me,' should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles" (Johnson). See *Addenda*, p. 188.

306. *In several hands.* Referring to *writings below*. Cf. *Gr.* 419a.

315. *Seat him sure.* See Gr. 223 and 1. On the rhyming couplet at the end of a scene, see Gr. 515.

SCENE III.—1. *Brought you Cesar home?* On *bring*=accompany, escort, cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 197: “I pray you, bring me on the way a little,” etc. See also *Gen.* xviii. 16, *Acts*, xxi. 5, 2 *Cor.* i. 16.

3. *The swyng of earth.* “The whole weight or momentum of this world” (Johnson). “The balanced swing of earth” (Craik).

4. *Unfirm.* S. uses both *infirm* and *unfirm*—each four times. See *M. of V.* p. 155 (note on *Uncapable*) or Gr. 442.

8. *To be exalted with.* That is, in the effort to rise to that height; or, possibly, *so as* to rise to the clouds.

10. *A tempest dropping fire.* The folio has “a Tempest-dropping-fire;” corrected by Rowe.

13. *Destruction.* Here a quadrisyllable. See Gr. 479.

14. *Any thing more wonderfull.* Abbott (Gr. 6) explains this as “more wonderful than usual;” Craik, “anything more that was wonderful.” Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 62:

“The slave’s report is seconded, and more,
More fearful, is delivered.”

15. *You know him well by sight.* This is a stumbling-block to some of the commentators. D. suggests (and H. reads) “you’d know him,” and Craik “you knew him,” in the sense of “would have known him;” but, as Wr. notes, “the slaves had no distinctive dress.” It is nothing strange that both Cicero and Casca should happen to know a particular slave by sight, and it is natural enough that Casca, in referring to him here, should say, *And you yourself know the man.* “It is simply a graphic touch” (Wr.).

On this whole passage, cf. N. (*Life of Cesar*): “Certainly, destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderfull Signs that were said to be seen before Cesar’s death. For, touching the Fires in the Element, and Spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary Birds to be seen at noon days sitting in the great Market-place, are not all these Signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderfull chance as happened? But *Strabo* the philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a Slave of the Souldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt: when the Fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. *Cesar* self also doing Sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the Beasts which was sacrificed had no Heart: and that was a strange thing in nature: how a Beast could live without a Heart.”

20. *A lion, Who, etc.* See *M. of V.* p. 144 (note on 4), or Gr. 264. The folio has “glaz’d upon me.” Pope substituted *glar’d*, and the Coll. MS. has the same. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 25: “Look, how he stands and glares!” See also *Macb.* iii. 4. 96, etc.

22. *Annoying.* Cf. *Rich.* III. v. 3. 156: “Good angels guard thee from the boor’s annoy!” Chaucer (*Persones Tale*) speaks of a man as *annoying* his neighbour by burning his house, or poisoning him, and the like.



"Against the Capitol I met a lion."

Drawn Upon a heap. Crowded together. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 5. 18: "Let us on heaps go offer up our lives;" *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 53: "Among this princely heap," etc.

30. *These are their reasons.* Such and such are their reasons. Cf. ii. 1. 31 below: "Would run to these and these extremities." The Coll. MS. has "seasons," which H. adopts.

32. *Climate.* Region, clime. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 130: "in a Christian climate;" and Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. 6. 10: "the southern stars were in that climate unseen." The word is used as a verb in *W. T.* v. 1. 170: "whilst you Do climate here."

35. *Clean from.* Quite away from. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 366: "clean out of the way," etc. See also *Ps.* lxxvii. 8, *Isa.* xxiv. 19, etc. On *from*, see Gr. 158, and cf. 64 below.

40. *Not to walk in.* That is, not fit to walk in. See Gr. 405.

42. *What night is this!* Craik reads "What a night," but this is a needless marring of the metre. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 53:

"What fool is she that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!"

and *T. A.* ii. 5. 123:

"*Fabian.* What dish o' poison has she dressed him!
Sir Toby. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!"

For other examples, see Gr. 86.

47. *Submitting me.* Exposing myself. Gr. 223.

49. *The thunder-stone.* "The imaginary product of the thunder, which the ancients called *Brontia*, mentioned by Pliny (*N. H.* xxxvii. 10) as a species of gem, and as that which, falling with the lightning, does the mischief. It is the fossil commonly called the Belemnite, or Finger-stone, and now

known to be a shell. We still talk of the *thunder-bolt*, which, however, is commonly confounded with the lightning. The *thunder-stone* was held to be quite distinct from the lightning, as may be seen from *Cymb.* iv. 2. 270:

“*Guiderius*. Fear no more the lightning-flash.
Arviragus. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone.”

It is also alluded to in *Oth.* v. 2. 235:

“‘Are there no stones in heaven
 But what serve for the thunder?’” (Craik)

60. *Case yourself in wonder*. The folio has “cast your selfe in wonder,” which is retained by Coll., C., St., and the Camb. ed. D., W., and H. have *case*, which was independently suggested by Swynfen Jervis and M. W. Williams. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 146: “attir’d in wonder.” Wr. explains “cast yourself in” as = “hastily dress yourself in.”

64. *Why birds and beasts*, etc. That is, why they change their natures. See on 35 above. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 104: “Quite from his nature.” For *kind*=nature, see *A. and C.* p. 216, note on 262.

65. *Why old men fool*, etc. “Why old men become fools, and children prudent” (W.). The folio reads, “Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate;” and so K. and Craik. Coll. and St. have “Why old men fools”—that is, why we have old men fools. D., W., the Camb. editors, and H. read *Why old men fool*, which was suggested by Mitford. On *fool*, see Gr. 290.

66. *Their ordinance*. What they were ordained to be.

71. *Some monstrous state*. Some monstrous or unnatural state of things. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 176: “this enormous state;” and see our ed. p. 206.

74. *As doth the lion in the Capitol*. “That is, roars in the Capitol as doth the lion” (Craik). Wr. thinks that S. imagined lions kept in the Capitol, as in the Tower of London.

75. *Than thyself or me*. On *me*, see Gr. 210.

76. *Prodigious*. Portentous; as always in S. except in *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 4: “the prodigious son” (Launce’s blunder for “prodigal son”). Cf. B. and F., *Philaster*, v. 1: “like a prodigious meteor;” and see Gr. p. 13.

80. *Thewes and limbs*. Here *thewes* means muscular powers, as in the two other instances (2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 276, and *Ham.* i. 3. 12) in which S. uses the word. It is from the A. S. *theow* or *theoh*, whence also *thigh*, and must not be confounded with the obsolete *thewes*=manners, or qualities of mind, from the A. S. *theow*. This latter *thewes* is common in Chaucer, Spenser, and other early writers; the former is found very rarely before S.’s day.

81. *Woe the while*. Alas for the time! See Gr. 137 (cf. 230).

82. *Governd with*. On *with* (= by) see Gr. 193.

94. *Can be retentive*, etc. “Can retain or confine the spirit” (Craik).

96. *Power*. Here a dissyllable. Gr. 480.

100. *So every bondman*, etc. There is a play on *bond*; as in *Rich.* III. iv. 4. 77: “Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray!” Cf. also *Cymb.* v. 4. 28: “And cancel these cold bonds” (that is, his *chains*); *Mucb.* iii. 2. 49:

“And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale!”

113. *My answer must be made.* "I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words" (Johnson).

115. *Such a man That is no fleering tell-tale.* On such . . . that, see Gr. 279. *Fleering*=grinning, sneering. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 58: "never fleer and jest at me;" and see our ed. p. 162.

116. *Hold, my hand.* Here, take my hand. St. omits the comma after "Hold." Craik interprets the passage thus: "Have, receive, take hold (of it); there is my hand." But *hold* is probably a mere interjection, as often in S., and not an imperative with object "understood." Cf. *Macb.* ii. 1. 4: "Hold, take my sword;" *Rich.* II. ii. 2. 92: "Hold, take my ring," etc. This *hold* is of course identical with the *reflexive* verb which we have below (v. 3. 85): "But hold thee, take this garland," etc.

117. *Be factious, etc.* "*Factious* seems here to mean *active*" (Johnson). Coleridge says, "I understand it thus: You have spoken as a conspirator; be so in *fact*, and I will join you." It may, however, have its ordinary meaning (given to *faction*), as it does in every other instance in S. *Grieves* here =*grievances*. Cf. iii. 2. 211 and iv. 2. 42, 46 below.

119. *As who goes farthest.* On *who*, see Gr. 257.

122. *Undergo.* Undertake. Cf. *W. T.* p. 202.

123. *Honourable-dangerous.* See Gr. 2. Some print "bloody-fiery" in 129 below.

125. *Pompey's porch.* A large building connected with Pompey's Theatre, in the Campus Martius.

127. *The element.* The heaven, or sky. Cf. N. (*Life of Pompey*): "the dust in the element" (that is, in the air); and the quotation in note on 15 above: "the Fires in the Element." See also Milton, *Comus*, 298:

"I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds."

128. *In favour's like.* In aspect is like. The folio reads, "Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand." Johnson proposed "In favour's," which K., D., W., and the Camb. ed. adopt. Steevens suggested "'It favours,' or 'Is favoured' (so H.);" and Reed, "Is fev'rous," quoting in support of it *Macb.* ii. 3. 66: "the earth Was feverous, and did shake."

133. *To find out you.* To find you out. See Gr. 240.

134. *One incorporate To our attempt.* "One united with us in our enterprise" (Craik). Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 2. 12: "not incorporate into the history." See Gr. 342 and 187. The folio has "To our Attempts," which is retained by K. and the Camb. ed. The correction is Walker's.

137. *There's two or three.* See *Temp.* p. 122 (note on *There is no more such shapes*), or Gr. 335.

143. *Where Brutus may but find it.* On *but*, see Gr. 128.

145. *Upon old Brutus' statue.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "But for *Brutus*, his friends and Countreymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumors of the City, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor *Junius Brutus*

(that drove the Kings out of ROME) they wrote: O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, *Brutus*! and again, That thou were here among us now! His tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Praetor, was full of such bills: *Brutus* thou art asleep, and art not *Brutus* indeed."

151. *Pompey's theatre.* This was the first stone theatre that had been built at Rome, and was modelled after one that Pompey had seen at Mitylene. It was large enough to accommodate forty thousand spectators. At its opening in B.C. 55, the games exhibited by Pompey lasted many days, and consisted of dramatic representations, contests of gymnasts and of gladiators, and fights of wild beasts. Five hundred African lions were killed, and eighteen elephants were brought into the arena, most of which fell before Gaetulian huntsmen.

153. *Three parts of him Is ours.* See Gr. 333.

158. *Alchemy.* For the allusion to the art of changing base metals to gold, cf. *Sonn.* 33. 4: "Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;" and *K. John*, iii. 1. 78:

"the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold."

161. *Conceited.* Conceived, imagined; as in iii. 1. 193 below. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 149: "one that so imperfectly conceits," etc.



POMPEY.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The heading in the folio is, “Enter Brutus in his Orchard.” *Orchard* in S. is “generally synonymous with garden” (D.). The word is the A. S. *ortgeard*, or *wyrkgearð* (wort-yard or plant-yard), not a tautological compound of the Latin *hortus* and the A. S. *geard*, as Earle (*PhiloLOGY of English Tongue*, 1871) and others have made it. The “private arbours and new-planted orchards” of iii. 2. 247 below are the “gardens and arbours” of N.

1. *What, Lucius!* See *M. of V.* p. 141 (note on *What; Jessica!*), *Temp.* p. 119 (on *Come, thou tortoise!* when?), and Gr. 73a. Cf. 5 just below.

3. *How near to day.* How near it is to day. Gr. 403.

10. *It must be by his death*, etc. Coleridge remarks: “This speech is singular—at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare’s motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus’s character to appear. For surely—(this, I mean, is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight, only modified by my experience in how many instances I have ripened into a perception of beauties where I had before described faults)—surely nothing can seem more discordant with our historical pre-conceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Cæsar’s past conduct as a man? Had he not crossed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate? Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?” As Wr. says, “he was a political theorist.”

12. *For the general.* “For the community, or the people” (Craik). Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 27: “the general subject to a well-wish’d king;” *Ham.* ii. 2. 457: “caviare to the general,” etc. Some make *for the general*—“for the general cause.”

15. *Crown him?—That.* Be that so; suppose that done.

17. *Do danger.* Do what is dangerous, do mischief. Cf. Gr. 303.

19. *Remorse.* Mercy, or pity. See *M. of V.* p. 156, and *Temp.* p. 140.

21. *Common proof.* A thing commonly proved, a common experience. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 135:

“for’t is a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.”

23. *Climber-upward.* On the “noun-compounds” of S., see Gr. 430.

24. *Upmost.* Like *inmost*, *outmost*, or *utmost*, etc. Mrs. Clarke does not give the word, but has *utmost* in this passage, following what is probably a slip of the type in Knight’s ed. We find *upmost* in Dryden (Wore.).

26. *The base degrees.* The lower steps of the ladder. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 112: “You have . . . Gone slightly o’er low steps, and now are mounted,” etc.

29. *Will bear no colour*, etc. Can find no pretext in what he now is. On colour, cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 160.

33. *As his kind*. "Like the rest of his species" (Mason).

34. *And kill him in the shell*. "It is impossible not to feel the expressive effect of the hemistich here. The line itself is, as it were, killed in the shell" (Craik).

40. *The Ides of March*. The folio has "the first of March." Theo. made the correction.

50. *Have took*. See *M. of V.* p. 141 (note on *Not undertook*), or Gr. 343.

53. *My ancestors*. D. and H. read "My ancestor."

59. *March is wasted fifteen days*. This is the folio reading, changed to "fourteen days" by Theo. and all the recent editors except W., who remarks that "in common parlance Lucius is correct"—and so in *Roman* parlance, he might have added.

65. *Phantasma*. Vision; used by S. nowhere else. *Phantasm* (=fantastical fellow) occurs in *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 110: "A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport;" and *Id. v. 1. 20*: "fanatical phantasms."

66. *The genius and the mortal instruments*. "The commentators have written and disputed lavishly upon these celebrated words. Apparently, by the *genius* we are to understand the contriving and immortal mind, and most probably the *mortal instruments* are the earthly passions. The best light for the interpretation of the present passage is reflected from the one below, where Brutus says :

"Let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em."

The *servants* here may be taken to be the same with the *instruments* in the passage before us. It has been proposed to understand by the *mortal instruments* the bodily powers or organs; but it is not obvious how these could be said to hold consultation with the *genius* or mind. Neither could they in the other passage be so fitly said to be stirred up by the heart" (Craik).

According to Johnson, the poet "is describing the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance."

Malone endorses Johnson's interpretation, but understands *mortal* to mean *deadly*, as often in S.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (Oct. 1869) makes *genius* "the spirit, ruling intellectual power, rational soul, as opposed to the irascible nature," and *mortal instruments* "the bodily powers through which it works;" and this is probably correct. We cannot believe that *genius* has here the meaning which Johnson ascribes to it, and which it has in some other passages of our poet; as in *C. of E.* v. 1. 332 :

"One of these men is *genius* to the other;
And so of these. Wh:ch is the natural man,
And which the spirit?"

67. *The state of man.* The folio has "the state of a man," which K. and Craik retain; all the other recent editors omit "a." Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 140.

On the whole passage, cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 184:

"twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst himself."

70. *Your brother Cassius.* Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

72. *Moe.* More; as in v. 3. 101 below. See *M. of V.* p. 129.

73. *Their hats*, etc. "S. dresses his Romans in the slouched hats of his own time" (Wr.). See on i. 2. 256 above.

75. *That.* On the ellipsis of *so*, see on i. 1. 45 above.

76. *By any mark of favour.* See on i. 2. 87 above.

78. *Sham'st thou*, etc. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 91: "What she should shame to know;" *K. John*, i. 1. 104: "I shame to speak," etc.

79. *Evils.* Evil things; as in *R. of L.* 1250, etc.

83. *For if thou path*, etc. The 1st folio reads, "For if thou path thy natuine semblance on," which (with a comma after *path*, as in the 2d folio) may be explained, "If thou walk in thy true form" (Johnson). Drayton uses *path* as a transitive verb in his *Polyolbion*: "Where from the neighbouring hills her passage Wey doth path," and again in his *Epistle from Duke Humphrey*, etc.: "Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways." It is possible, however, that *path* is a misprint here. Southern and Coleridge independently suggested "put," which Walker pronounces "certainly" right, and which D. adopts. W. is inclined to the opinion that S. wrote "hadst." H. reads "pass" (an anonymous conjecture).

86. *We are too bold*, etc. "We intrude too boldly or unceremoniously upon your rest" (Craik).

100. *Shall I entreat a word?* See p. 13 above.

104. *Fret.* Cf. *R. and J.* p. 192, foot-note.

107. *Which is a great way*, etc. Which must be far to the south, when we consider the time of year. On *weighing*, see Gr. 378.

112. *Your hands all over.* "That is, all included" (Craik).

114. *No, not an oath.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "The onely name and great Calling of Brutus, did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy; who having never taken Oaths together, nor taken nor given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious Oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding, the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by Predictions of Sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed."

Face. The folio reading, retained by K., D., W., H., and the Camb. ed. Warb. proposed "fate," Mason "faith," and Malone "faiths."

115. *The time's abuse.* The abuses of the time.

117. *Idle bed.* Bed of idleness; as we say "a sick bed." Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 147: "upon a lazy bed." *High-sighted* = "supercilious" (Schmidt).

119. *By lottery.* As chance may determine. Steevens thought there might be an allusion to the custom of *decimation*—"the selection by lot of

every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment." Cf. *T. of A.* v. 4. 31: "By decimation, and a tithed death."

123. *What need we*, etc. Why need we, etc. Gr. 253.

125. *Than secret Romans*. Than that of Romans pledged to secrecy.

126. *Will not palter*. Will not shuffle or equivocate. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 11. 63: "dodge And palter in the shifts of lowness;" *Cor. iii. 1.* 58: "This paltering Becomes not Rome;" *Macb. v. 8.* 20:

"And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

129. *Cautelous*. Wary, crafty, as in *Cor. iv. 1.* 33: "cautelous baits and practice." Cf. the noun *cautel* in *Ham. i. 3.* 15: "no soil nor cautel doth besmire The virtue of his will." Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.* 1611) defines *cautelle* thus: "A wile, cautell, sleight; a craftie reach, or fetch, guilefull devise or endeuor; also, craft, subtiltie, trumperie, deceit, couseenage." Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 21. 9: "frauds, cautels, impostures."

133. *Even*. "Without a flaw or blemish, pure" (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. VIII. iii. 1.* 37: "I know my life so even," etc.

134. *Insuppressive*. Used in a "passive" sense, = not to be suppressed. Cf. *A. Y. L. iii. 2.* 10: "The fair, the chaste, and *unexpressive* she;" *T. and C. iii. 3.* 198: "the *uncomprehensive* (unknown) deeps;" *A. W. i. 2.* 53: "his *plausible* (plausible, specious) words;" *T. G. of V. iv. 4.* 200: "I can make *respective* (respectable) in myself," etc. See Gr. 3.

135. *To think*. By thinking. On the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

136. *Did need an oath*. Ever could need an oath. Gr. 370.

138. *A several bas tardy*. "A special or distinct act of baseness, or of treason against ancestry and honourable birth" (Craik). See *Timp. p. 131*, note on *Several*.

144. *His silver hairs*. Cicero was then about sixty years old. There is an obvious play upon *silver* and *purchase*. *Opinion* = reputation.

150. *Break with him*. Broach the matter to him. See *Hen. VIII. p. 197*.

Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "For this cause they durst not acquaint *Cicero* with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly, and trusted best; for they were afraid that he, being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution."

158. *We shall find of him A shrewd contriver*. On *of* = in, see Gr. 172. On *shrewd* = evil, mischievous, see *Hen. VIII. p. 202*. Wiclit (*Gen. vi. 12*) translates *iniquitate* of the Vulgate by "shrewdnes." Cf. Chaucer, *Tale of Melibous*: "The prophete saith: Flee shrewdnesse, and do goodnesse; seek pees, and folwe it, in as muchel as in thee is;" *Id.*: "And Seint Poule the Apostle sayth in his Epistle, whan he writeth unto the Romaines, that the juges beren not the spere withouten cause, but they beren it to punish the shrewes and misdoers, and for to defende the goode men." *Contriver* = plotter; as in *A. Y. L. i. 1.* 151 (see our ed. p. 139).

160. *Annoy*. See on *i. 3.* 22 above.



CICERO.

164. *Envys.* Malice; as often. See *M. of I.* p. 151, note on *Envious*.

166. *Let us be sacrificers*, etc. On the measure, see Gr. 468; and also for 178 just below.

177. *Make.* "Make to seem." Craik and H. adopt the "mark" of the Coll. MS.

180. *Purgers.* Cleansers or healers (of the land). Cf. *Mach.* v. 3. 52.

183. *Yet I fear him.* Pope reads "do fear," which C. says "improves, if it is not absolutely required by, the sense or expression as well as the prosody."

187. *Take thought and die.* *Thought* used to mean "anxiety, melancholy;" and to *think*, or *take thought*, "to be anxious, despondent." Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 1: "*Cleopatra.* What shall we do, *Enobarbus?* *Enobarbus.* Think, and die;" *Holland, Camden's Ireland*: "the old man for very thought and grief of heart pined away and died;" *Bacon, Hen. VII.*: "Hawis . . . dyed with thought, and anguish." See also *1 Sam.* ix. 5, and *Matt.* vi. 25.

190. *There is no fear in him.* That is, nothing for us to fear. *Fear* is elsewhere used for the *cause* or *object* of fear; as in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 21:

"Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!"

192. *Count the clock.* Of course this is an anachronism, as the *clepsydrae*, or water-clocks, of the Romans did not strike the hours.

Hath stricken. S. uses *struck* (or *strook*), *strucken* (or *stroken*), and *stricken*. See Gr. 344.

194. *Whether.* Here the folio prints "Whether," though the word is metrically equivalent to the "where" in i. 1. 61 above.

196. *Quite from the main opinion.* Quite contrary to the fixed (or predominant) opinion. See on i. 3. 35 above. Mason proposed to read "mean opinion."

197. *Fantasy.* "Fancy, or imagination, with its unaccountable anticipations and apprehensions, as opposed to the calculations of reason" (Craik).

Ceremonies. "Omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites" (Malone). Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 10. 3: "ceremonies, characters, and charms," where the word means superstitious rites.

198. *These apparent prodigies.* These manifest portents. *Apparent* is used in its emphatic sense (*clearly appearing*), not in its weaker one (*merely appearing, or seeming*). Cf. *t Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 292: "this open and apparent shame;" *K. John*, iv. 2. 93:

"It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it."

See also Bacon, *Ess.* 40 (ed. 1625): "Overt, and Apparent vertues bring forth Praise; But there be Secret and Hidden Vertues, that bring Forth Fortune."

204. *That unicorns, etc.* Steevens says: "Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 5. 10:

"Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious Unicorn defyse,
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him ronning in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enimyees,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast.
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast."

See also *T. of A.* iv. 3. 339: "wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury."

"Bears," adds Steevens, "are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's *Natural History*, book viii."

208. *Most fluttered.* "At the end of a line *ed* is often sounded after *er*" (Gr. 474). On the metre of the next line, see Gr. 512.

212. *There.* That is, at Cæsar's house.

215. *Doth bear Cæsar hard.* See on i. 2. 303 above. On the relations of this Caius (or, rather, Quintus) Ligarius to Cæsar, cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Now amongst Pompey's friends, there was one called *Caius Ligarius*, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey,

and *Cæsar* discharged him. But *Ligarius* thanked not *Cæsar* so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannicall power. And, therefore, in his heart he was alway his mortall enemy, and was besides very familiar with *Brutus*, who went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him: *Ligarius* in what a time art thou sick! *Ligarius* rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him: *Brutus* (said he) if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole."

218. *Go along by him.* That is, by his house (on your way home). Cf. iv. 3. 205 below. Pope reads "Go along to him."

219. *Reasons.* D. and H. read "reason."

224. *Look fresh and merrily.* That is, freshly and merrily (or fresh and merry). Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 135: "Apt and willingly." Gr. 397.

225. *Let not our looks put on our purposes.* That is, "such expression as would betray our purposes." Craik compares the exhortation of Lady Macbeth to her husband (*Macb.* i. 5. 64):

"To beguile the time,
Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

But the sentiment takes its boldest form from the lips of Macbeth himself in the first fervour of his weakness exalted into determined wickedness (i. 7. 81):

"Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

227. *Formal constancy.* "Constancy in outward form or aspect" (Craik); "dignified self-possession" (Wr.).

230. *The honey-heavy dew of slumber.* See Gr. 430. The folio reads, "the hony-heatiy Dew of Slumber," for which the Coll. MS. substitutes "heavy honey-dew." D. in his 1st edition has "honey heavy dew" (which he explains as "honeyed and heavy"), but in his 2d he adopts "heavy honey-dew." K., W., H., and the Camb. ed. have *honey-heavy dew*. W. adds: "that is, slumber as refreshing as dew, and whose heaviness is sweet." "Honey-dew" occurs in *T. A.* iii. 1. 112:

"the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd."

On the figure in the text, cf. *Rich.* III. iv. 1. 84: "enjoy the golden dew of sleep."

231. *Thou hast no figures, etc.* "Pictures created by imagination or apprehension" (Craik). Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 231: "if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains." On the double negative, see Gr. 406.

233. *Enter PORTIA.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Now *Brutus*, who knew very well, that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of ROME did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger: when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks, that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house,

then he was clean changed : for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen : that his Wife lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. . . . This young Lady being excellently well seen in Philosophy, loving her Husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise : because she would not ask her Husband what he ayled, before she had made some proof by herself : she took a little Razor, such as Barbers occupy to pare mens nails, and causing her Maids and Women to go out of her Chamber gave herself a great gash withall in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood : and incontinently after, a vehement Feaver took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her Husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all, she spake in this sort unto him : 'I being, O *Brutus* (said she) the daughter of *Cato*, was married unto thee ; not to be thy bedfellow, and Companion in bed and at board onely, like a Harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill Fortune. Now for thy self, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match : but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrerie and fidelity. I confess, that a Womans wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely : but yet (*Brutus*) good education, and the company of vertuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for my self, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the Daughter of *Cato*, and Wite of *Brutus*. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, untill that now I have found by experience, that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove her self. *Brutus* was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to Heaven, he besought the goddeses to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a Husband, worthy of so noble a Wife as *Porcia* : so he then did comfort her the best he could."

238. *Stole*. Elsewhere S. has *stolen*. See Gr. 343.

240. *Arms across*. Folded arms ; as in *R. of L.* 1662.

246. *Wafture*. The folio has "wafter." S. used the word nowhere else.

248. *Impatience*. A quadrisyllable. See on i. 3. 13 above. Gr. 479.

251. *His hour*. Here *his*=its, as often. See on i. 2. 124 above.

254. *Prevail'd on your condition*. Influenced your temper or state of mind. See *M. of V.* p. 133, note on *Condition*.

255. *Dear my lord*. See Gr. 13. Cf. the French *cher monsieur*, etc.

261. *Is Brutus sick?* "For *sick*, the correct English adjective to express all degrees of suffering from disease, and which is universally used in the Bible and by Shakespeare, the Englishman of Great Britaïn has poorly substituted the adverb *ill*" (W.). Cf. *Gen.* xlviij. 1. *Sam.* xix. 14. xxx. 13, etc.

Is it physical? Trench (*Glossary*, etc.) says: "Though *physical* has not dissociated itself from *physics*, it has from *physic* and *physician*, being used now as simply the equivalent for *natural*." Cf. the only other instance in which S. uses the word, *Cor. i. 5. 19*:

"The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me."

262. *To walk unbraced.* Cf. i. 3. 48 above.

266. *Rheumy.* Causing "rheumatic diseases" (*M. N. D. ii. 1. 105*); used by S. only here.

268. *Some sick offence.* Some pain, or grief, that makes you sick.

271. *I charm you.* I conjure you. Cf. *R. of L. 1681*. Pope (followed by H.) substituted "charge"—a needless and prosaic alteration.

283. *But, as it were, in sort or limitation.* Only in a manner, or in some limited sense.

289. *As dear to me, etc.* Gray has imitated this in *The Bard*: "Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart." Some critics see here an anticipation of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; but vague notions of such a circulation prevailed before Harvey's day.

295. *A woman well reputed, etc.* Warb. and St. read, "A woman, well-reputed Cato's daughter;" that is, daughter of the much-esteemed Cato.

297. *Being so father'd, etc.* As Abbott remarks (Gr. 290), "any noun or adjective could be converted into a verb by the Elizabethan authors."

308. *All the charactery, etc.* The word *charactery* occurs also in *M. W. v. 5. 77*: "Fairies use flowers for their charactery," and with the same accent as here.

309. *Who's that knocks?* On the ellipsis, see Gr. 244.

313. *Vouchsafe good morrow, etc.* *Vouchsafe to receive, etc.* Gr. 382.

315. *To wear a kerchief.* The word *kerchief* (French *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, the head) is here used in its original sense of a covering for the head. Cf. *M. W. iii. 3. 62*: "A plain kerchief, Sir John; my brows become nothing else." As Malone remarks, S. here gives to Rome the manners of his own time, it being a common practice in England for sick people to wear a kerchief on their heads. Cf. Fuller, *Worthies*: "if any there be sick, they make him a posset, and tye a kerchief on his head, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."

323. *Thou, like an exorcist.* "Here, and in all other places where the word occurs in S., to *exorcise* means to raise spirits, not to lay them" (Mason). See *Cymb. iv. 2. 276*, *A. W. v. 3. 305*, and *2 Hen. VI. i. 4. 5*.

324. *Mortified spirit.* The former word makes four syllables; the latter, as often, only one (Gr. 463). On *mortified*=deadened, cf. *Hen. V. i. 1. 26*:

"The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too."

331. *To whom it must be done.* See Gr. 208, and cf. 394. H. and some other editors put a comma after *going*, making *To whom, etc.*, a repetition of *What it is.*

SCENE II.—1. *Have been.* On the plural verb, cf. Gr. 408.

2. *Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep, etc.* Cf. N. (*Life of Caesar*):

"He heard his wife *Calpurnia*, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling* lamentable speeches: for she dreamed that *Cesar* was slain, and that she had him in her Arms. . . . Insomuch that *Cesar* rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the Session of the Senate untill another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her Dream, yet that he would search further of the Soothsayers by their Sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that *Cesar* likewise did fear or suspect somewhat, because his Wife *Calpurnia* untill that time was never given to any fear and superstition: and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this Dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the Soothsayers having sacrificed many Beasts one after another, told him that none did like them:† then he determined to send *Antonius* to adjourn the Session of the Senate. But in the mean time came *Decius Brutus*, surnamed *Albinus*, in whom *Cesar* put such confidence, that in his last Will and Testament he had appointed him to be his next Heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with *Cassius* and *Brutus*: he, fearing that if *Cesar* did adjourn the Session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers, and reproved *Cesar*, saying, that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him King of all his Provinces of the Empire of ROME out of ITALY, and that he should wear his Diadem in all other places both by Sea and Land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and return again when *Calpurnia* should have better Dreams, what would his Enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his Friends words?"

5. *Present*. Immediate; as in *R. of L.* 1263: "present death," etc. For *presently*=immediately, see *M. of V.* p. 131.

6. *Success*. Probably =good-fortune (and so in v. 3.65 below); but explained by Craik as—issue. For the latter sense, cf. v. 3.66; also *Rich. III.* iv. 4.236: "dangerous success" (see our ed. p. 232), etc. See also *Joshua*, i. 8.

13. *I never stood on ceremonies*. I never regarded auguries. See on ii. 1. 197 above.

19. *Fought*. The folio has "fight," which K., Craik, and the Camb. ed. retain. *Fought* was proposed by D., and is adopted by W. and H.

22. *Hurtled*. Clashed. See *A. Y. L.* p. 191; and cf. Gray, *The Fatal Sisters*:

"Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air."

23. *Horses did neigh*. The 1st folio has "Horsses do neigh;" corrected in the 2d folio. K. retains "do," on the ground that "the tenses are purposely confounded, in the vague terror of the speaker;" but, as Craik remarks, "no degree of mental agitation ever expressed itself in such a jumble and confusion of tenses as this—not even insanity or drunkenness."

* This is the word in the edition of 1676: as quoted by K., it is "grumbling."

† That is, none of the victims did *please* them, or give good omens.

24. *And ghosts did shriek, etc.* Cf. the passage from *Hamlet* (i. 1) quoted on page 27.

25. *Beyond all use.* That is, all that we are used to.

27. *Whose end is purpos'd.* The completion of which is designed.

31. *Blaze forth.* Proclaim (cf. *R. and J.* p. 191); with a reference also to the other meaning, as in *V. and A.* 219: "Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong." On the passage cf. 1. *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 1 fol.

32. *Cowards die many times, etc.* See p. 17 above.

38. *They would not have you to stir.* For the *to*, see Gr. 349.

42. *Cæsar should be a beast.* On *should* = would, see Gr. 322.

46. *We are two lions.* The folio has, "We heare two Lyons." The correction is Upton's, and is generally adopted. Theo. proposed "were."

67. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid*.

72. *Enough to satisfy, etc.* Enough for me to do towards that end.

76. *To-night.* Last night; as in iii. 3. 1 below. See *M. of V.* p. 142.

In this line the folio has "Statue," and also in iii. 2. 186 below: "Euen at the Base of Pompeyes Statue;" but in both passages the editors, with very few exceptions, have given *statua*, a form of the word common in the time of S. both in poetry and prose. Bacon, for example, uses it in *Essays* 27, 37, and 45, in *Adv. of L.* ii. 1. 2; 22. 1; 23. 36 ("a statua of Cæsar's"), and repeatedly (if not uniformly) elsewhere. See Gr. 487. Some print "statuë."

78. *Lusty.* See on i. 2. 104 above.

81. *And evils imminent.* This is the folio reading, altered by Hanmer and the Coll. MS. to "Of evils imminent." D. and H. adopt this emendation, but K., W., and the Camb. ed. retain *And*.

89. *For tinctures, stains, etc.* "Tinctures and stains are understood both by Malone and Steevens as carrying an allusion to the practice of persons dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood of those whom they regarded as martyrs. And it must be confessed that the general strain of the passage, and more especially the expression 'shall press for tinctures,' etc., will not easily allow us to reject this interpretation. Yet does it not make the speaker assign to Cæsar by implication the very kind of death Calphurnia's apprehension of which he professes to regard as visionary? The pressing for tinctures and stains, it is true, would be a confutation of so much of Calphurnia's dream as seemed to imply that the Roman people would be delighted with his death—

"Many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it."

Do we refine too much in supposing that this inconsistency between the purpose and the language of Decius is intended by the poet, and that in this brief dialogue between him and Cæsar, in which the latter suffers himself to be so easily won over—persuaded and relieved by the very words that ought naturally to have confirmed his fears—we are to feel the presence of an unseen power driving on both the unconscious prophet and the blinded victim?" (Craik). Cf. iii. 2. 131 below.

Cognizance (that by which anything is known) is an heraldic term = badge. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 108 and *Cymb.* ii. 4. 127. Here the word may be plural. See Gr. 471.

97. *Apt to be render'd.* Likely to be made in reply. II. gives this strange explanation: "It were apt, or likely, to be construed or represented as a piece of mockery."

103. *Love to your proceeding.* Affectionate interest in your course of conduct, or caree. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 193: "I have an interest in your hate's proceeding," etc.

104. *And reason to my love is liable.* "Reason," or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love" (Johnson); or, my love leads me to indulge in a freedom of speech that my reason would restrain.

114. *'T is stricken eight.* See on ii. 1. 192 above.

118. *So to most noble Cæsar.* On *so*, see Gr. 65.

119. *To be thus, etc.* In being thus, etc. Gr. 356.

121. *An hour's talk.* Here *hour's* is a dissyllable. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 197, or Gr. 480.

128. *That every like, etc.* "That to be like a thing is not always to be that thing" (Craik). There is a reference to Cæsar's "We, like friends."

129. *Yearns to think upon.* The folio has "earnes," another form of the same word. Cf. *Spenser, F. Q.* iii. 10. 21: "And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight;" where it is used in the same sense as here. In *F. Q. i. 1. 3* ("his heart did earne To prove his puissance"), i. 6. 25 ("he for revenge did earne"), etc., it is used in its current sense. In *S. yearn* always means either to pain (transitive) or to be pained, to grieve (intransitive). Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 3; "For Falstaff he is dead, And we must yearn therefore;" *Id.* iv. 3. 26: "It yearns me not if men my garments wear;" *Rich. II.* v. 5. 76: "O. how it yearned my heart," etc. On the position of *upon*, see Gr. 203.

SCENE III.—6. *Look about you.* On *you* following *thou*, see Gr. 235.

Security gives way to. Confidence, or carelessness, leaves the way open to. Cf. iv. 3. 39 below; and *Mach. iii. 5. 32*: "security Is mortal's chiefest enemy."

7. *Lover.* Friend. See *M. of V.* p. 153.

12. *Out of the teeth of emulation.* Safe from the attacks of envy. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 212: "Whilst emulation in the army crept." In the Rheims version of the Bible (1582), *Acts vii. 9* reads, "And the patriarchs through emulation sold Joseph into Egypt." Bacon, like *S.*, uses the word in both a good and a bad sense.

14. *Contrive.* Plot. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 360: "Thou hast contriv'd against the very life;" *Ham.* iv. 7. 136: "Most generous and free from all contriving," etc. See also on *contriver*, ii. 1. 158 above. In *T. of S.* i. 2. 278 ("Please you we may contrive this afternoon"), *contrive* is used in the sense of wear away, spend (Latin *contere*, *contrivi*), and Walker makes it have a similar meaning (sojourning, *conterentes tempus*) in *A. and C.* i. 2. 189: "our contriving friends in Rome" (but see our ed. p. 172). Cf. *Spenser, F. Q.* ii. 9. 48: "Three ages, such as mortall men contrive."

SCENE IV.—3. *To know my errand.* Steevens compares *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 444 fol.

6. *Constancy.* Firmness; as in ii. 1. 227, 299 above. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 2. 68: "Your constancy Hath left you unattended" (that is, your firmness has forsaken you).

9. *To keep counsel.* To keep a secret. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 152: "the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all;" *A. W.* iii. 7. 9: "what to your sworn counsel (secrecy) I have spoken." See also ii. 1. 298 above.

18. *A bustling rumour.* Here *rumour*=murmur, noise. Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 45: "the noise and rumour of the field." Drayton uses *rumorous* similarly: "the *rumorous* sound Of the sterne billowes."

20. *Sooth.* In sooth, in truth. See *M. of V.* p. 127, note on *In sooth*.

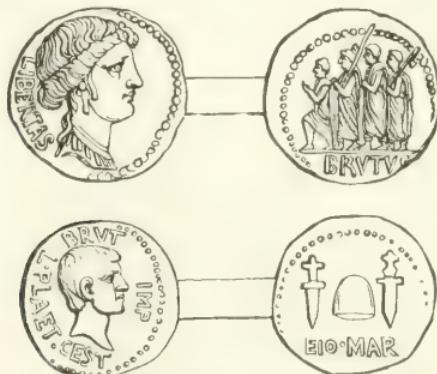
Enter Soothsayer. Here Rowe (followed by W.) substituted "Artemidorus." Tyrwhitt says that it should be "Artemidorus, who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient." The folio may be wrong, but the case is hardly clear enough to justify a change.

31. *Any harm's intended.* Any harm that is intended. Cf. ii. 1. 309 above.

37. *I'll get me to a place more void.* I'll betake myself to a place more open (as opposed to narrow). On *get me*, see Gr. 296, 223.

39. *Ay me!* It is "Aye me!" in the folio, but all the editors except Craik and D. have "Ah me!" The latter, as Craik remarks, is a phrase that S. nowhere uses. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 56, 154, *Comus*, 511, *P. L.* iv. 86, x. 813, etc. Neither Worc. nor Wb. recognizes this *ay*. The affirmative particle *ay* or *aye* is uniformly printed "I" in the folio; as in the second line of the next scene: "I *Cæsar*, but not gone."

42. *Brutus hath a suit*, etc. "This she addresses in explanation to the boy, whose presence she had for a moment forgotten" (Craik).



COINS STRUCK ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Here, as in *Ham.* and *A. and C.* (see quotations on pp. 28, 29), the death of Cæsar is represented as taking place in the Capitol, instead of the Curia of Pompey. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): “Furthermore, they [the conspirators] thought also that the appointment of the place where the Council should be kept, was chosen of purpose by divine Providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the Porches about the Theater, in the which there was a certain place full of Seats for men to sit in ; where also was set up the image of *Pompey*, which the City had made and consecrated in honour of him, when he did beautifie that part of the City with the Theater he built, with divers Porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the Senate appointed to be, just on the fifteenth of the Moneth *March*, which the ROMANS call, *Idus Martias*: so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought *Cæsar* thither to be slain, for revenge of *Pompey's* death.”

See also N. (*Life of Cæsar*): “And one *Artemidorus* also born in the Isle of *GNIDOS*, a Doctor of Rhetorick in the Greek Tongue, who by means of his Profession was very familiar with certain of *Brutus* Confederates ; and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against *Cæsar*, came and brought him a little Bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how *Cæsar* received all the Supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him pressed nearer to him, and said : *Cæsar*, read this Memorial to your self, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly. *Cæsar* took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of People that did salute him.”

8. *What touches us ourself, etc.* The Coll. MS. alters this to “That touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd.” Craik adopts this “specious but entirely needless change,” as W. calls it.

13. *I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): “Another Senatour called *Popilius Læna*, after he had saluted *Brutus* and *Cassius* more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded* softly in their ears, and told them : I pray the goddess you may go through with that you have taken in hand ; but withall, dispatch I readt you, for your enterprise is bewrayed. When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out.”

18. *Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.* See how he presses towards Cæsar. *Mark* is probably a dissyllable here. Gr. 485.

21. *Cassius or Cæsar, etc.* This is the folio reading, retained by K., D., H., and the Camb. ed. Malone proposed “Cassius on Cæsar,” which is adopted by Craik and W. But, as Ritson remarks, “Cassius says, if the plot be discovered, at all events either he or Cæsar shall never return alive ; for, if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to

* See *Hen. VIII.* p. 168, foot-note.

† *Read, or rede*, meant to advise or counsel. We have the noun in *Ham.* i. 3. 51: “And reck not his own rede.” See our ed. p. 188.

slay himself." Craik, commenting on this, says that "to turn back can not mean to return alive, or to return in any way." But see *Rich.* III. iv. 4. 184: "Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;" *T. A.* v. 2. 141: "And tarry wish him till I turn again;" *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 7:

"Bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory?"

Oth. iv. 1. 263: "you did wish that I would make her turn," etc.

22. *Cassius, be constant, etc.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "And when *Cassius* and certain other clapped their hands on their Swords to draw them, *Brutus* marking the countenance and gesture of *Laena*, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suiter, then like an accuser: he said nothing to his Companion (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged *Cassius*. And immediately after, *Laena* went from *Cæsar*, and kissed his hand: which shewed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself, that he had held him so long in talk."

26. *He draws Mark Antony out of the way.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Trebonius on the other side drew *Antonius* aside, as he came into the house where the Senate sate, and held him with a long talk without."

29. *He is address'd.* He is ready. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 19: "And so have I address'd me" (prepared myself); 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 5: "Our navy is address'd;" *M. N. D.* v. 1. 107: "the Prologue is address'd," etc.

30. *Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 295: "When I rear my hand." On the construction, see Gr. 247.

31. *Are we all ready?* In the folio (so in K. and the Camb. ed.) these words begin *Cæsar's* speech. Ritson proposed to add them to *Cinna's* speech, but the Coll. MS. assigns them to *Casca*, "in whose mouth they form a very natural rejoinder to what *Cinna* has just said." This latter arrangement is adopted by Craik, D., W., and H.

On the remainder of this scene, cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "So when he was set, the Conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one *Tullius Cimber*,* who made humble suit for the calling home again of his Brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took *Cæsar* by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. *Cæsar* at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties: but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then *Cimber*, with both his hands plucked *Cæsar's* Gown over his shoulders, and *Casca* that stood behind him, drew his Dagger first and strake *Cæsar* upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. *Cæsar* feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his Dagger in, and cried out, in Latine, O traytor *Casca*, what doest thou? *Casca* on the other side cried in Greek, and called his Brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fie upon *Cæsar*, he looking about him to have fled, saw *Brutus* with a Sword drawn in his hands ready to strike at him: then he let *Casca's* hand go, and casting his

* In the *Life of Cæsar* he is called *Metellus Cimber*, and in *Suetonius* (i. 82) *Cimber Tullius*.

Gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the Conspiratours thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many Swords and Daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them *Brutus* caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloudied. *Cæsar* being slain in this manner, *Brutus* standing in the middest of the house, would have spoken and staied the other Senatours that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they as men both afraid and amazed, fled, one upon another's neck in hast to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was set down, and agreed between them, that they should kill no man but *Cæsar* onely, and should intreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty."

33. *Puissant*. Always a dissyllable in S., though *puissance* is sometimes a trisyllable. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 9: "Upon the power and puissance of the king;" and *Id.* i. 3. 77: "And come against us in full puissance." In Spenser we find (*F. Q.* iv. 11. 15) "Of puissant Nations which the world possest," and (*F. Q.* v. 2. 7) "For that he is so puissant and strong."

36. *These couchings*. The Coll. MS. has "crouchings," which Craik says "does not admit of a doubt." But Sr. remarks that "*couching* had the same meaning as *crouching*; thus Huloet: 'Cowche, like a dogge; *procumbo, prosterno*.' Cf. also *Gen. xl ix. 14*. K., D., W., H., and the Camb. ed. retain *couchings*.

39. *Into the law of children*. The folio reads "the lane of Children," a misprint which Johnson corrected.

Be not fond, etc. Be not so foolish as to think, etc. See *M. of V.* pp. 146, 152, and Gr. 281. On such . . . that, see Gr. 279.

43. *Low-crooked curtsties*. The Coll. MS. has "Low-crouched," which Craik adopts. But "*low-crooked* is the same as *low-crouched*; for Huloet has 'crooke-backed or crooke-he-backed,' and to *crook* was to bow" (Sr.). See *Temp.* p. 120, note on *Curtied*.

47. *Know Cæsar doth not wrong*, etc. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, speaking of Shakespeare, says: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" And he ridicules the expression again in his *Staple of News*: "Cry you mercy; you never did wrong but with just cause." Craik believes that the words stood originally as Jonson has given them; but, as Collier suggests, Jonson was probably speaking only from memory, which, as he himself says, was "shaken with age now, and sloth," and misquoted the passage.

51. *The repealing of my banish'd brother*. That is, his recall. Both the verb and the noun (see the next speech) are often used by S. in this sense. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 87: "Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;" *Cor. v. 5. 5*: "Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;" *Id. iv. 1. 41*: "A cause for thy repeal;" *R. of L.* 640: "I sue for exiled majesty's repeal."

60. *But I am constant*, etc. Cf. i. 2, 208: "But always I am Cæsar."

67. *Apprehensive*. Endowed with apprehension or intelligence. Cf.

2 Hen. IV. iv. 3. 107: "Makes it (the brain) apprehensive, quick, forgetive (inventive); " B. and F., *Philaster*, v. 1: "as I did grow More and more apprehensive," etc.

69. *Holds on his rank*, etc. Continues to "hold his place" (like the star), resisting every attempt to move him. *Unshaken of motion* might mean unshaken in his motion (Gr. 173), but that would not be in keeping with the simile of the pole-star.

77. *Et tu, Brute!* "There is no ancient Latin authority, I believe, for this famous exclamation, although in Suetonius, i. 82, Cæsar is made to address Brutus *Kai σὺ, τέκρον;* (And thou too, my son?). It may have occurred as it stands here in the Latin play on the same subject which is recorded to have been acted at Oxford in 1582; and it is found in *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, first printed in 1595, on which 3 Hen. IV. is founded, as also in a poem by S. Nicholson, entitled *Acolastus his Afterwit*, printed in 1600, in both of which nearly contemporary productions we have the same line—" *Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?*" (Craik). According to Stokes, it is in the Latin play of 1582.

90. *Cheer.* On the literal meaning (=face), see *M. of V.* p. 152.

93. *Lest that.* On that as a "conjunctional affix," see Gr. 287.

95. *Abide this deed.* That is, answer for it, be held responsible for it. Cf. iii. 2. 112 below. *Aby* was used in the same sense; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 175: "Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear." This *aby* is frequent in Spenser. See *F. Q.* ii. 8. 28: "His life for dew revenge should deare aby;" also *Id.* iii. 4. 38, iii. 10. 3, iv. 1. 53, iv. 6. 8, etc.

96. *But we.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 54: "Making night hideous, and we," etc. Gr. 216.

99. *As it were doomsday.* As if it were. Gr. 107.

102. *Why, he that cuts off*, etc. The folio gives this speech to Casca, but some of the editors have transferred it to Cassius. As H. remarks, "the sentiment is in strict keeping with what Casca says in i. 3. 100 above: 'So every bondman in his own hand bears,' etc."

114. *In states unborn.* The 1st folio has "State," and just below "Iye along;" both corrected in 2d folio.

116. *On Pompey's basis lies along.* Lies prostrate at the base of Pompey's statue. Cf. *Cor.* v. 6. 57: "When he lies along," etc. See also *Judges*, vii. 13.

122. *Most boldest.* Cf. iii. 2. 181 below: "most unkindest," etc. Gr. 11.

132. *Be resolv'd.* Have his doubts resolved or removed; be satisfied. Cf. iii. 2. 177 and iv. 2. 14 below.

137. *Thorough.* Through. See *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Throughfares*.

141. *Tell him, so please him come.* See Gr. 133, 297, and 349.

144. *We shall have him well to friend.* See *Temp.* p. 124, note on *A paragon to their queen.* Gr. 189.

146. *My misgiving still falls shrewdly to the purpose.* My suspicions are always shrewd enough to hit the mark. On *still*, see *M. of V.* p. 128.

153. *Be let blood.* Be bled; that is, put to death. Cf. *Rich.* III. iii. 1. 183, *T. and C.* ii. 3. 222, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 168, etc. *Rank*=sick from repletion; as in *Sonn.* 118. 12 (see our ed. p. 170), 2 Hen. IV. iv. 1. 64, etc.

156. *Of half that worth as.* See Gr. 280.

158. *I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard.* On the pronouns, see Gr. 236. For *bear me hard*, see on i. 2. 303 above.

160. *Live a thousand years.* Cf. *M. of U.* iii. 2. 61: "Live thou, I live;" and see Gr. 361.

161. *Apt to die.* Ready or disposed to die.

162. *No mean of death.* On *mean*—means, see *Hen. VIII.* p. 201.

164. *The choice and master spirits.* Craik thinks that *choice* may be either noun or adjective, but it is pretty certainly the latter. We have the expression "choice spirits" in *1 Hen. VI.* v. 3. 3.

172. *A fire, etc.* The first *fire* is a dissyllable, the second a monosyllable. See Gr. 480, and cf. 475. For the simile, cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 46: "one fire burns out another's burning;" *Cov.* iv. 7. 54: "One fire drives out one fire;" *T. G. of U.* ii. 4. 192: "Even as one heat another heat expels," etc.

175. *Our arms, in strength of malice, etc.* The passage stands thus in the folio: "Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts

Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence."

Pope reads "exempt from malice;" Capell and D., "no strength of malice;" the Coll. MS. and Craik, "in strength of welcome." Sr. (followed by H.) suggested "in strength of amity." K., W., and Wr. retain the folio reading, and W. remarks: "The difficulty found in this passage, which even Mr. Dyce suspects to be corrupt, seems to result from a forgetfulness of the preceding context:

"Though now we must appear *bloody and cruel*,
As by *our hands*, and this our present act.
You see we do; yet you see but *our hands*,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome," etc.

So (*Brutus* continues) *our arms*, even in the intensity of their hatred to *Casar's* tyranny, and *our hearts* in their brotherly love to all Romans, do receive you in." Wr. explains thus: "strong as if nerved by malice against you, the death grip of enemies being stronger than the most loving embrace. See also p. 192 below.

182. *Deliver.* Declare, relate. See *Temp.* p. 144, and *Hen. VIII.* pp. 163, 176.

185. *Render, etc.* "Give me back in return for mine" (Craik).

190. *Though last, not least in love.* Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 85 (quarto): "Although the last, not least in our dear love." Spenser has "though last, not least" in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, published in 1595.

193. *Conceit.* See on i. 3. 161 above.

197. *Dearer.* More intensely. See *Temp.* p. 124, note on 133.

205. *Bayed.* That is, "brought to bay," or hemmed in by enemies as a hart by the hounds. See *Rich. II.* p. 186, note on 127.

207. *Crimson'd in thy iethe.* "Crimson'd in the stream that bears thee to oblivion" (W.) The Coll. MS. alters *lethe* to "death" (as Pope had done), which H. adopts. Coll. himself, in his 2d edition, restores *lethe*, which is also given by K., D., St., and the Camb. ed.

208, 209. *O world*, etc. Coleridge doubted the genuineness of these two lines, both on account of the rhythm, "which is not Shakespearian," and because they interrupt the sense and connection and "the Shakespearian link of association." He adds: "I venture to say there is no instance in Shakespeare fairly like this. Conceits he has; but they not only rise out of some word in the lines before, but also lead to the thought in the lines following. Here the conceit is a mere alien: Antony forgets an image when he is even touching it, and then recollects it, when the thought last in his mind must have led him away from it." We have the same quibble in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 260 and *T. N.* i. 1. 21.

210. *Strucken*. The folio has "stroken," and in 183 "strooke" for *struck*.

214. *Modesty*. *Moderation*. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 68: "If it be husbanded with modesty," etc.

216. *Compact*. On the accent, see Gr. 490.

217. *Prick'd*. *Marked*. Cf. iv. 1. 1, 3, 16 below. See also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 172.

225. *So full of good regard*. "So full of what is entitled to favourable regard" (Craik). Cf. iv. 2. 12 below.

229. *Produce*. Bear forth, bring out; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 40, *Lear*, v. 3. 230, etc.

236. *By your pardon*. By your leave, I will explain.

242. *Have all true rites*. Pope, D., and H. read "due rites," but, as Coll. says, "the change seems rather for the worse."

258. *The tide of times*. "The course of times" (Johnson). As Craik remarks, "tide and time properly mean the same thing." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q. i.* 2. 29: "and rest their weary limbs a tide;" *Id. iii. 6. 21*: "mine may be your paine another tide;" *Id. iii. 9. 32*: "glad of so fitte tide HIm to command," etc. The word still has this sense in *eventide*, *spring-tide*, etc.

259. *Hands*. The folio has "hand," which K. retains; but cf. 159 above.

263. *The limbs of men*. The folio reading, retained by K., W., and H. W., however, is "almost sure" that S. wrote "the *sonnes* of men." Warb. proposed "line," Hamner "kind," Johnson "lives" or "lymms,"* the Coll. MS. "loins" (which Craik adopts), Walker "times," St. "tombs," and Swynfen Jervis (whom D. follows) "minds."

269. *With the hands*. Here *with*=*by*, as often. Gr. 193. Cf. iii. 2. 195 below. See also *Hen. VIII.* p. 193.

272. *With Ate by his side*. Craik remarks that "this Homeric goddess had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination." See *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 263: "the infernal Ate;" *L. L. L.* v. 2. 694: "more Ates, more Ates;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 63: "an Ate stirring him to blood and strife."

274. *Cry 'Havoc!'* In old times this cry was the signal that no quarter was to be given. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 275:

* "That is," he adds, "these *bloodhounds* of men." S. uses the word in *Lear*, iii. 6. 72:

"Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym."

The old copies have "him" or "hym," but there can be no doubt that these are misprints for "lym."

"Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant."

The dogs of war. Steele (*Tatler*, No. 137) suggests that by "the dogs of war" S. probably meant *fire*, *sword*, and *famine*. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. chor. 5:

"Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment."

See also i *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 10:

"You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire."

275. *That this foul deed.* So that, etc. Gr. 283.

284. *Passion, I see, is catching.* That is, emotion is contagious. See on i. 2. 45 above.

For mine eyes. The 1st folio has "from mine eyes;" corrected in 2d folio. D. and H. alter *began* in the next line to "begin."

290. *No Rome of safety.* See on i. 2. 152 above.

296. *The which.* See *M. of V.* p. 133, on *For the which*.

SCENE II.—On this scene, and the next, cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Now, at the first time when the murther was newly done, there were suddain outcries of People that ran up and down the City, the which indeed did the more increase the fear and tumult. But when they saw they slew no man, neither did spoil nor make havock of anything, then certain of the Senatours, and many of the People emboldening themselves, went to the Capitoll unto them. There a great number of men being assembled together one after another, *Brutus* made an Oration unto them to win the favour of the People, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by, said they had done well, and cried unto them, that they should boldly come down from the Capitoll: whereupon *Brutus* and his Companions came boldly down into the Market-place. The rest followed in Troop, but *Brutus* went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the City, which brought him from the Capitoll, through the Market-place, to the Pulpit for Orations. When the People saw him in the Pulpit, although they were a multitude of rake-hels of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir: yet being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bare unto *Brutus*, they kept silence to hear what he would say: when *Brutus* began to speak, they gave him quiet audience: Howbeit immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murther. For when another called *Cinna* would have spoken, and began to accuse *Cæsar*, they fell into a great uprore among them, and marvellously reviled him. Insomuch that the Conspiratours returned again into the Capitoll. There *Brutus* being afraid to be besieged, sent back again the Noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason, that they which were no partakers of the murther, should be partakers of the danger. . . .

"Then *Antonius* thinking good his Testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger

mugger,* lest the People might thereby take occasion to be worse offend-ed if they did otherwise : *Cassius* stoutly spake against it. But *Brutus* went with the motion, and agreed unto it : wherein it seemeth he com-mitted a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow Conspiratours that *Antonius* should be slain : and therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strength-ened a strong and grievous Enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that *Cæsars* Funerals should be as *Antonius* would have them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when *Cæsars* Testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he be-queathed unto every Citizen of ROME seventy-five Drachma's a man ; and that he left his Gardens and Arbors unto the People, which he had on this side of the River Tyber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built : the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards when *Cæsars* body was brought into the Market-place, *Intonius* making his Funerall Oration in praise of the dead, accord-ing to the ancient Custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common People to compassion, he framed his Eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more ; and taking *Cæsars* Gown all bloody in his hand, he layed it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithall the People fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common People. For some of them cried out, Kill the murtherers : others plucked up Forms, Tables, and Stalls about the Market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of *Clodius* : and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the Body of *Cæsar*, and burnt it in the middest of the most holy places. And Fur-thermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning Fire-brands, and ran with them to the Murtherers houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit, the Conspiratours foresee-ing the danger, before had wisely provided for themselves, and fled. But there was a Poet called *Cinna*, who had been no partaker of the conspir-acy, but was alway one of *Cæsars* chiefest friends : he dreamed the night before, that *Cæsar* bad him to supper with him, and that he refusing to go, *Cæsar* was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a Feaver, and yet notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried *Cæsars* body to buriall, being ashamed not to accompany his Funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust him-self into the preass of the common People, that were in a great uproar. And because some one called him by his name, *Cinna* : the People think-ing he had been that *Cinna*, who in an Oration he made, had spoken very ill of *Cæsar*, they falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the Market-place."

4. *Part the numbers.* "Divide the multitude" (Craik).

* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 84 (see our ed. p. 248) :

"and we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him."

7. *Rendered.* Given. For the trisyllable, see Gr. 474.

9. *And compare.* And we will compare. Gr. 399.

12. *Be patient till the last.* Many brief quotations from the folio have been given in our notes, but the reader may like to see a longer extract, as an illustration of the orthography and typography of that edition. The speech of Brutus appears there as follows :

Bru. Be patient till the last:
 Romans, Country-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisedom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better ludge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all Slaves; then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Country? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to *Cæsar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his d̄-ath, shall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slew my best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Cæsar*.

4. *Cæsars* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'l bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speaks.

1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Sauē I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

Exit

Upon this speech of Brutus, Knight, after quoting Hazlitt's remark (see p. 13 above) that it is "not so good" as Antony's, comments as follows: "In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakespeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say, 'I am no orator, as Brutus is.' Brutus was not an orator. . . . He is a man of just intentions, of calm un-

derstanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this :

“ ‘I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar’s death.’

And he does show the *reason*. . . . He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar’s murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakespeare knew, and he painted Antony.”

So far as the mere *style* of the speech is concerned, we think that Warburton was right in considering it an “imitation of his famed laconic brevity.” Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): “they do note in some of his Epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the LACEDÆMONIANS. As when the War was begun, he wrote unto the PERGAMENIANS in this sort: I understand you have given *Dolabella* money: if you have done it willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, show it then by giving me willingly. Another time again unto the SAMIANS: Your counsels be long, your doings be slow, consider the end. And in another Epistle he wrote unto the PATAREIANS: the XANTHIANS despising my good will, have made their Countrey a grave of despair, and the PATAREIANS that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty: and therefore whilst you have liberty, either chuse the judgement of the PATAREIANS, or the fortune of the XANTHIANS. These were *Brutus* manner of letters, which were honoured for their briefness.” In the *Dialogus de Oratoribus* also it is said that Brutus’s oratory was censured as “otiosum et disjunctum;” and, as Verplanck remarks, “the *disjunctum*, the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist.”

We are not aware that any commentator has called attention to the fact that S. has made Brutus express himself in a somewhat similar style in the speech in i. 2. 158 fol.: “That you do love me I am nothing jealous,” etc.

13. *And lovers.* See on ii. 3. 7 above.

15. *Have respect to my honour.* That is, look to it, consider it.

Censure me. That is, judge me. See *Much Ado*, p. 139. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 69: “Take each man’s censure, but reserve thy judgment;” Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. introd. 15: “many will conceive and censure that some of them are already done,” etc.

26. *There is tears.* See *Temp.* p. 122, note on 476.

35. *The question of his death.* A statement of the reasons *why* he was put to death (the *answer* to that question).

37. *Enfor’d.* Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 125, where, as here, the word is opposed to *extenuate*: “We will extenuate rather than enforce.”

49. *Shall now be crown’d.* The folio (see extract above) has “Shall be.” Pope added *now*, and the emendation is generally adopted.

55. *Do grace.* Show respect, do honour. Cf. the verb in iii. 1. 121 above.

56. *Glories.* D. and H. adopt Walker’s suggestion of “glory.”

59. *Save I alone.* The expression occurs also in *T. N.* iii. 1. 172. Cf. v. 5. 60 below. Gr. 118.

63. *Beholding.* Beholden. See *M. of V.* p. 135. Gr. 372.

72. *Bury*. "S. was no doubt thinking of his own time and country. The custom of burning the dead had not been in use in Rome very long before the time of Cæsar" (Wr.).

73. *The evil that men do*, etc. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 45:

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

79. *When that*. See on iii. 1. 93 above.

101. *To mourn*. From mourning. Cf. Gr. 356.

108. *Has he, masters?* Capell suggested "my masters," and Craik and H. read "Has he not, masters?"

112. *Abide it*. See on iii. 1. 95 above.

114. *A nobler man*. W. misprints "a bolder man."

118. *And none so poor*, etc. "The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar" (Johnson). On the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281.

128. *The commons*. The common people.

131. *Napkins*. Handkerchiefs. Cf. *L. C.* 15: "Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne;" *Ham.* v. 2. 299: "Here, Hamlet, take my napkin; rub thy brows;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 290: "I am glad I have found this napkin" (the "handkerchief" of line 306 just below), etc. Malone says that the word is still used in this sense in Scotland.

148. *I have o'ershot myself*, etc. I have gone too far, etc. On to tell, cf. 101 above.

165. *Stand far off*. D. prints "far' off," and *far* is probably a contraction of *farther*, both here and in v. 3. 11 below: "fly far off." Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 442: "Far than Deucalion off." So *near* is often used for *nearer*. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 64: "Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord;" *Id.* v. 1. 88: "Better far off than near, be ne'er the near." See Walker, vol. i. p. 190 fol., or Gr. 478.

171. *That day he overcame the Nervii*. On that day on which, etc. Some eds. make this an independent sentence. The Nervii were the most warlike of the Belgic tribes, and their subjugation (B.C. 57) was one of the most important events in Cæsar's Gallic campaigns.

173. *Envious*. Malicious. See on ii. 1. 164 above.

177. *To be resolv'd*. See on iii. 1. 132 above.

179. *Cæsar's angel*. His *alter ego*, as it were, or one as intimately connected with him as his guardian angel. Boswell asks, "Does it not mean that Cæsar put his trust in him as he would in his guardian angel?" Craik understands it as "simply his best beloved, his darling."

181. *Most unkindest*. See on iii. 1. 122 above.

186. *Pompey's statua*. See on ii. 2. 76 above.

192. *The dint of pity*. The *impression* or influence of pity. Cf. *V. and A.* 354: "as new-fallen snow takes any dint," etc.

195. *With traitors*. See on iii. 1. 269 above.

202. *Revenge*, etc. The folio gives this to 2 *Citizen*, but, as W. suggests, it belongs to the citizens generally; and the same is probably true of 206, 207 below.

211. *Private griefs*. Personal grievances. See on i. 3. 117 above.

219. *For I have neither wit*, etc. The 1st folio reads, "For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth;" corrected in 2d folio. Johnson explains

“writ” as “penned or premeditated oration,” and Malone as “writing.” The latter adds that “the editor of the 2d folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, substituted *wit* for *writ*.” K., though he gives *wit*, thinks that “*writ* may be explained as a prepared writing.” On the meaning of *wit* in S., see *Hen. VIII.* p. 182.

241. *Every several man.* On *several*=separate, see *Temp.* p. 131.

Seventy-five drachmas. The drachma was a Greek coin worth very nearly the same as the French *franc*, or 18.6 cents. Plutarch gives seventy-five drachmas as the Greek equivalent for three hundred Roman sesterces, which was the amount named in the will. The sesterce (before the time of Augustus) was worth a little more than four cents. It must be borne in mind, however, that the value (or “purchasing power”) of money was then much greater than now.

248. *On this side Tiber.* See Gr. 202. Cæsar’s gardens were *beyond* the Tiber, as a Roman would say, or on the right bank of the river. Cf. Horace, *Sat.* i. 9. 18: “Trans Tiberim longe cubat is prope Caesaris hor-tos.” S. copied the error from N., as will be seen above.

Left them you. The *you* is emphatic, which explains the inversion.

250. *To walk abroad.* For walking, etc. Cf. 101 and 148 above.

254. *Fire.* A dissyllable; as in iii. 1. 172 above.

260. *Fellow.* Possibly accented on the second syllable; but see Gr.

453.

265. *Upon a wish.* Cf. K. *John*, ii. 1. 50: “upon thy wish,” etc.

267. *I heard him say.* The folio reading. Capell and the Coll. MS. (followed by Craik) read “them;” and D. and H. have “’em.” K., W., and the Camb. ed. retain *him*.

269. *Belike.* Probably; often used by S., but now obsolete.

Some notice of the people. Some information respecting (not from) the people.

SCENE III.—2. *Things unlucky.* The folio has “things vnluckily.” Warb. substituted *unlucky*, and is followed by D., St., H., W., and the Camb. ed. The Coll. MS. gives “unlikely,” which Craik adopts. K. retains “unluckily,” and W. is “not quite sure” that a change is called for. “The poet may mean that many things besides his dream of the feast charge his fancy unluckily.” On the passage, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 11 fol.

3. *Forth of doors.* Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 160: “thrust forth of Milan;” 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 157: “forth of France,” etc. Gr. 156.

9. *Answer every man directly.* See on i. 1. 12 above.

12. *You were best.* Originally the *you* was dative (*to you it were best*), but it came to be regarded as a nominative. Hence we find in S. “I were better” (2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 245), “I were best” (1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 82), “She were better” (T. N. i. 2. 27), “Thou’rt best” (*Temp.* i. 2. 366), etc. See Gr. 230, 352, and cf. 100. For a similar change in an old idiom, see *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *If it please you*.

18. *Bear me a bang.* Get a blow from me. See on i. 2. 256 above.

27. *My name is Cinna.* Helvius Cinna. The conspirator was Cornelius Cinna.

34. *Turn him going.* Send him packing. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 38: "Do this expediently, and turn him going."

36. *To Brutus', to Cassius'.* That is, to Brutus's house, etc. The folio prints: "to Brutus, to Cassius, burne all. Some to Decius House, and some to Caska's; some to Ligarius: Away, go." Note also the repeated "Cesars" in the extract from the folio, p. 163 above. W., however, chooses to print "To Brutus, to Cassius," and "to Ligarius."



ANTONY'S HOUSE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same. A Room in Antony's House.* The heading in the folio is simply "Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus." That the scene is laid at Rome is evident from the fact that Lepidus is sent to Cæsar's house for the will, and told that on his return he will find Antony and Octavius "Or here, or at the Capitol." Their actual place of meeting, however, was on a small island in the river Rhenus (now the Reno), near Bononia (Bologna).

Cf. N. (*Life of Antony*): "thereupon all three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius and Lepidus) in an Island environed round about with a little River, and there remained three days together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the Empire of ROME between them, as if it had been their own Inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one

of them would kill their Enemies, and save their Kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their Enemies, they spurned all reverence of Blood, and holiness of friendship at their feet. For *Cæsar* left *Cicero* to *Antonius* will, *Antonius* also forsook *Lucius Cæsar*, who was his Uncle by his Mother: and both of them together suffered *Lepidus* to kill his own Brother *Paulus*. Yet some Writers affirm, that *Cæsar* and *Antonius* requested *Pauus* might be slain, and that *Lepidus* was contented with it. In my Opinion there was never a more horrible, unnatural, and crueler change than this was. For thus changing murther for murther, they did as well kill those whom they did forsake and leave unto others, as those also which others left unto them to kill: but so much more was their wickedness and cruelty great unto their friends, for that they did put them to death being innocents, and having no cause to hate them."

1. *Their names are prick'd.* See on iii. 1. 217 above.

5. *Who is your sister's son.* According to Plutarch, the person was *Lucius Cæsar*, and *Mark Antony* was *his* sister's son. Upton suggested that S. wrote "You are his sister's son," but this is not at all probable.

12. *Unmeritable.* Without merit, undeserving. Cf. *Rich.* III. iii. 7. 155: "my desert Unmeritable shuns your high request." Gr. 3.

22. *Business.* Here, as not unfrequently, a trisyllable. Cf. *Rich.* II. ii. 1. 217: "To see this business. To-morrow next," etc. Gr. 479. On the passage, cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 44 fol. Steevens quotes *M. for M.* iii. 1. 25 fol.

27. *In commons.* The Coll. MS. has "on," which Craik adopts.

28. *Soldier.* A trisyllable; as in iv. 3. 51 below. Gr. 479.

32. *Wind.* Cf. the transitive use in 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 109: "To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus."

34. *In some taste.* In some measure or degree.

37. *On objects, arts, and imitations, etc.* The folio has a period after "imitations." K. substituted a comma, and thus made the passage plain enough. *Antony* says that "Lepidus feeds not on objects, arts, and imitations generally, but on such of them as are out of use and staled (or worn out) by other people, which, notwithstanding, begin his fashion (or with which his following the fashion begins)." Theo. proposed "On abject orts and imitations," which D. adopts. St. has "abjects, orts, and imitations," defining *abjects* as "things thrown away as useless." The Camb. ed. adopts this reading. Coll., Craik, W., and H. follow K.

40. *A property.* "A thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please" (Steevens). Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 10.

41. *Listen.* Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 12: "To listen our purpose," etc. Gr. 199.

42. *Powers.* That is, forces. Both *power* and *powers* were used in this sense. Cf. iv. 3. 167, 304, and v. 3. 52 below. *Puissance* was used in the same sense; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 339: "Cousin, go draw our puissance together," etc.

44. *Our best friends made, our means stretch'd d.* "A mutilated line, for which the 2d folio gives 'Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out; ' and Malone, with equal authority, if not equal fitness, 'Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost'" (W.).

45. *Go sit in council.* Cf. i. 2. 24 above: "go see," etc. Gr. 349.
 47. *Answer'd.* Faced, met; as in *K. John*, v. 7. 60, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5.
 197, *Lear*, iii. 4. 106, etc.
 49. *Bay'd*, etc. See on iii. 1. 205 above; and cf. *Macb.* v. 7. 1 (see our ed. p. 252).

SCENE II.—5. *To do you salutation.* Cf. *Rich.* III. v. 3. 210: "done salutation;" *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 26: "Do my good-morrow to them," etc. See Gr. 303.

6. *He greets me well.* This seems to mean, His greeting is friendly.
 7. *In his own charge*, etc. Either because of some change in himself, or through the misconduct of his officers. Warb. suggested "his own charge," and Johnson "ill offices."

12. *Full of regard.* Cf. iii. 1. 225 above.
 14. *Let me be resolv'd.* See on iii. 1. 132 above.
 16. *Instances.* As D. remarks, "instance is a word used by S. with various shades of meaning, which it is not always easy to distinguish—'motive, inducement, cause, ground; symptom, prognostic; information, assurance; proof, example, indication.'" Here Craik explains it as "assiduities," and Schmidt as "proofs of familiarity."

23. *Hot at hand.* "That is, apparently, when held by the hand, or led; or rather, perhaps, when acted upon only by the rein" (Craik). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 2. 22:

"those that tame wild horses
 Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
 Till they obey the manage."

26. *Fall their crests.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 379: "make him fall His crest," etc. Craik says that this transitive use of *fall* "is not common in S.," but it occurs sixteen times. See *Temp.* pp. 127, 140, and *M. of V.* p. 135.

Jades. Worthless or vicious nags. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 26: "he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts," etc.

41. *Be content.* That is, *contain* (or restrain) yourself.
 46. *Enlarge your griefs.* Set forth fully your grievances. On *griefs*, cf. i. 3. 117 and iii. 2. 211 above.

50. *Lucius, do you the like.* The folio reads as follows:

"Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
 Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
 Let Lucius and Titinius guard our doore."

Craik was the first to transpose *Lucius* and *Lucilius*, which both mends the measure and removes the absurdity of associating a servant-boy and an officer of rank in the guarding of the door. Cassius sends his servant Pindarus with a message to his division of the army, and Brutus sends his servant Lucius on a similar errand. The folio itself confirms this correction, since it makes *Lucilius* oppose the intrusion of the *Poet*, and at the close of the conference Brutus addresses "Lucilius and Titinius," who had evidently remained on guard together all the while. K. and the Camb. editors, however, retain the folio reading.

SCENE III.—Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): “Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little Chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends, that were without the Chamber, hearing them loud within and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also, lest it would grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded, that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding, one *Marcus Phaonius* [Favonius], that had been a friend and follower of *Cato* while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a Philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantick motion: he would needs come into the Chamber, though the men offered to keep him out. But it was no boot to lett *Phaonius*, when a mad mood or toy took him in the head: for he was a hot hasty man, and suddain in all his doings, and cared for never a Senatour of them all. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech after the profession of the Cynick Philosophers, (as who would say, Dogs,) yet his boldness did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This *Phaonius* at that time, in despite of the Door-keepers, came into the Chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the Verses which old *Nestor* said in *Homer*:

“‘My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen moe years than suchie three.’

Cassius fell a laughing at him: but *Brutus* thrust him out of the Chamber, and called him Dog and counterfeit Cynick. Howbeit his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other.”

Coleridge says: “I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between *Brutus* and *Cassius*.”

2. *You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): “The next day after, *Brutus* upon complaint of the SARDIANS, did condemn and note *Lucius Pella* for a defamed Person, that had been a Praetor of the ROMANS, and whom *Brutus* had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery, and pilfery in his Office. This judgement much misliked *Cassius*, because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproved *Brutus*, for that he would shew himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little, then to take things at the worst. *Brutus* in contrary manner answered, that he should remember the Id's of March, at which time they slew *Julius Cesar*, who neither pilled nor polled* the Countrey, but onely was a favourer and

* To *pill* is to pillage or rob, and to *poll* is to strip or plunder. Cf. *Rich.* II. ii. 1. 246: “The commons hath he pill'd?” Spenser, *State of Ireland*: “They will poll and spoyle soe outrageously, as the verye Enemye cannot doe much worse.” The two words are often joined, as here. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 2. 6: “Which pols and pills the poore in piteous wize;” Holinshed, *History of Ireland*: “Kildare did use to pill and poll his friendes, tenants, and reteyners.”

suborner of all them that did rob and spoil, by his countenance and Authority."

4. *Wherein my letter, etc.* This is the reading of the 2d folio, and furnishes the simplest correction of the 1st, which gives

"Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off."

K., D., H., and the Camb. ed. read "letters . . . were slighted;" W., as in the text.

8. *That every nice offence, etc.* That every petty offence should bear its comment, or criticism.

9. *Let me tell you, Cassius.* Abbott (Gr. 483) makes *you* a dissyllable here. Capell (followed by D. and H.) reads "And let."

10. *Condemn'd to have.* Condemned as having, accused of having. Gr. 356.

11. *Mart.* Market, trade. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 363: "You have let him go, and nothing marted with him." See also *Cymb.* i. 6. 151.

13. *Brutus that speaks this.* Pope reads "speak."

19. *For justice sake.* The folio prints "for Iustice sake." Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 36: "conscience sake;" and see our ed. p. 231. Gr. 217.

20. *What villain, etc.* That is, who that touched his body was such a villain that he stabbed, etc. Cf. v. 4. 2 below.

28. *Brutus, bay not me.* The folio has "Brutus, baite not me;" corrected by Theo. It is evident that S. intended Cassius to echo the word used by Brutus. K. and Wr. read "bait."

32. *To make conditions.* "To arrange the terms on which offices should be conferred" (Craik). For *go to*, see *M. of. V.* p. 136.

36. *Have mind upon your health.* Look to your safety.

37. *Slight man.* Cf. iv. 1. 12 above.

38. *Is 't possible?* This interruption does not break the measure of what Brutus is saying. See Gr. 514.

45. *Observe you.* Treat you with reverence, be obsequious to you. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 30: "For he is gracious, if he be observ'd," etc. See also *Mark*, vi. 20, where most of the early versions have "gave him reverence."

51. *Soldier.* A trisyllable; as in iv. 1. 28 above.

54. *I shall be glad to learn of noble men.* This is the folio reading, followed by K., St., W., and others. The Coll. MS. alters *noble* to "abler," which D. and H. adopt, referring to what Cassius has said—"Older in practice, abler than yourself," etc. "Brutus says *noble* because it is what he wishes Cassius to be" (Wr.).

69. *Respect not.* Regard not, care not for. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 134, *Cymb.* i. 6. 155, etc.

73. *Than to wring.* Cf. i. 2. 172 above; and see Gr. 350.

75. *By any indirection.* By "indirect crooked ways" (*2 Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 185) or dishonest practice. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 276.

80. *Rascal counters.* Puttenham (*Arte of English Poesie*, 1582) says: "Raskall is properly the hunter's term given to young deer, lean and out of season, and not to people." Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, Song 13: "The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals strewed." *Counters* were round pieces of metal used in casting accounts. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 38: "I cannot

do't without counters ;" *Cymb.* v. 4. 174 : " pen, book, and counters," etc. Here the word is used conteinptuously for money.

81. *Be ready, gods, etc.* The folio reads and points thus :

" Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces."

The modern editors generally retain the comma after "thunderbolts," but Coll. and W. omit it. Craik thinks that *dash* is "probably to be understood as the infinitive," with *to* omitted, but we believe it to be the imperative: Be ready with all your thunderbolts, and dash him to pieces.

90. *Do appear.* The Coll. MS. alters *do* to "did."

93. *Alone on Cassius.* On Cassius only. Cf. *R. of L.* 1480.

94. *Aweary of the world.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 5. 49 : "I gin to be aweary of the sun." Abbott (Gr. 24) considers the *a-* in *aweary* "a corruption of the A. S. intensive *of*."

96. *Check'd like a bondman.* Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 149 : "his master Will check him for 't." The noun also is used in the sense of rebuke, reproof. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 3. 22 : "attending for a check" (that is, dancing attendance only to be paid with reproof); *Oth.* iii. 3. 67 : "a fault To incur a private check," etc.

101. *Dearer than Plutus' mine.* The folio has "Deerer then Pluto's Mine," and in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 197 : "euery graine of Plutoes gold."

102. *If that thou beest.* On that, see Gr. 287, and on *beest*, Gr. 298.

108. *Dishonour shall be humour.* "Any indignity that you offer shall be regarded as a mere caprice of the moment" (Craik). Both Craik and W. suggest that S. may have written "honour."

109. *With a lamb.* The *lamb* is Brutus. Pope has "with a man."

110. *As the flint bears fire.* Cf. i. 2. 172 above.

111. *Who.* See Gr. 264.

118. *I have not you, etc.* The folio reading. Pope gives "Have you not."

130. *For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.* Plutarch makes Favonius exclaim, in the words of Nestor (*Iliad*, book i.),

"Ἄλλα πίθεον· ἀμφότεροι τελετρώ εἴπειο."

For North's translation, see the extract above.

133. *Fashion.* A trisyllable. See on 51 above.

135. *These jigging fools.* These rhyming fools. *Jig* used to mean "a metrical composition, as well as a dance" (Malone).

136. *Companion, hence!* On this contemptuous use of *companion*, see *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow*.

148. *How scap'd I killing.* *Scape* is commonly printed as a contraction of *escape*, but we find it also in prose; as in Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 14. 9: "such as had scaped shipwreck," etc. S. uses it much oftener than *escape*. See Wb. s. v.

150. *Upon what sickness?* Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 225 : "When he shall hear she died upon (that is, in consequence of) his words." See Gr. 191. Bacon often uses *upon* in this sense. Cf. *Ess.* 48 : "Factious Followers are worse to be liked, which Follow not upon Affection to him, with whom they range Themselves, but upon Discontentment Conceived against some Other;" *Adv. of L.* ii. 23. 18 : "there are few men so true to themselves and so settled, but that, sometimes upon heat, sometimes upon bravery,

sometimes upon kindness, sometimes upon trouble of mind and weakness, they open themselves," etc.

Impatient of my absence, etc. "This speech is throughout a striking exemplification of the tendency of strong emotion to break through the logical forms of grammar, and of how possible it is for language to be perfectly intelligible, sometimes, with the grammar in a more or less chaotic or uncertain state" (Craik).

153. *Tidings*. Like *news*, used by S. both as singular and as plural. Cf. v. 3. 54 below.

With this she fell distract. See p. 33 above. For the form *distract*, see Gr. 342. S. also uses the obsolete *distrayght*; as in *R. and J.* iv. 3. 49: "Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught."

154. *Her attendants absent*, etc. See Gr. 380. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "And for *Poreia*, *Brutus* Wife, *Nicolaus* the Philosopher, and *Valerius Maximus* do write, that she determining to kill herself (her Parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it) took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choaked herself."

163. *Call in question*. Consider, discuss.

168. *Bending their expedition*. Directing their march—"perhaps implying that they were pressing on" (Craik). Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 136.

169. *Trouour*. The folio has "Tenure;" as in *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 11.

171. *That by proscription*, etc. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "After that, these three *Octavius Cesar*, *Antonius* and *Lepidus* made an agreement between themselves, and by those Articles divided the Provinces belonging to the Empire of ROME among themselves, and did set up Bills of Proscription and Outlawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of ROME to suffer death; and amongst that number, Cicero was one."

177. *Cicero one*. Abbott (Gr. 486) makes *one* a dissyllab'e. Steevens inserted "Ay" before the second *Cicero*.

181. *Nor nothing*. Cf. iii. 1. 92, 155 above.

189. *With meditating*, etc. On *with*, see Gr. 193. Here *once*=some time or other. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 103: "I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring." See also *Hen. VIII.* p. 163, note on *Once weak ones*.

192. *I have as much of this in art as you*, etc. "In art Malone interprets to mean 'in theory.' It rather signifies by acquired knowledge, or learning, as distinguished from natural disposition" (Craik).

194. *Our work alive*. That is, the work that we the living have to do.

201. *Of force*. Of necessity; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 421, etc. Cf. *Bacon*, *Adv. of L.* ii. 5. 2: "their inquiries must of force have been of a far other kind." Cf. also *ferforce*, which is frequent in S., and is still used in poetry.

207. *Come on refresh'd, new-added*, etc. The folio reading, retained by St., W., and the Camb. ed. "New-aided" was independently suggested by D. and Sr., and is adopted by H. The Coll. MS. (followed by Craik) has "new-hearted." *New-added*=reinforced.

218. *Omitted*. Neglected. See *Temp.* p. 125, and *Hen. VIII.* p. 183.

222. *Ventures*. See *M. of V.* p. 128, note on *Had I such venture forth*.

226. *Niggard*. Craik remarks that this is probably the only instance in the language of *niggard* as a verb; but cf. *Sonn.* 1. 12. Gr. 290.

229. *Farewell, good Messala.* Craik regards this as a hemistich; Abbott (Gr. 480) makes it complete the line, counting *Farewell* as a trisyllable. Walker suggests "Fare you well," and Hannier "Now, farewell."

239. *Poor kuave.* That is, poor boy. See *M. of V.* p. 137. On the passage, see page 13 above.

O'erwatch'd. Worn out with watching. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 177: "All weary and o'erwatch'd." See Gr. 374 (cf. 295). In *M. N. D.* v. 1. 373, we have it in its active form:

"I fear we shall oversleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch'd."

240. *Some other of my men.* On *other*=others, see *M. of V.* p. 128.

242. *Varro and Claudius.* The folio has "*Varrus*, and *Claudio*," and also in the stage-direction that follows.

254. *Canst thou hold up*, etc. The 2d folio gets the passage "somewhat mixed:"

"Canst thou hold up thy instrument a straine or two,
And touch thy heavy eyes a-while."

260. *I know young bloods.* See on i. 2. 147 above.

262. *It was well done.* The Var. of 1821 has "It is well done."

266. *Thy leaden mace.* Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 44:

"But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company."

In both cases, the mace is the club borne by an officer of justice, not, as Steevens and H. explain it, the *sceptre* of a monarch. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 28: "he (the officer) that sets up his rest (with a play on *rest* and *arrest*) to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike." It means *sceptre* in *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 278: "The sword, the mace, the crown imperial."

268. *So much wrong to wake thee.* On the ellipsis of *as*, see Gr. 281.

269. *If thou dost nod, thou break'st.* On the tenses, see Gr. 363, 371.

272. *Where I left reading.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "Brutus was a careful* man, and slept very little, both for that his Diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else took their rest. But now whilst he was in War, and his head over-busily occupied to think of his affairs, and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest Causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some Book till the third Watch of the night, at what time the Captains, petty Captains and Colonels, did use to come to him. So, being ready to go into EUROPE, one night very late (when all the Camp took quiet rest) as he was in his Tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his Tent, that he saw a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a God or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The

* That is, full of care. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 298: "careful hours;" *Rich. III.* i. 3. 83:

"By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd."

Spirit answered him, I am thy evill Spirit, *Brutus*: and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPEs. *Brutus* being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: Well, then I shall see thee again. The Spirit presently vanished away: and *Brutus* called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all."

See also the *Life of Cæsar*: "he thought he heard a noise at his Tent door, and looking towards the light of the Lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible Vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatness, and dreadfull look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bed-side, and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The Image answered him: I am thy ill Angell, *Brutus*, and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPEs. Then *Brutus* replied again, and said, Well, I shall see then. Therewithall, the Spirit presently vanished from him."

On the introduction of the ghost here, see p. 20 above.

273. *How ill this taper burns!* Because of the appearance of the ghost. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 181: "The lights burn blue;" and see our ed. p. 241. Here the poet follows N.

278. *And my hair to stare.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 253: "With hair up-staring, —then like reeds, not hair."

304. *Set on his powers.* See on i. 2. 11 and iv. 1. 42 above.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—4. *Their battles.* Their battalions, or forces. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 9: "Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;" Bacon, *Ess.* 58: "they were more ignorant in ranging and arraying their battailes, etc."

5. *Warn.* Summon. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 39: "to warn them to his royal presence;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 201: "warn'd us to the walls," etc.

10. *With fearful bravery.* "With a gallant show of courage carrying with it terror and dismay" (Malone): with "bravery in show or appearance, which yet is full of real fear or apprehension" (Craik). The latter interpretation agrees better with what follows. For *bravery*=bravado, cf. Bacon, *Ess.* 57: "To seek to extinguish anger utterly, is but a bravery of the *Stocks*." For *fearful*=timorous, faint-hearted, see *V.* and *A.* 677: "Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs"—the creatures being "the timorous flying hare" (called "the fearful flying hare" in *3 Hen. IV.* ii. 5. 130), the fox, and the roe. See also *Judges*, vii. 3, *Matt.* viii. 26, etc.

14. *Their bloody sign of battle.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "The next morning by break of day, the Signall of Battail was set out in *Brutus* and *Cassius* Camp, which was an arming Scarlet Coat."

19. *Exigent.* Exigency. Cf. *A.* and *C.* iv. 14. 63: "when the exigent should come." In the only other instance in which S. uses the word (*I. Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 9), it means *end*:

"These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Grow dim, as drawing to their exigent."

24. *Answer on their charge.* Await their onset.

25. *Make forth.* "Step forward" (Craik).



ROMAN SOLDIERS.

33. *The posture of your blows are yet unknown.* See Gr. 412.

34. *The Hybla bees.* Hybla in Sicily was famous for its honey. Cf. *I Hen. IV. i. 2. 47*: "the honey of Hybla."

44. *O, you flatterers.* On the measure, see Gr. 482.

49. *The proof of it.* The proof of the arguing; that is, "the arbitration of the sword, to which it is the prologue or prelude" (Craik).

52. *Cæsar's three and thirty wounds.* Theo. changed this to "three and twenty," the number given in Plutarch and Suetonius; but this is to deal with poetry in too arithmetical a way.

54. *Have added, etc.* Have added another victim to your traitorous swords. The Coll. MS. has "word" for *sword*.

58. *Strain.* Race. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 394: "he is of a noble strain;" *Per. iv. 3. 24*: "To think of what a noble strain you are;" Spenser, *F. Q. iv. 8. 33*: "Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine," etc.

59. *Honourab'le.* Thus in the folio, but possibly a misprint for "honourably" ("honourable"), which W. substitutes.

60. *A peevish schoolboy.* "Peevish appears to have generally signified, during S.'s days, 'silly, foolish, trifling,' etc., though no doubt the word

was formerly used, as now, in the sense of 'pettish, perverse,' etc." (D.). Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 93: "How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep, What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 18: "Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete, That taught his son the office of a fowl!" *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 100: "When Richmond was a little peevish boy." Trench (*Glossary*, etc.) thinks that the word meant "self-willed, obstinate," rather than "foolish," but the latter seems the only meaning possible in some of the passages just cited, and in several others in S. Could we substitute "self-willed" or "obstinate" for *peevish* in the following dialogue from 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 181 fol.?—

"*Suffolk.* No loving token to his majesty?

Margaret. Yes, my good lord, — a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suffolk. And this withal.

Margaret. That for thyself:—I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king."

[*Kisses her.*]

See also *Hen. V.* p. 171.

70. *As this very day.* See *Temp.* p. 113, note on *As at that time.*

72. *Be thou, etc.* On the change from *thou* to *you*, see Gr. 233.

According to N. (*Life of Brutus*), Cassius said, "Messala, I protest unto thee, and make thee my Witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as *Pompey* the Great was) to jeopard the liberty of our Country to the hazard of a Battell."

78. *Coming from Sardis*, etc. On *coming*, see Gr. 379.

Our former ensign. The Coll. MS. has "forward," but the original reading is well enough, and Coll. himself retains it. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "When they raised their Camp, there came two Eagles that flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost Ensigns, and always followed the Souldiers, which gave them Meat, and fed them, untill they came near to the City of PHILIPPIES; and there one day onely before the Battel, they both flew away."

81. *Who to Philippi here consorted us.* On *who*, see on i. 3. 20 above. On the transitive use of *consort*, cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 28: "And afterwards consort you till bed-time," etc. S. also uses *consort with*; as in *R. and J.* iii. 1. 48: "thou consort'st with Romeo," etc.

83. *In their steads.* Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 1. 6; and see *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights*.

85. *As we were, etc.* As if we were, etc. Gr. 107. Cf. iii. 1. 99 above.

91. *Constantly.* Firmly. Cf. the adjective in iii. 1. 22. 60, 72 above.

93. *Lovers.* See on ii. 3. 7 above.

94. *Rest still incertum.* The folio reads "rests still incertaine;" corrected by Rowe. See *M. of V.* p. 155, note on *Uncapable.* Gr. 442.

95. *Let's reason with the worst, etc.* Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "There Cassius began to speak first, and said: The gods grant us O *Brutus*, that this day we may win the Field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the Battell fall out otherwise to day then we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to flie, or die?

Brutus answered him, being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, I trust* (I know not how) a certain rule of Philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove *Cato* for killing himself, as being no lawfull nor godly act, touching the gods: nor concerning men, valiant; not to give place and yeild to divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fie: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For, if it be not the will of God that this Battell fall out fortunat for us, I will look no more for hope, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune."

99. *Even by the rule*, etc. The passage stands thus in the folio :

"Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of lite, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gourne vs below."

The meaning apparently is, I am determined to *do by* (that is, act in accordance with, govern myself by) the rule of that philosophy, by which I did blame *Cato*, etc. K., D., and H. make "I know not how . . . the time of life" a parenthesis. Coll. and W. put a period after *himself*; and that pointing, since it gives the same meaning without the long parenthesis, is, on the whole, to be preferred. Craik connects "I know not how," etc., with what precedes ("I know not how it is, but I do find it, by the rule of that philosophy, etc., cowardly and vile"), and the Camb. ed. adopts that arrangement.

103. *To prevent The time of life*. Johnson and Steevens take *prevent* in its ordinary meaning; Malone, D., and H., in its primary sense of *anticipate*. S. uses the word several times in the latter sense, and we prefer that interpretation here. The *time of life* is the full time or natural period of life. The Coll. MS. changes *time* to "term," and in the next line *some* to "those;" and Craik adopts both emendations.

105. *To stay the providence*. To await it (not to hinder or delay it); as in *1 Hen. IV. i. 3.* 258: "We'll stay your leisure."

108. *Thorough the streets*. See on iii. 1. 137 above.

109. *No, Cassius, no*, etc. "There has been some controversy about the reasoning of Brutus in this dialogue. Both Steevens and Malone conceive that there is an inconsistency between what he here says and his previous declaration of his determination not to follow the example of *Cato*. But how did *Cato* act? He slew himself that he might not witness and outlive the fall of Utica. This was, merely 'for fear of what might fall,' to anticipate the end of life. It did not follow that it would be wrong, in the opinion of Brutus, to commit suicide in order to escape any certain and otherwise inevitable calamity or degradation, such as being led in triumph through the streets of Rome by Octavius and Antony" (Craik).

* This is an old form of the past tense, and —trusted. Cf. *Cymb* iv. 2. 347: "I fast and pray'd," etc. Gr. 341.

“Brutus is at first inclined to wait patiently for better times, but is roused by the idea of being ‘led in triumph,’ to which he will never submit. ‘The loss of the battle would not alone have determined him to kill himself, if he could have lived free’ (Ritson).



ROMAN STANDARD-BEARERS.

SCENE II.—On this scene, and the following ones, cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): “Then *Brutus* prayed *Cassius* he might have the leading of the right Wing, the which men thought was far meeter for *Cassius*, both because he was the elder man, and also for that he had the better experience. But yet *Cassius* gave it him, and willed that *Messala* (who had charge of one of the warlikest Legions they had) should be also in that Wing with *Brutus*. . . . In the mean time *Brutus*, that led the right Wing, sent little Bills to the Colonels and Captains of private Bands, in the which he wrote the word of the Battell.”

“First of all he (*Cassius*) was marvellous angry to see how *Brutus* men ran to give charge upon their Enemies, and tarried not for the word of the Battell, nor commandment to give charge: and it grieved him beside, that

after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not carefull to compass in the rest of the Enemies behind: but with tarrying too long also, more then through the valiantness or foresight of the Captains his Enemies, *Cassius* found himself compassed in with the right wing of his Enemies Army. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediatly, and fled for life towards the Sea. Furthermore, perceiving his Footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an Ensign from one of the Ensign-Bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keep his own Guard together. So *Cassius* himself was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, unto a little Hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit *Cassius* himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saying that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the Enemies spoiled his Camp before his eyes. He saw also a great Troop of Horsemen, whom *Brutus* sent to aid him, and thought that they were his Enemies that followed him: but yet he sent *Titinius*, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. *Brutus* horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of *Cassius* chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their Horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horse-back, with Songs of Victory, and great rushing of their Harness, so that they made all the Field ring again for joy. But this marred all. For *Cassius* thinking indeed that *Titinius* was taken of the Enemies, he then spake these words: Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a Tent where no body was, and took *Pindarus* with him, one of his Bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pitch, since the cursed battle of the PARTHIANS where *Crassus** was slain, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow, but then casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto *Pindarus*, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body: but after that time *Pindarus* was never seen more. Whereupon, some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see *Titinius* crowned with a Garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto *Cassius*. But when he perceived, by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune which had chanced to his Captain *Cassius* by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. *Brutus* in the mean time came forward still, and understood also that *Cassius* had been overthrown: but he knew nothing of his death, till he came very near to his Camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of *Cassius*, calling him the last of all the ROMANS; being impossible that ROME should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he: he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of THASSOS, fearing lest his funerals within the Camp should cause great disorder." . . .

* Misprinted "*Cassius*" in the ed. of 1676.

“There was the son of *Marcus Cato* slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youths. For, notwithstanding that he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not therefore fly, but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his fathers name, at length he was beaten down among many other dead bodies of his enemies which he had slain round about him. So there were slain in the field, all the chiefeſt Gentlemen and Nobility that were in his Army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save *Brutus* life: amongst whom there was one of *Brutus* friends called *Lucilius*, who see a troop of barbarous men, making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going altogether right against *Brutus*, he determined to stay them with the hazard of life, and being left behind, told them that he was *Brutus*: and because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to *Antonius*, for he said he was afraid of *Cesar*, and that he did trust *Antonius* better. These barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto *Antonius* to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. . . . In the meantime *Lucilius* was brought to him, who with a bold countenance said: *Antonius*, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken, or shall take *Marcus Brutus* alive: and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: but wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself. . . . *Lucilius* words made them all amazed that heard him. *Antonius* on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them: My friends, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done great wrong: but I assure you, you have taken a better booty then that you followed. For, instead of an Enemy, you have brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me *Brutus* alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men as this my friends then my enemies. Then he embraced *Lucilius*, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and *Lucilius* ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.”

“Furthermore, *Brutus* thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle: and, to know the truth of it, there was one called *Statilius*, that promised to go through his Enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to go see their Camp: and thereupon if all were well, he would lift up a torch-light in the Air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised, for *Statilius* went thither: and a good while after *Brutus* seeing that *Statilius* came not again, he said: If *Statilius* be alive he will come again. But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he fell into his Enemies hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, *Brutus* as he sate bowed towards *Clitus* one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved *Dardanus*, and said somewhat also to him: and at the last he came to *Volumnius* himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. *Volumnius* denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no tarry-

ing for them there, but they must needs fly. Then *Brutus* rising up, said, We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: It rejoiceth my heart, that none of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but onely for my countries sake: for as for me, I think my self happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetuall fame of vertue and honesty, the which our Enemies the Conquerors shall never attain unto by force nor money; neither can let* their posterity to say, that they being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannicall power not pertaining to them. Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then he went a little aside with two or three onely, among the which *Strato* was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of Rhetorick. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but *Strato* (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that *Brutus* fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. *Messala*, that had been *Brutus* great friend, reconciled afterwards to be *Octavius Cesar*'s friend, and shortly after, *Cesar* being at good leisure, he brought *Strato*, *Brutus* friend unto him, and weeping said: *Cesar*, behold, here is he that did the last service to my *Brutus*. Then *Cesar* received him, and afterwards he did as faithfull service in all his affairs, as any GRECIAN else he had about him, untill the Battle of ACTIUM."

SCENE III.—3. *I slew the coward, and did take it from him.* That is, took the *ensign* from him. *Ensign* means either the standard or the standard-bearer, and here it may be said to be used for both.

7. *Took it too eagerly.* Followed up the advantage too eagerly.

11. *Far.* See on iii. 2. 165 above.

18. *Yond.* See on i. 2. 190 above.

32. *Now some light.* W. and H. print "light," but the word (A. S. *lihtun*) is not a contraction of *alight*, and is common enough in prose. See the description of this scene in N., quoted above; and cf. *Gen. xxiv. 64, 2 Kings, v. 21*, etc.

38. *Saving of thy life.* See Gr. 178.

43. *The hilts.* Cf. *Rich. III. i. 4. 160*: "with the hilts of thy sword." S. uses *hilts* of a single weapon five times, *hiit* three times.

51. *But change.* "Only a succession of alternations or vicissitudes" (Craik).

Thou dost sink to night. Some print "to-night;" but, as Craik remarks, "a far nobler sense is given to the words by taking *sink to night* to be an expression of the same kind with *sink to rest*." The folio reads "thou doest sink to night;" and elsewhere *doest* and *dost* are used indiscriminately. Cf. i. 1. 8 above. We find *didest* in *Ham. iv. 7. 58*.

65. *Mistrust of my success.* See ii. 2. 6 above. Bacon (*Adv. of L. ii. 4. 2*) speaks of "the successes and issues of actions."

85. *But hold thee.* See i. 3. 116 above. Gr. 212.

* That is, *hindrer*.



"Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill" (v. 3. 20).

86. *Bid.* S. often uses *bid* for both *bade* and *bidden*. He has *bade* frequently, but *bidden* only once (*Much Ado*, iii. 3. 32). Cf. Gr. 342, 343.

96. *In our own proper entrails.* On *in*=*into*, see Gr. 159. For *proper*, see on i. 2. 38 above. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 2. 49.

97. *Whether.* See on i. 1. 61 above.

99. *The last of all the Romans.* Rowe reads "Thou last;" but N. has the expression (see extract above), and S. probably copied it. Gr. 13.

101. *Moe.* See on ii. 1. 72 above.

104. *Thassos.* The folio has "Tharsus," a misprint for the "Thassos" of N. Theo. made the correction. The Camb. ed. gives "Thasos," the classical form of the name.

105. *His funerals.* See *Temp.* p. 143, note on *The nuptial*. W. says that "the plural was the commoner form in S.'s day, and is generally used by him." S. uses *funerals* only twice (not counting a third instance, in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 14, where it is a true plural), while he has *funeral* some fifteen times. The latter occurs five times (as a noun) in act iii. of the present play.

108. *Labeo and Flavius.* The folio has "Labio and Flauio." See on i. 2. 3 above.

SCENE IV.—2. *What bastard doth not?* See on ii. 1. 138 and iv. 3. 20 above.

12. *Only I yield to die.* For the transposition, see Gr. 420.

13. *There is so much, etc.* So much money, on condition that thou wilt kill me at once. The meaning seems plain enough, but Warb. mistook it.

17. *I'll tell the news.* The folio has “*Ile tell thee newes;*” corrected by Pope.

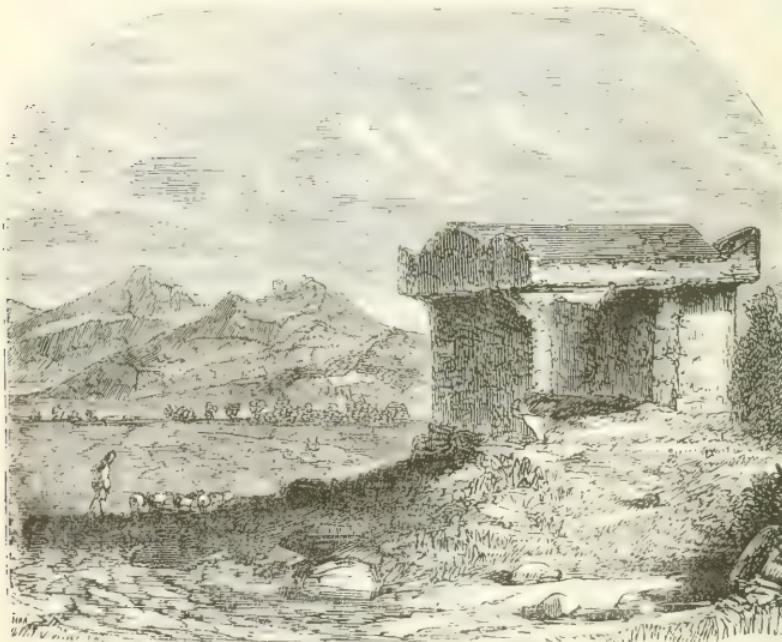
SCENE V.—9. *Hark thee.* *Here thee* is a corruption for *thou*. See Gr. 212.

14. *That it runs over.* *So that, etc.* Gr. 283.

19. *And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.* Cf. N. (*Life of Cæsar*): “The second Battell being at hand, this Spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon *Brutus* knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in Battell, but yet fighting could not be slain.” See also *Life of Brutus*: “The ROMANS called the Valley between both Camps, the PHILIPPIAN Fields.” Gr. 22.

23. *Have beat us.* Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 40: “had beat you,” etc. Gr. 343.

33. *Farewell to thee, too, Strato.* The folio reads, “Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen;” corrected by Theo. For the change from *you* (“Farewell to you,” etc.) to *thee*, see Gr. 232.



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35. *I found no man but*, etc. For *but*, see Gr. 123.
 38. *Shall attain unto*. For *untó*, see Gr. 457a.
 45. *Of a good respect*. Cf. i. 2. 54 above.
 46. *Some smatch*. The folio reading. *Smatch* is only another form of *smack*, which S. uses elsewhere, and which W. substitutes here.
 60. *I will entertain them*. I will take them into my service. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 83: "You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred," etc.
 61. *Bestow thy time wi' me*. "Give up thy time to me" (Craik).
 62. *Ay, if Messala will prefer me to thee*. "Prefer" seems to have been the established phrase for *recommending a servant* (Reed). Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 21, 1: "And if it be said, that the cure of men's minds belongeth to sacred divinity, it is most true; but yet moral philosophy may be preferred unto her as a wise servant and humble handmaid." Here Craik thinks it means "to transfer, or hand over," but it merely *implies* the transfer. Messala, of course, could not *recommend* his servant to a new master without giving up his own claim upon him.

68. *This was the noblest Roman*, etc. Cf. N. (*Life of Brutus*): "For it was said that *Antonius* spake it openly divers times, that he thought, that of all them that had slain *Cæsar*, there was none but *Brutus* only that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of it self: but that all the other Conspiratours did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him."

69. *Save only he*. See on iii. 2. 59 above.

71. *He only, in a general honest thought*, etc. The folio reading, retained by all the editors except Coll. and Craik, who adopt the emendation of the Coll. MS. : "He only in a generous honest thought
 Of common good" etc.

D. prints "general-honest," which Abbott (Gr. 2) is disposed to favour.

73. *His life was gentle*, etc. This passage resembles one which appears in the revised edition of Drayton's poem of *The Barons' Wars*, published in 1603, and it has been a matter of dispute among the critics which poet was the borrower. If either, it must have been Drayton, since we know that *Julius Cæsar* was written before 1601 (see p. 8 above); but there may have been no imitation on either side. "The notion that man was composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and that the well-balanced mixture of these produced the perfection of humanity," was then commonly accepted, and often appears in the writers of the period (W.). Cf. B. J., *Cynthia's Revels*, ii. 3: "A creature of a most perfect and divine temper, one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency."

The following is the form in which the passage in Drayton appears in the edition of 1603, and in five subsequent editions published during the next ten years :

" Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
 In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
 In whom in peace th' elements all lay
 So mixt, as none could sovereignty impute;
 As all did govern, yet all did obey:
 His lively temper was so absolute,

That 't seemed when heaven his model first began,
In him it showed perfection in a man."

In the edition of 1619 it is recast as follows :

" He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whbse rich soul the virtues well did suit,
In whom so mixt the elements did lay
That none to one could sovereignty impute;
As all did gr'ern, so did all obey:
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seemed, when Nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man."

81. *To part the glories, etc.* That is, to share or divide them. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 199, note on *They had parted.* Cf. *Matt. xxvii. 35.*

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc. 1877-79*, p. 199) thus :

" Time of the Play, 6 days represented on the stage ; with intervals.
Day 1. Act I. sc. i. and ii.
 Interval—one month.*
 " 2. Act I. sc. iii.
 " 3. Acts II. and III.
 Interval.
 " 4. Act IV. sc. i.
 Interval.
 " 5. Act IV. sc. ii. and iii.
 Interval—one day at least.
 " 6. Act V.

" " The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar* is as follows : About the middle of February A.U.C. 709, a frantic festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15 March in the same year, he was slain. November 27, A.U.C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription.—A.U.C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi" (Upton)."

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF NORTH'S PLUTARCH.—Archbishop Trench, in his *Lectures on Plutarch*, referring to North's translation of the *Lives*, says :

" But the highest title to honour which this version possesses has not

* An interval is required historically, but Mr. Furnivall says: " Note how the evening of March 14 is seemingly made one with that of Feb. 15 by Cicero's ' Casca, brought you Cæsar home ? ' (i. 3, 1), as if from the Lupercalia of Feb. 15, B.C. 44. But as on the latter day S. has put the triumph of Cæsar which took place early in the October before (B.C. 45), he may have meant to annihilate the one month, Feb.-March. 44 (not directly mentioned in Plutarch's three source-Lives) as he did the four months, Oct. 45-Feb. 44."

hitherto been mentioned, namely, the use which Shakespeare was content to make of it. Whatever Latin Shakespeare may have had, he certainly knew no Greek, and thus it was only through Sir Thomas North's translation that the rich treasure-house of Plutarch's *Lives* was accessible to him. Nor do I think it too much to affirm that his three great Roman plays, reproducing the ancient Roman world as no other modern poetry has ever done—I refer to *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cesar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*—would never have existed, or, had Shakespeare lighted by chance on these arguments, would have existed in forms altogether different from those in which they now appear, if Plutarch had not written, and Sir Thomas North, or some other in his place, had not translated. We have in Plutarch not the framework or skeleton only of the story, no, nor yet merely the ligaments and sinews, but very much also of the flesh and blood wherewith these are covered and clothed.

“ How noticeable in this respect is the difference between Shakespeare's treatment of Plutarch and his treatment of others, upon whose hints, more or less distinct, he elsewhere has spoken. How little is it in most cases which he condescends to use of the materials offered to his hand. Take, for instance, his employment of some Italian novel, Bandello's or Cinthio's. He derives from it the barest outline—a suggestion perhaps is all, with a name or two here and there, but neither dialogue nor character. On the first fair occasion that offers he abandons his original altogether, that so he may expatiate freely in the higher and nobler world of his own thoughts and fancies. But his relations with Plutarch are different—different enough to justify, or almost to justify, the words of Jean Paul, when in his *Titan* he calls Plutarch ‘der biographische Shakespeare der Weltgeschichte.’ What a testimony we have to the true artistic sense and skill, which with all his occasional childish simplicity the old biographer possesses, in the fact that the mightiest and completest artist of all times should be content to resign himself into his hands, and simply to follow where the other leads ! ”

“ His *Julius Cesar* will abundantly bear out what I have just affirmed—a play dramatically and poetically standing so high that it only just falls short of that supreme rank which *Lear* and *Othello*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* claim for themselves, without rival or competitor even from among the creations of the same poet's brain. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole play—and the same stands good of *Coriolanus* no less—is to be found in Plutarch. Shakespeare indeed has thrown a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is often wholly his own ; but of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch, even as continually he owes the very wording to Sir Thomas North.”

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes (i. 2. 58). It is a question whether *his* refers to *Brutus*, or is =*their*, referring to the subject of *Have*. Delius gives the former explanation ; but Wr. makes out a plausible case in favour of the latter : “ The speakers wished Brutus to see himself as they saw him, and to recognize his own importance at such a crisis (see ii. 1. 92, 93). This seems to be the whole point of Cassius' appeal.” For the other sense in other passages, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 79 : “ Nay, indeed, if

you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me ;" and *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 185 : "If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment," etc.

I had as lief not be as live to be (i. 2. 91). The quibble illustrates the old pronunciation of *lief*, which was often printed *lieve*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 139, note on 133.

For once upon a raw and gusty day, etc. (i. 2. 96). Cæsar was famous as a swimmer. Wr. quotes Suetonius (*J. C.* 64) : "At Alexandria being busie about the assault and winning of a bridge where by a sodaine sallie of the enemies he was driven, to take a boat, & many besides made hast to get into the same, he leapt into the sea, and by swimming almost a quarter of a mile recovered cleare the next ship : bearing up his left hand all the while, for feare the writings which he held therein should take wet, and drawing his rich coate armour after him by the teeth, because the enemie should not have it as a spoyle." Plutarch's account makes the feat still more difficult : "The third danger was in the battel by sea, that was fought by the tower of Phar : where meaning to helpe his men that fought by sea, he leapt from the peere into a boate. Then the Ægyptians made towards him with their oares on every side : but he leaping into the sea, with great hazard saued himselfe by swimming. It is said, that then holding diuers books in his hand, he did neuer let them go, but kept them always vpon his head aboue water, and swam with the other hand, notwithstanding that they shot maruellously at him, and was driuen somtyme to ducke into the water ; howbeit y^e boate was drowned presently."

The eternal devil (p. 133). Wr. believes that *eternal* was probably used "to avoid coming under the operation of the Act of James I. 'to restrain the abuses of players' in the use of profane language." He notes that while we find *infernal* in *Much Ado*, 2 *Hen. IV.*, and *T. A.*, all of which were printed in 1600, *eternal* is used as the equivalent for that word in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *J. C.*, which were probably produced after 1600. As Weever alludes to *J. C.* in 1601 (see p. 8 above), the play must have been brought out that very year, if this inference is a sound one.

He should not humour me (p. 136). Wr. is inclined to agree with Warburton, because "Cassius is all along speaking of his own influence over Brutus, notwithstanding the difference of their characters, which made Cæsar dislike the one and love the other." The chief objection to Warburton's explanation, in our opinion, is that it seems to leave the mention of Cæsar unconnected with what follows. We fancy that this occurred to Wr., and that what we have just quoted is an attempt to meet the objection ; but, to our thinking, it is far from successful. If we accept Johnson's interpretation, *he should not humour me* naturally follows what precedes, and is naturally followed by what comes after : Cæsar should not cajole me as he does Brutus ; and I am going to take measures to counteract the influence Cæsar has over him.

Remorse (p. 142). Wr. explains this as = "tender feeling, pity ; not necessarily compunction for what has been done ;" and this, we think, is the meaning. H. defines *remorse* as "conscience, or conscientiousness ;" and *reason* in 21 is "used in the same sense," the conscience be-

ing, "in a philosophical sense, the *moral* reason." This seems to us "reading into" the passage a meaning that is not there. Brutus simply says that power is liable to become arbitrary and merciless; in its ambition to rise yet higher, it thinks only of itself and forgets the claims of others. Cf. what Prospero says to Antonio in *Temp.* v. I. 76:

"You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature;"

that is, pity and natural feeling. *Remorse* is the *mercy* of Portia's famous plea (*M. of V.* iv. I. 184 fol.), which is "enthroned in the *hearts* of kings" and "seasons," or tempers, even "justice." Brutus goes on to say that, to speak truth of Cæsar, he has not yet allowed his passions to prevail over his *reason*, and to lead him to abuse his greatness. His *ambition* is still under the control of his better judgment; it has not yet expelled *remorse and nature*. Craik paraphrases the passage very well: "The abuse to which greatness is most subject is when it deadens in its possessor the natural sense of humanity, or of that which binds us to our kind; and this I do not say that it has yet done in the case of Cæsar; I have never known that in him selfish affection, or mere passion, has carried it over reason."

Coleridge was perplexed by what follows, and asks, "What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" H. thinks that "the poet must have regarded him simply as a well-meaning, but conceited and shallow idealist." As an idealist, indeed, but not as "conceited and shallow." That was not Shakespeare's conception of "the noblest Roman of them all." He was one of the types of "the scholar in politics." As Dowden says in his *Primer*: "Brutus . . . acts as an idealizer and theorizer might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideals rule the life of Brutus; and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. . . . All the practical gifts, insight, and tact, which Brutus lacks, are possessed by Cassius; but of Brutus's moral purity, veneration of ideals, disinterestedness, and freedom from unworthy personal motive, Cassius possesses little."

Coleridge asks, "How could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Cæsar's past history as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror?" etc. But by *personal cause*, as Bishop Wordsworth replies, S. evidently meant "what concerned himself (Brutus) personally." The acts to which Coleridge refers all come under the exception which Brutus had named—but for the *general*.

Paul Stapfer remarks: "The death of Brutus was not merely the penalty he paid for a series of imprudent and mistaken actions, but was also the expiation of a great crime. . . . He would have tried by suppressing present evil to assure the well-being of the future. But what did he know, and what certitude could he have that he was making no mistake? He was not in the secret of the universe; for who has known the thought of the Lord, or been the counsellor of the Most High?"

High-sighted tyranny (ii. 1. 118). Wr. remarks: "There seems to be an implied comparison of tyranny to an eagle or bird of prey, whose keen eye discovers its victim from the highest pitch of its flight. We have the same figure in the first scene of the play (l. 73, etc.), and although the primary meaning of *high-sighted* may be 'proud, supercilious,' there is a secondary meaning in keeping with the comparison of tyranny to a bird of prey. That this comparison is intended, appears to me to be confirmed by the occurrence of the word *range* which is technically used of hawks and falcons flying in search of game. Turberville (*The Booke of Falconrie*, p. 23) says of eagles: 'In like sort they take other beastes, and sundry times doe roue and range abroad to beat and seaze on Goates, Kiddes, and Fawnes.'"

O name him not, etc. (ii. 1. 150-153). As Wr. says, "S. had read Cicero's character with consummate ability;" and he quotes Merivale, *Hist. of the Romans under the Empire*, iii. 187: "All men and all parties agreed that he could not be relied upon to lead, to co-operate, or to follow. In all the great enterprises of his party, he was left behind, except that which the nobles undertook against Catilina, in which they rather thrust him before them than engaged with him on terms of mutual support. When we read the vehement claims which Cicero put forth to the honour of association, however tardy, with the glories and dangers of Cæsar's assassins, we should deem the conspirators guilty of a monstrous oversight in having neglected to enlist him in their design, were we not assured that he was not to be trusted as a confederate either for good or evil."

For he is superstitious grown of late (ii. 1. 195). Here again Wr. quotes Merivale, ii. 446: "Cæsar himself professed without reserve the principles of the unbelievers. The supreme pontiff of the commonwealth, the head of the college whence issued the decrees which declared the will of the gods, as inferred from the signs of the heavens, the flight of birds and the entrails of victims, he made no scruple of asserting in the assembled senate that the immortality of the soul, the recognized foundation of all religion, was a vain chimera. Nor did he hesitate to defy the omens which the priests were especially appointed to observe. He decided to give battle at Munda in despite of the most adverse auspices, when the sacrificers assured him that no heart was found in the victim. 'I will have better omens when I choose,' was the scornful saying with which he reassured his veterans on another similar occasion. He was not deterred from engaging in his African campaign either by the fortunate name of his opponent Scipio, or by the unfavourable auspices which were studiously reported to him. Yet Cæsar, freethinker as he was, could not escape from the universal thralldom of superstition in which his contemporaries were held. We have seen him crawling on his knees up the steps of the Capitoline temple to appease the Nemesis which frowns upon human prosperity. When he stumbled at landing on the coast of Africa, he averted the evil omen with happy presence of mind, looking at the handful of soil he had grasped in his fall, and exclaiming, 'Africa, thou art mine!' In a man who was consistent in his incredulity this might be deemed a trick to impose on the soldiers' imagination; but

it assumes another meaning in the mouth of one who never mounted a carriage without muttering a private charm. Before the battle of Pharsalia Cæsar had addressed a prayer to the gods whom he denied in the senate, and derided in the company of his literary friends. He appealed to the divine omens when he was about to pass the Rubicon. He carried about with him in Africa a certain Cornelius Salutio, a man of no personal distinction, to neutralize, as he hoped, the good fortune of the Cornelii in the opposite ranks."

The watch (ii. 2. 16). "S. was thinking of his own London, not of ancient Rome, where the night watchmen were not established before the time of Augustus" (Wr.).

Know Cæsar doth not wrong, etc. (p. 157). H. adopts the reading suggested by Tyrwhitt :

"*Metellus*. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.
Cæsar. Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause,
 Nor without cause will he be satisfied."

Wr. says: "I am not convinced that any change is necessary. Cæsar claims infallibility in his judgments, and a firmness of temper in resisting appeals to his vanity. Metellus bending low before him begins a flattering speech. Cæsar, knowing that his object was to obtain a reversal of the decree of banishment which had been pronounced against his brother, abruptly interrupts him. To appeal against the decree implied that the decree was unjust; to demand his brother's recall without assigning a cause was to impute to Cæsar that fickleness of purpose which he disdains in such strong terms. If it had not been for Ben Jonson's story, no one would have suspected any corruption in the passage. The question is whether his authority is sufficient to warrant a change. Gifford thinks that he gave Shakespeare's genuine words, and that what appears in the text is the players' 'botchery.' If the lines stood as Jonson quotes them, we must suppose one of two things: either that, in consequence of the ridicule they excited, Shakespeare himself altered them; or that they were altered by the players who edited the first folio, as Gifford believed. The former supposition is not probable, because if Jonson's remarks are hypercritical and the lines yield a tolerable sense, Shakespeare would have been aware of this as well as any of his commentators, and is not likely to have made a change which is confessedly unnecessary. On the other hand, if the players introduced the alteration, it is not easy to see why they should have left out the words which Jonson puts into the mouth of Metellus, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong'; nor why they should have written, 'Know, Cæsar doth not wrong' instead of 'Cæsar did never wrong.' The argument that the passage is obviously corrupt because it ends with an imperfect line is of no weight, because it would apply equally to the proposed restoration, in which another imperfect line is introduced. On the whole, I am disposed to believe that Ben Jonson loved his jest better than his friend, and repeated a distorted version of the passage without troubling himself about its accuracy, because it afforded him an opportunity of giving a hit at Shakespeare. It is worth while to remark that for Metellus to interrupt Cæsar with the petulant exclama-

tion 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' is out of character with the tone of his speeches before and after, which is that of abject flattery."

Mr. Fleay, who believes that *J. C.* in its present form is a play of Shakespeare's revised by Ben Jonson, takes this to be one of Ben's "corrections;" but Mr. Hales (quoted by Furnivall in *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1874, p. 504) remarks that "if Ben Jonson had really revised Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, he would certainly have told us that he, the great Ben, had set his friend's 'ridiculous' passages all right. Jonson was not the man to hide his light under a bushel."

Our arms, in strength of malice, etc. (p. 159). Wr. adds: "The same apparently contradictory figure is used by S. in Polonius's advice to Laertes, *Ham.* i. 3. 63:

'The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;'

where *grapple* naturally describes a hostile and not a friendly act. There is something of the same idea in the speech of Aufidius to Coriolanus (*Cor.* iv. 5. 112):

'Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarred the moon with splinters: here I clip
Th' anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.'

Singer reads 'In strength of amity ;' which, if any change be necessary, is the best that has been proposed, *malice* and *amitie* being words which might be confounded by a printer. But it gives a rather feeble sense, and I prefer to leave the text as it stands, although the figure may be a violent one. It is singular that one of the passages which has been quoted in support of Singer's emendation is really in favour of the text as it is. In *A. and C.* iii. 2. 61, Antony, taking leave of Cæsar, says:

'I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love;'

the vehemence of his embrace had a hostile character; his strength of love was employed in an act of malice. Here the figure is reversed, and the strength of malice is employed in an act of love."

Beholding (p. 164). Wr. states that "beholden" is found in the 5th and 6th quartos of *Rich. III.* in iii. 1. 107. It is also the form in Baret's *Alvearie* (1573) and Cotgrave's *Fr. Dict.* (1611).

You know not what you do (iii. 1. 233). "Brutus's plan, if he had one, was of such an abstract and Utopian nature, that it was equivalent to having none at all, and was based upon a complete misconception of the circumstances and needs of the time. It was the plan of an idealist, who fancied himself living in the Republic of Cato, instead of being in all the tumult of a town in revolution. This plainly shows itself after Cæsar's death, when Brutus commits the enormous imprudence of allowing Antony to speak at Cæsar's funeral. Cassius at once measured the consequences of this error, and says to Brutus *You know not what you do*" (Paul Stapfer).

Friends, Romans, countrymen, etc. (iii. 2. 71 fol.). "There is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare went beyond North's *Plutarch* for hints when he wrote the speeches of Brutus and Antony. Those which are put into their mouths by Appian, and of which there was a translation in English published in 1578, have no points of resemblance to these. Like Brutus, Antony speaks under constraint, but for a different reason. The object of Brutus was to convince the people by argument that Cæsar was justly slain, and to avoid exciting their passions. Antony endeavoured to excite their passions without seeming to do so, or offending the conspirators, and while appearing to speak within the limits allowed him by Brutus. He therefore proceeds with great caution, speaks touchingly of his affection for Cæsar, of Cæsar's liberality to the people, incidentally disproves the charge of ambition, and then overcome by his feelings he breaks off to see the effect produced by his speech. By this time he has secured the attention of the fourth citizen, who is the strong partisan of Brutus. Beginning again, he works upon the compassion of his hearers, and then gradually excites their curiosity about Cæsar's will until they insist upon having it read, and give Antony an opportunity for the powerful appeal which stirred them to such a sudden flood of mutiny that it swept everything before it, the fourth citizen being now foremost in the work of destruction" (Wr.).

Pompey's statua (iii. 2. 186). This statue has come down to our time—as the weight of evidence seems to prove—and is still to be seen in the Spada Palace at Rome. Its identity has been disputed by a few eminent antiquarians and art critics, but the majority of them believe it to be the veritable *Pompey's statua* of the play. It was dug up in 1553 in a spot which exactly corresponds to its location in the time of Augustus, who removed it from the Curia to the front of the neighbouring *basilica*. It is eleven feet high, and of Greek marble. It holds a globe in the left hand, which has led some to consider it a statue of Augustus rather than of Pompey; but the head is not like any of the busts of Augustus, and, as Lord Broughton has suggested, the globe "may not have been an ill-applied flattery to him who found Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the centre of the Roman Empire." The history of the statue is somewhat curious. When discovered, it was lying across the boundary line of two estates, the owners of which quarrelled for its possession. At last they were on the point of settling the dispute after a precedent established by Solomon, by cutting the marble in two and carrying off the halves. Cardinal Capo di Ferro happened to come along just at this moment, and prevented the bisection; in recognition of which service to art and history Pope Julius III. bought the statue for 500 crowns and presented it to the cardinal. When the French were in Rome, the figure actually suffered a surgical operation for another purpose. It was determined to have a performance of Voltaire's *Brutus* in the Coliseum, and it was thought to be a pretty bit of stage effect to have the mimic Cæsar fall, as his great prototype had done, "at the base of Pompey's statua." This thoroughly "Frenchy" idea was carried out, and to facilitate the removal of the colossal figure, the right arm was temporarily amputated. Byron apostrophizes the statue thus in *Childe Harold*:

“And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
 The austerest form of naked majesty.
 Thou who beheldest mid the assassins’ din,
 At thy bath’d base the bloody Cæsar lie,
 Folding his robe in dying dignity,
 An offering to thy altar from the queen
 Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
 And thou too perish, Pompey? Have ye been
 Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?”

A red stain on the left leg and foot of the statue is believed by some credulous folk to be the veritable blood of the mighty Julius, but sceptical critics say that it is one of those stains produced by iron compounds which not unfrequently occur in certain varieties of Greek marble. If that be not the true explanation, we should suspect that the mark was due to the French theatrical blood poured out in the Coliseum on the occasion referred to above.

Blood ill-temper’d (iv. 3. 114). As Wr. notes, Burton, in his *Anat. of Melancholy*, describes the four humours, blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy, corresponding to the four elements, upon the tempering or mixing of which depended the “temperament” of a man’s body. See also Trench’s *Select Glossary*, under the words *Humour* and *Temper*, and Davies of Hereford’s *Microcosmos* (ed. Grosart), p. 30, of the various complexions or temperaments :

“Well-temper’d, is an equal counterpoise
 Of th’ Elements’ forementioned qualities
 Ill tempred’s that where some one Element
 Hath more dominion then it ought to haue;
 For they rule ill that haue more regiment
 Then nature, wisdome, right, or reason gaue.”

What, thou speak’st drowsily? etc. (iv. 3. 238 fol.). “Brutus, with his beautiful freedom from the petty self interests of daily life, is gentle and considerate towards every one. The servants have lain down. Lucius drops away into the irresistible sleep of boyhood. Brutus, who at the call of duty could plunge his dagger into Cæsar, cannot wake a sleeping boy. . . . He gently disengages the instrument from the hand of Lucius, and continues his book where he had left it off last night. There is nothing more tender in the plays of S. than this scene. The tenderness of a man who is stern is the only tenderness which is wholly delicate and refined” (Dowden).

I do not cross you: but I will do so (v. 1. 20). H. explains thus: “That is, ‘I will do as I have said,’ not ‘I will cross you.’ At this time Octavius was but twenty-one years old, and Antony was old enough to be his father. . . . The text gives the right taste of the man, who always stood firm as a post against Antony, till the latter finally knocked himself to pieces against him.” Wr. also believes that the passage is intended “to bring out the character of Octavius, which made Antony yield.” We may be alone in our opinion (the editors generally make no comment here), but we believe that both H. and Wr. are wrong. We can see neither truth nor point in saying “I do not cross you, but I will do what you say crosses you.” We take it that Octavius yields to Antony, and does it readily, with a play upon *cross*: “I do not cross you (in Antony’s sense

of the word), but I *will* cross you (in the sense of crossing over to the other side of the field);” and with the word he *does* cross over. According to Plutarch he commanded the left wing, and this makes the play agree with the history. It is also confirmed by the context. So far from setting himself in opposition to Antony, Octavius in his very next speech asks the former whether they shall *give sign of battle*, and when Antony says *no* he at once accepts this decision and gives orders accordingly.

In 18 Ritson proposed to change *thou* to “you;” but Wr. says that *thou* “gives a touch of imperiousness to Octavius’ speech.” But *thou* was often used in requests and appeals (Gr. 234); as in *Rich.* III. i. 4. 273:

“Come *thou* on my side, and entreat for me
As *you* would beg were *you* in my distress.”

See also 71 below: “Give me thy hand,” etc.

Our former ensign (p. 177). For the use of *former*, Ritson quotes Adlington’s *Apuleius*, 1596: “First hee instructed me to sit at the table vpon my taile, and howe I should leape and daunce, holding up my former feete;” and Harrison, *Description of Britaine*, 1577: “It [brawn] is made commonly of the fore part of a tame Bore . . . of his former partes is our Brawne made.” Cf. also Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 6. 10:

“Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinessse.”

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Julius Cæsar: i. 2(39); ii. 2(72); iii. 1(40); iv. 3(3). Whole no. 154.
Octavius: iv. 1(12); v. 1(25), 5(10). Whole no. 47.
Antony: i. 2(6); ii. 2(1); iii. 1(98), 2(146); iv. 1(38); v. 1(22), 4(8), 5(8). Whole no. 327.
Lepidus: iv. 1(4). Whole no. 4.
Cicero: i. 3(9). Whole no. 9.
Publius: ii. 2(1); iii. 1(1). Whole no. 2.
Popilius: iii. 1(2). Whole no. 2.
Brutus: i. 2(73); ii. 1(180), 2(3); iii. 1(79), 2(55); iv. 2(34), 3(204); v. 1(33), 2(6), 3(18), 4(3), 5(39). Whole no. 727.
Cassius: i. 2(143), 3(95); ii. 1(37); iii. 1(46); iv. 2(7), 3(98); v. 1(49), 3(32). Whole no. 507.
Casca: i. 2(67), 3(57); ii. 1(10); iii. 1(2). Whole no. 136.
Trebonius: ii. 1(3), 2(2); iii. 1(3). Whole no. 8.
Ligarius: ii. 1(15). Whole no. 15.
Decius: ii. 1(12), 2(25); iii. 1(7). Whole no. 44.
Metellus: ii. 1(9); iii. 1(8). Whole no. 17.
Cinna: i. 3(9); ii. 1(4); iii. 1(5). Whole no. 18.
Flavius: i. 1(26). Whole no. 26.
Marcellus: i. 1(33). Whole no. 33.
Artemidorus: ii. 3(16); iii. 1(4). Whole no. 20.
Soothsayer: i. 2(3); ii. 4(14); iii. 1(1). Whole no. 18.

Cinna (Poet) : iii. 3(16). Whole no. 16.
Lucilius : iv. 2(10), 3(1); v. 1(1), 4(12), 5(2). Whole no. 26.
Titinius : iv. 3(1); v. 3(31). Whole no. 32.
Messala : iv. 3(14); v. 1(2), 3(19), 5(4). Whole no. 39.
Young Cato : v. 3(3), 4(5). Whole no. 8.
Volumnius : v. 5(3). Whole no. 3.
Varro : iv. 3(6). Whole no. 6.
Clitus : v. 5(10). Whole no. 10.
Claudius : iv. 3(4). Whole no. 4.
Strato : v. 5(7). Whole no. 7.
Lucius : ii. 1(17), 4(6); iv. 3(10). Whole no. 33.
Dardanius : v. 5(3). Whole no. 3.
Pindarus : iv. 2(3); v. 3(13). Whole no. 16.
Poet : iv. 3(7). Whole no. 7.
1st Commoner : i. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
2d Commoner : i. 1(20). Whole no. 20.
Servant : ii. 2(5); iii. 1(21), 2(4). Whole no. 30.
1st Citizen : iii. 2(18), 3(5). Whole no. 23.
2d Citizen : iii. 2(18), 3(6). Whole no. 24.
3d Citizen : iii. 2(16), 3(7). Whole no. 23.
4th Citizen : iii. 2(14), 3(9). Whole no. 23.
1st Soldier : iv. 2(1); v. 4(4). Whole no. 5.
2d Soldier : iv. 2(1); v. 4(1). Whole no. 2.
3d Soldier : iv. 2(1). Whole no. 1.
Messenger : v. 1(4). Whole no. 4.
Calpurnia : i. 2(1); ii. 2(26). Whole no. 27.
Portia : ii. 1(62), 4(30). Whole no. 92.
"All" : iii. 2(14); v. 5(1) Whole no. 15.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene is as follows : i. 1(80), 2(326), 3(164); ii. 1(334), 2(129), 3(16), 4(46); iii. 1(298), 2(276), 3(43); iv. 1(51), 2(52), 3(309); v. 1(126), 2(6), 3(110), 4(32), 5(82). Whole number of lines in the play, 2480.



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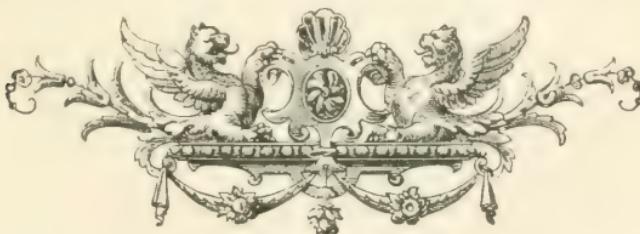
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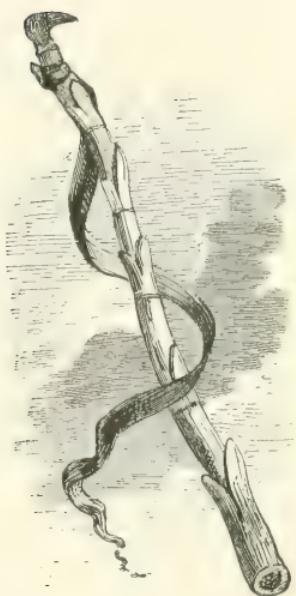
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